THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W[illegible]kly
Founded A° D°: 1728 by B[illegible]anklin

NOVEMBER 14, 1914 5c. THE COPY

The Man Who Rocked the Earth—By Arthur Train

The New Beauty Doctrine of Soap and Water

How many women, without seeking artificial aids to beauty, could have *naturally* fine, perfect complexions by using PALMOLIVE, the soap made from *Palm* and *Olive* oils!

Because PALMOLIVE not only cleanses with its rich, mild lather but, through the virtue of its oils, helps retain the firm fine texture of the skin—the natural asset of youth.

PALMOLIVE never roughens nor irritates. It "agrees" with the most sensitive skin, whether used for washing the face, for the bath, or for the baby.

You enjoy, with two million women, the best of all beauty treatments each time you use

Palmolive Soap

Palm and Olive oils, so beneficial to the human skin, are the principal ingredients of PALMOLIVE. These we blend by a scientific process that retains all their wonderful complexion-preserving qualities.

They give it its attractive, wholly natural color. A hint of fragrance adds to refreshing qualities.

Try washing your face several times with rich, profuse PALMOLIVE lather, each time rinsing thoroughly with pleasant tepid water. End with a dash of cold.

Apply a little PALMOLIVE Cream to protect the tissues; then, if you wish, a little powder.

This treatment preserves a good complexion and greatly improves a poor one. Sluggish complexions, complexions that are dull and sallow, revive amazingly.

Palmolive Shampoo

A Palm and Olive Oil Shampoo that does not dry out the hair and make it brittle and dull. Gives you strong, lustrous hair, soft and tractable after washing, with the natural beautiful gloss.

Palmolive Cream

nurses the skin, assisting the natural oil which keeps it smooth and unwrinkled. Apply a little after washing and before going to bed if you value a youthful complexion.

***THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER:** Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.*

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc.
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(325)

Society Brand Clothes

and the Men who should wear them

WE SPECIALIZE on clothes for young men—young in years or young in heart. For men of all ages who play young men's active parts.

These are days when men and women try to keep their youth. Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, dress very much alike. Chimney corners are deserted. Parents and children are pals.

We cater to those sons and fathers who work and play together.

Designed by Peine

Society Brand Clothes are designed by A. G. Peine—the artist, the genius in distinctive young men's clothes.

"Young in Years or Young in Heart"

"Men Who Play Young Men's Parts"

Not queer clothes, not ultra, not conspicuous, not extreme. His clothes seem to say, in a way most appealing, "I am young and active," "I am up to date."

He copies no one, but creates. He mingles with young men everywhere, and seems to feel what they like to wear. His styles stand out in any crowd as individual but correct. In the past ten years he has become the young man's style authority.

Each season his styles are exclusive. His new designs are kept secret. The first season you see them in Society Brand Clothes alone. But this season's new touches may next season be almost universal. They are always widely copied. Our wearers simply get them a season in advance.

Mr. Peine has built around him a staff of specialists. He has picked out beginners with rare qualifications and trained them in this shop. Experts from other shops seldom meet his requirements.

Specialists in cloth search the world for fabrics suited to young men's clothes.

Master tailors make them up in the most fastidious way. So Peine designs are unique and distinctive, down to the button holes.

Doubly Exclusive

Society Brand Clothes—exclusive in design and fabric—are made doubly so by limited production. They are made by specialists—men too rare, too slowly developed to ever build clothes for the many.

"Fathers and Sons Dress Very Much Alike"

So we sell to but one dealer in a town, and to him but a small percentage of his stock. Relatively few men in any town can get suits or overcoats designed by Mr. Peine. And that must always be so.

Yet our prices are less than the usual. We charge nothing for exclusiveness. The fortunate men who wear these clothes have not paid extra for them. They have simply decided that they wanted Peine styles, and have made the effort to get them.

Write for our Clothes Book—a postal will do—and we will name your local dealer. Do this so you will not need to look from store to store.

No garment is an A. G. Peine model unless the inside pocket bears the label, "Society Brand Clothes."

MADE IN CHICAGO BY
ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Made for Canadian trade, in Montreal, by Samuel Hart & Company, under Alfred Decker & Cohn supervision

These Are the Socks I Want— They're Holeproofs!

This ad. says—Holeproof Hose are made from the finest Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, costing an average of 74c per pound. Common yarn, selling for 32c, cannot be half so good as ours.

But we must use the best of materials, in order to guarantee these hose. So we pay the top market price regardless of price fluctuations.

We guarantee six pairs of cotton Holeproofs to need no darning for *six months*. And if any of the six pairs fail in that time *we will replace them with new hose free*. We couldn't make these hose *outlast* the guarantee, as they do, if we depended on cheap yarns.

Selling Hose to the Millions

We are selling stockings and socks to millions. If it were not for that fact we couldn't afford to make such hose and sell them at the price of common kinds. Think of socks like these selling for as low as 25c per pair! Holeproofs are soft, close-fitting, stylish; and they are made in the lightest weights if you want them.

We pay $60,000 a year merely for inspection to see that Holeproofs are perfect.

Why pay the same price per pair for hose that lack the Holeproof advantages?

For Whole Families

Holeproofs are made in cotton for men, women and children; and *in silk* for men and women, three pairs of the silk being guaranteed three months. We make a guaranteed *silk-faced* hose also for men and women by ingeniously knitting a fine Japanese Silk over a strong, invisible cotton body. Don't buy hose for any member of the family until you have seen Holeproofs. Learn why so many people wear them. Madam, buy a box for your husband to try—see what it will save in darning.

Guarantees and Prices

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. $2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months. Three pairs of Silk-Faced Holeproofs for men $1.50; for women $2.25. Three pairs of Silk-Faced are guaranteed three months.

Holeproof Trade Mark Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Fischl

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., LONDON, CANADA

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 10 Church Alley, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

By invitation member of Rice Leaders of the World Association

Every man and woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. They are now sold in many stores. Made of the best quality silk, with reinforced finger tips that are guaranteed to outwear the gloves themselves.

Holeproof Guaranteed Silk Gloves FOR MEN AND WOMEN

We would not give the name "Holeproof" to any but the most durable gloves on the market. Write for prices and free book that tells all about them. We send them direct upon receipt of price if we have no dealer near you.

(595)

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THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH

By ARTHUR TRAIN

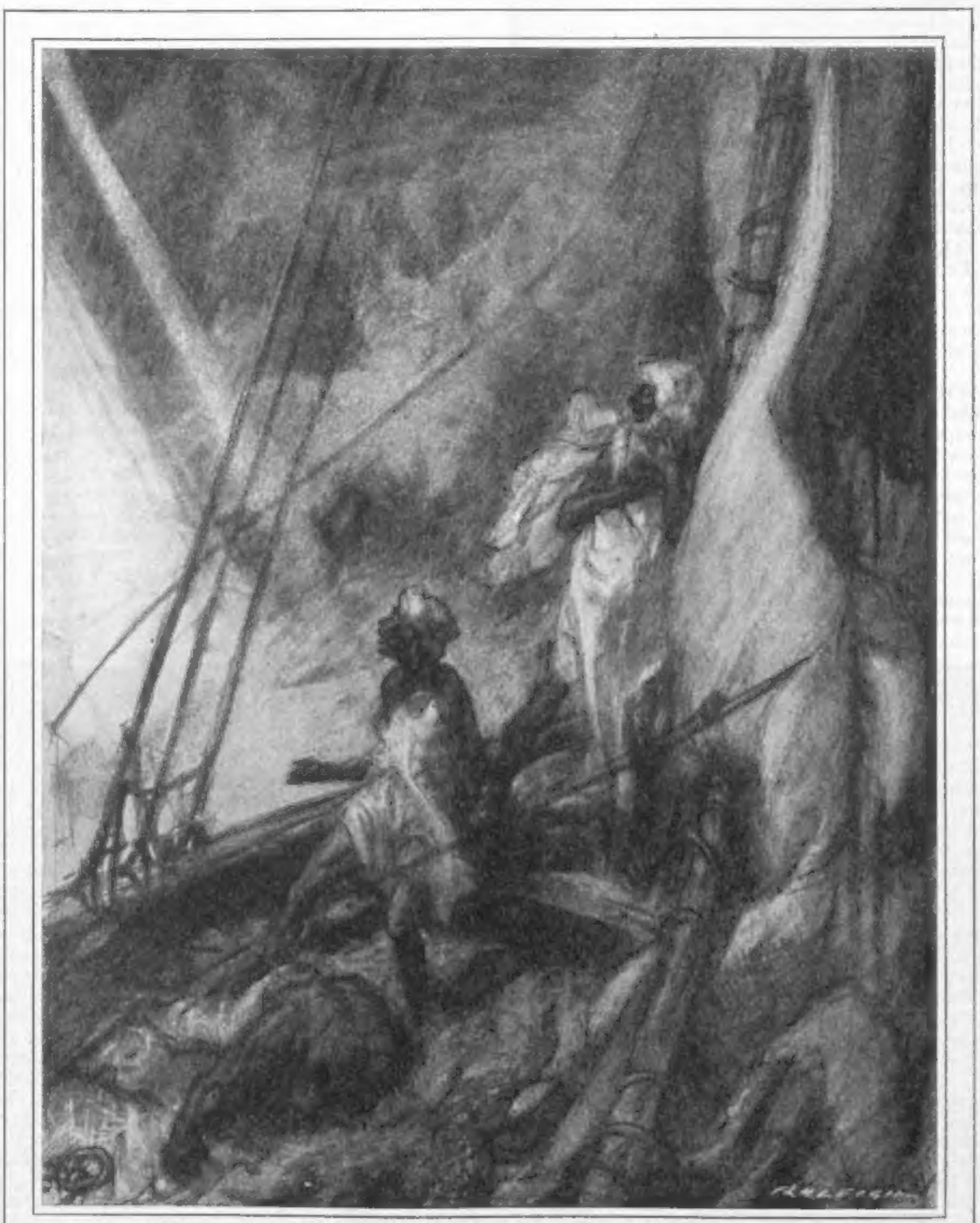
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

PROLOGUE

ON JULY 1, 1915, the war had involved every civilized nation upon the globe except the United States of America, which had up to that time succeeded in maintaining its neutrality. Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Austria, Servia and Greece had been devastated. Six hundred and seventy-five thousand adult male human beings had been exterminated by the machines of war, by disease and by famine. Eight hundred thousand had been crippled or invalided. Four million women and children had been rendered widows or orphans. Industry there was none. No crops were harvested or sown. The ocean was devoid of sails. Throughout European Christendom women had taken the place of men as field hands, laborers, mechanics, merchants and manufacturers. The amalgamated debt of the involved nations, amounting to more than $50,000,000,000, had bankrupted the world. Yet the starving armies continued to slaughter one another.

Siberia was a vast charnel house of Tatars, Chinese and Russians. Northern Africa was a holocaust. Within sixty miles of Paris was an army of one million Germans, while two million Russians had invested Berlin. In Belgium an English army of four hundred and fifty thousand men faced an equal force of Prussians and Austrians, neither daring to take the offensive.

The inventive genius of mankind, stimulated by the exigencies of war, had produced a multitude of death-dealing mechanisms, most of which had in turn been rendered ineffective by some counter-invention of another nation. Three of these products of the human brain, however, remained unneutralized and in large part accounted for the impasse at which the hostile armies found themselves. One of these had revolutionized warfare in the field, and the other two had destroyed those two most important factors in the preliminary campaign—the aëroplane and the submarine. The German dirigibles had all been annihilated within the first eight months of the great war by Pathé contact bombs trailed at the ends of wires by high-flying French planes. This, of course, had from the beginning been confidently predicted by the French War Department. But by May, 1915, both the French and the German aërial fleets had been wiped from the sky by Federston's vortex guns, which by projecting a whirling ring of air to a height of over five thousand feet crumpled the air craft in mid-sky like so many butterflies in a simoom.



The Earth Blew Up Like a Cannon—Up Into the Air, a Thousand Miles Up

The second of these momentous inventions was Captain Barlow's device for destroying the periscopes of all underwater craft, thus rendering them blind and helpless. Once they were forced to the surface such craft were easily destroyed by gun fire or driven to a sullen refuge in protecting harbors.

The third, and perhaps the most vital, invention was Dufay's nitrogen iodide pellets, which when sown by pneumatic guns upon the slopes of a battlefield, the ground outside intrenchments or round the glacis of a fortification made approach by an attacking army impossible and the position impregnable. These pellets, only the size of No. 4 bird shot and harmless out of contact with air, became highly explosive two minutes after they had been scattered broadcast upon the soil, and any contact would discharge them with sufficient force to fracture or dislocate the bones of the human foot or to put out of service the leg of a horse. The victim attempting to drag himself away inevitably sustained further and more serious injuries, and no aid could be given to the injured as it was impossible to get to them. A field well planted with such pellets was an impassable barrier to either infantry or cavalry, and thus any attack upon a fortified position was doomed to failure. By surprise alone could a general expect to achieve a victory. Offensive warfare became almost an impossibility.

Italy had annexed Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina; while a new Slav republic had arisen out of what had been Hungary, Servia, Montenegro, Albania and Bulgaria. Turkey had swallowed the kingdom of Greece, and the United States of South America, composed of the Spanish-speaking South American Republics, had been formed. The mortality continued at an average of a thousand a day, of which seventy-five per cent was due to starvation and the plague. Maritime commerce had ceased entirely, and in consequence of this the merchant ships of all the warring nations rotted at the docks.

The Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the Kings of England and of Italy, had all voluntarily abdicated in favor of a republican form of government. Europe and Asia had run amuck, hysterical with fear and blood. As well try to pacify a pack of mad and fighting dogs as these frenzied myriads with their half-crazed generals. They lay, these armies, across the fair bosom of the earth like dying monsters, crimson in their own blood, yet still able to writhe upward and deal death to any other that might

approach. They were at a deadlock, yet each feared to make the first overtures for peace. It was an orgy of homicide, in which the best of mankind were wantonly destroyed, leaving only the puny, the feeble-minded, the deformed and the ineffectual to perpetuate the race.

I

IT WAS three minutes past three postmeridian in the wireless operating room at the United States Naval Observatory at Arlington, July 21, 1915. Bill Hood, the afternoon operator, was sitting idly in his shirt sleeves with his receivers in his ears, smoking a corncob pipe and awaiting a call from the flagship Lincoln, of the North Atlantic Patrol, with which, somewhere just off Hatteras, he had been in communication a few moments before. The air was quiet. Hood was a fat man, and so of course good-natured; but he was serious about his work and hated all amateur interference. Of late these pests had become particularly obnoxious, as practically everything was sent out in code and they had nothing with which to occupy themselves. But it was a hot day and none of them seemed to be at work. On one side of his desk a tall thermometer indicated that the temperature of the room was 91 degrees Fahrenheit; on the other a big clock, connected with some extraneous mechanism by a complicated system of brass rods and wires, ticked off the minutes and seconds with a peculiar metallic self-consciousness, as if aware of its own importance in being the official timepiece, so far as there was an official timepiece, for the entire United States of America. Hood from time to time tested his converters and detector, and then resumed his nonofficial study of the adventures of a great detective who pursued the baffling criminal by the aid of all the latest scientific discoveries. Hood thought that it was good stuff, although at the same time he knew, of course, that it was rot. He was a practical man of little imagination, and though the detective did not interest him particularly he liked the scientific part of the stories. He was thrifty, of Scotch-Irish descent, and at two minutes past three had never had an adventure in his life. At three minutes past three he began his career as one of the celebrities of the world.

As the minute hand of the official clock dropped into its slot somebody called the Naval Observatory. The call was so faint as to be barely audible, in spite of the fact that Hood's instrument was tuned for a three-thousand-meter wave. Supposing quite naturally that the person calling had a shorter wave, he gradually cut out the inductance of his receiver; but the sound faded out entirely, and he returned to his original inductance and shunted in his condenser, upon which the call immediately increased in volume. Evidently the other chap was using a big wave, bigger than Arlington. Hood puckered his brows and looked about him. Lying on a shelf above his instrument was one of the new ballast coils that Henderson had used with the long waves from lightning flashes. Hood leaned over and connected the heavy spiral of closely wound wire, throwing it into his circuit. Instantly the telephones spoke so loud that he could hear the shrill cry of the spark even from where the receivers lay beside him on the table. Quickly fastening them to his ears he listened. The sound was clear, sharp and metallic, and vastly higher in pitch than a ship's call. It couldn't be the Lincoln.

"By gum!" muttered Hood. "That fellow must have a twelve-thousand-meter wave length with fifty kilowatts behind it, sure! There ain't another station in the world but this can pick him up!"

"NAA—NAA—NAA."

Throwing in his rheostat he sent an "OK" in reply, and waited expectantly, pencil in hand. A moment more and he threw down his pencil in disgust.

"Just another bug!" he remarked aloud to the thermometer. "Ought to be poisoned! But what a whale of a wave length, though!"

For several minutes he listened intently, for the amateur was sending insistently, repeating everything twice as if he meant business.

"He's a jolly joker, all right," muttered Hood, this time to the clock. "Must be pretty hard up for something to do!"

Then he laughed out loud and took up the pencil again. This amateur, whoever he was, was almost as good as his detective story. The bug called the Naval Observatory once more and began repeating his entire message for the third time.

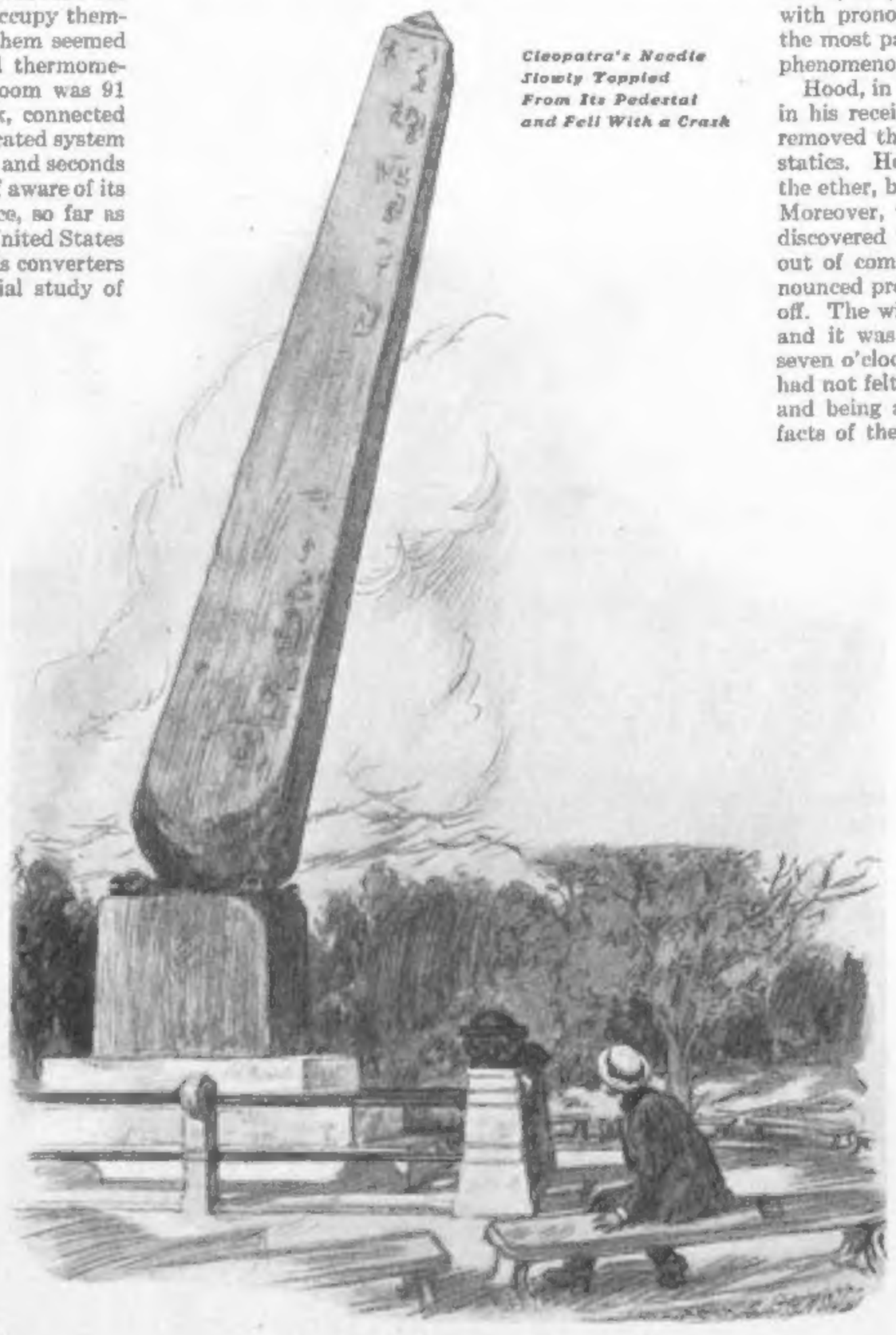
"To all mankind"—he addressed himself modestly—"To all mankind—To all mankind—I am the dictator—of human destiny—Through the earth's rotation—I control—day and night—summer and winter—I command the—cessation of hostilities and—the abolition of war upon the globe—I appoint the—United States—as my agent for this purpose—As evidence of my power I shall increase the length of the day—from midnight to midnight—of Thursday, July twenty-second, by the period of five minutes.—PAX."

The jolly joker having repeated thus for the last time his extraordinary message addressed to all mankind stopped sending.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" gasped Bill Hood. Then he wound up his magnetic detector and sent an answering challenge into the ether.

"Can—the—funny—stuff!" he snapped. "And tune out—or—we'll revoke—your license!"

"What a gall!" he grunted, folding up the yellow sheet of pad paper upon which he had taken down the message



Cleopatra's Needle Slowly Toppled From Its Pedestal and Fell With a Crash

to all mankind and thrusting it into his book for a marker. "All the fools aren't dead yet!"

Then he picked up the Lincoln and got down to real work. The bug and his message passed from memory.

II

THE following Thursday afternoon a perspiring and dusty stranger from St. Louis, who, with the Metropolitan Art Museum as his objective, was trudging wearily through Central Park, New York City, at two o'clock, paused to gaze with some interest at the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle. The heat rose in simmering waves from the asphalt of the roadway, but the stranger was used to heat and he was conscientiously engaged in the duty of seeing New York. Opposite the Museum he seated himself upon a bench in the shade of a faded dogwood and wiped the moisture from his eyes. The glare from the unprotected boulevards was terrific. Under these somewhat unfavorable conditions he was occupied in studying the monument of Egypt's past magnificence when he felt a slight dragging sensation. It was undefinable and had no visual concomitant. But it was as though the brakes were being slowly applied to a Pullman train. He was the only human being in the neighborhood; not even a policeman was visible; and the experience gave him a creepy feeling. Then to his amazement Cleopatra's Needle slowly toppled from its pedestal and fell with a crash across the roadway. At first he thought it an optical illusion and wiped his eyes again, but it was nothing of the kind. The monument, which had a moment before pointed to the zenith, now lay shattered in three pieces upon the softening concrete of the drive. The stranger arose and examined the fragments of the monolith, one of which lay squarely across the road, barring all passage. Round the pedestal were scattered small pieces of broken granite, and from these, after looking about cautiously, he chose one with care and placed it in his pocket.

"Gosh!" he whispered to himself as he hurried toward Fifth Avenue. "That'll just be something to tell 'em at home! Eh, Bill?"

The dragging sensation experienced by the tourist from St. Louis was felt by many millions of people all over the world, but, as in most countries it occurred coincidently with pronounced earthquake shocks and tremblings, for the most part it passed unnoticed as a specific individual phenomenon.

Hood, in the wireless room at Arlington, suddenly heard in his receivers a roar like that of Niagara and quickly removed them from his ears. He had never known such statics. He was familiar with electrical disturbances in the ether, but this was beyond anything in his experience. Moreover, when he next tried to use his instruments he discovered that something had put the whole apparatus out of commission. About an hour later he felt a pronounced pressure in his eardrums, which gradually passed off. The wireless refused to work for nearly eight hours, and it was still recalcitrant when he went off duty at seven o'clock. Insulated as he was in the observatory he had not felt the quivering of the earth round Washington, and being an unimaginative man he accepted the other facts of the situation philosophically. The statics would pass and then Arlington would be in communication with the rest of the world again, that was all. At seven o'clock the night shift came in and Hood borrowed a pipeful of tobacco from him and put on his coat.

"Say, Bill, d'you feel the shock?" asked the shift, hanging up his coat and taking a match from Hood.

"No," answered the latter, "but the statics have put the machine on the blink. She'll come round all right in an hour or so. The air's gummy with ions. Shock, did you say?"

"Sure! Had 'em all over the country. Say, the boys in the equatorial room claim their compass shifted east and west instead of north and south, and stayed that way for five minutes. Didn't you feel the air pressure? I should worry! And say, I just dropped into the Meteorological Department's office and looked at the barometer. She'd jumped up half an inch in about two seconds, wiggled round some and then came back to normal. You can see the curve yourself if you ask Fraser to show you the self-registering barograph. Some doin's, I tell you!"

He nodded his head with an air of importance.

"Take your word for it!" answered Hood without emotion, save for a slight annoyance at the other man's arrogation of superior information. "'Tain't the first time there's been an earthquake since creation." And he strolled out, swinging to the doors behind him.

The night shift settled himself before the instruments with a look of dreary resignation.

"Say," he muttered aloud, "you couldn't jar that feller with a thirteen-inch bomb! He wouldn't even rub himself!"

Hood, meantime, bought an evening paper and walked slowly to the district where he lived. It was a fine night and there was no particular excitement in the streets. His wife opened the door.

"Well," she greeted him, "I'm glad you've come home at last. I was plumb scared something had happened to you! Such a shaking and rumbling and rattling I never did hear! Did you feel it?"

"I didn't feel nothin'!" answered Bill Hood. "Some one said there was a shock, that was all I heard about it. The machine's out of kilter."

"They won't blame you, will they?" she asked anxiously.

"You bet they won't!" he replied. "Look here, I'm hungry. Are the waffles ready?"

"Have 'em in a jiffy!" she smiled. "You go in and read your paper."

He did as he was directed, and seated himself in a rocker under the gaslight. After perusing the baseball news he turned back to the front page. The paper was a fairly late edition, containing up-to-the-minute telegraphic notes.

In the center column, alongside the announcement of the annihilation of three entire regiments of Silesians by the explosion of nitroglycerin concealed in dummy gun carriages, was the following:

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE FALLS

EARTHQUAKE DESTROYS FAMOUS MONUMENT
SHOCKS FELT HERE AND ALL OVER U. S.

Washington was visited by a succession of earthquake shocks early this afternoon, which, in varying force, were felt throughout the United States and Europe. Little damage was done, but those having offices in tall buildings had an unpleasant experience which they will not soon forget. A peculiar phenomenon accompanying this seismic disturbance was the variation of the magnetic needle by over eighty degrees from north to east and an extraordinary rise and fall of the barometer. All wireless communication had to be abandoned, owing to the ionizing of the atmosphere, and up to the time this edition went to press had not been resumed. Telegrams by way of Colon report similar disturbances in South America. In New York the monument in Central Park known as Cleopatra's Needle was thrown from its pedestal and broken into three pieces. The contract for its repair and replacement has already been let. The famous monument was a present from the Khedive of Egypt to the United States, and formerly stood in Alexandria. The late William H. Vanderbilt defrayed the expense of transporting it to this country.

Bill Hood read this with small interest. The Giants had knocked the Braves' pitcher out of the box, and an earthquake seemed a small matter. His mind did not once revert to the mysterious message from Pax the day before. He was thinking of something far more important.

"Say, Nellie," he demanded, tossing aside the paper, "ain't those waffles ready yet?"

III

ON THAT same evening, Thursday, July twenty-second, two astronomers attached to the Naval Observatory at Arlington sat in the half darkness of the meridian-circle room watching the firmament sweep slowly across the aperture of the giant lens. The chamber was quiet as the grave, the two men rarely speaking as they noted their observations. Paris might be taken, Berlin be razed, London put to the torch; a million of human beings might be blown into eternity, or the shrieks of mangled creatures lying in heaps before pellet-strewn barbed-wire entanglements rend the summer night; great battleships of the line might plunge to the bottom, carrying their crews with them, and the dead of two continents rot unburied—yet unmoved the stars would pursue their nightly march across the heavens, pitiless day would follow pitiless night, and the careless earth follow its accustomed orbit as though the race were not writhing in its death agony. Gazing into that infinity of space human existence seemed but the scum upon a rainpool, human warfare but the frenzy of insectivora. Unmindful of the starving hordes of Paris and London, of plague-swept Russia, or of the drowned thousands of the North Baltic Fleet, these two men calmly studied the procession of the stars—the onward bore of the universe through space and the spectra of new-born or dying worlds.

It was a suffocatingly hot night and their foreheads reeked with sweat. Dim shapes on the walls of the room indicated what by day was a tangle of clockwork and recording instruments, connected by electricity with various buttons and switches upon the table. The brother of the big clock in the wireless operating room hung near by, its face illuminated by a tiny electric lamp, showing the hour to be eleven-fifty. Occasionally the younger man made a remark in a low tone and the elder wrote something on a card.

"I can see the penumbra of Æsculus—and the inner ring," said Evarts, the young man. "But although it seems like a clear night, everything looks dim—a volcanic haze probably. Perhaps the Aleutian Islands are in eruption again."

"Very likely," answered Thornton, the elder astronomer. "The shocks this afternoon would indicate something of the sort."

"Curious performance of the magnetic needle. They say it held due east for several minutes," continued Evarts, hoping to engage his senior in conversation—almost an impossibility, as he well knew.

Thornton did not reply. He was carefully observing the infinitesimal approach of a certain star to the meridian line, marked by a thread across the circle's aperture. When that point of light should cross the thread it would be midnight, and July 22, 1915, would be gone forever. Every midnight the indicating star crossed the thread exactly as the second hand of the big clock on the wall moved from eleven hours, fifty-nine minutes, fifty-nine seconds to twelve. So it had crossed the line in some observatory ever since clocks and telescopes had been invented. Heretofore, no matter what cataclysm of Nature had occurred, the star had always crossed the line not a second too soon or a second too late, but exactly on time. It was the one positively predictable thing, foretellable for ten or for ten thousand years by a simple mathematical calculation. It was surer than death or the taxman. It was absolute.

Thornton was a reserved man of few words—impersonal, methodical, serious. He spent many nights there with Evarts, hardly exchanging a phrase with him, and then only on some matter immediately concerned with their work. Evarts could dimly see his long, grave profile bending above his eyepiece, shrouded in the heavy shadows across the table. He felt a great respect, even tenderness, for this taciturn, high-principled, devoted scientist. He had never seen him excited, hardly ever aroused. He was a man of figures, whose only passion seemed to be the "music of the spheres." A long silence followed, during which Thornton seemed to bend more intently than ever over his eyepiece. The hand of the big clock slipped gradually to midnight.

"There's something wrong with the clock," said Thornton suddenly, and his voice sounded curiously dry, almost unnatural. "Telephone to the equatorial room for the time."

Puzzled by Thornton's manner Evarts did as instructed.

"Forty seconds past midnight," came the reply from the equatorial observer.

Evarts repeated the answer for Thornton's benefit, looking at their own clock at the same time. It pointed to exactly forty seconds past the hour. He heard Thornton suppress something like an oath.

"All I Say Is, Look Out. This Pax Is on His Job and Means Business"

"There's something the matter!" repeated Thornton dumbly. "Aeta isn't within five minutes of crossing. Both clocks can't be wrong!"

He pressed a button that connected with the wireless room.

"What's the time?" he called sharply through the nickel-plated speaking tube.

"Forty-five seconds past the hour," came the answer. Then: "But I want to see you, sir. There's something queer going on. May I come in?"

"Come!" almost shouted Thornton.

A moment later the flushed face of Williams, the night operator, appeared in the doorway.

"Excuse me, sir," he stammered, "but something fierce must have happened! I thought you ought to know. The Eiffel Tower has been trying to talk to us for over two hours, but I can't get what he's saying."

"What's the matter—atmospherics?" snapped Evarts.

"No; the air was full of them, sir—shrieking with them you might say; but they've stopped now. The trouble has been that I've been jammed by the Brussels station talking to the Belgian Congo—same wave length—and I couldn't tune Brussels out. Every once in a while I'd get a word of what Paris was saying, and it's always the same word—'*heure*.' And just now Brussels stopped sending to the Belgian Congo and I got the complete message of the Eiffel Tower. They wanted to know our time by Greenwich. I gave it to 'em. Then Paris said to tell you to take your transit with great care and send result to them immediately ——"

The ordinarily calm Thornton gave a great suspiration and his face was livid. "Aeta's just crossed—we're five minutes out! Evarts, am I crazy? Am I talking straight?"

Evarts laid his hand on the other's arm.

"The earthquake's knocked out your transit," he suggested.

"And Paris—how about Paris?" asked Thornton. He wrote something down on a card mechanically and started for the door. "Get me the Eiffel Tower!" he ordered Williams.

The three men stood motionless, as the wireless man sent the Eiffel Tower call hurtling across the Atlantic:

"ETA—ETA—ETA."

"All right," whispered Williams, "I've got 'em."

"Tell Paris that our clocks are all out five minutes according to the meridian."

Williams worked the key rapidly, and then listened.

"The Eiffel Tower says that their chronometers also appear to be out by the same time, and that Greenwich and Moscow

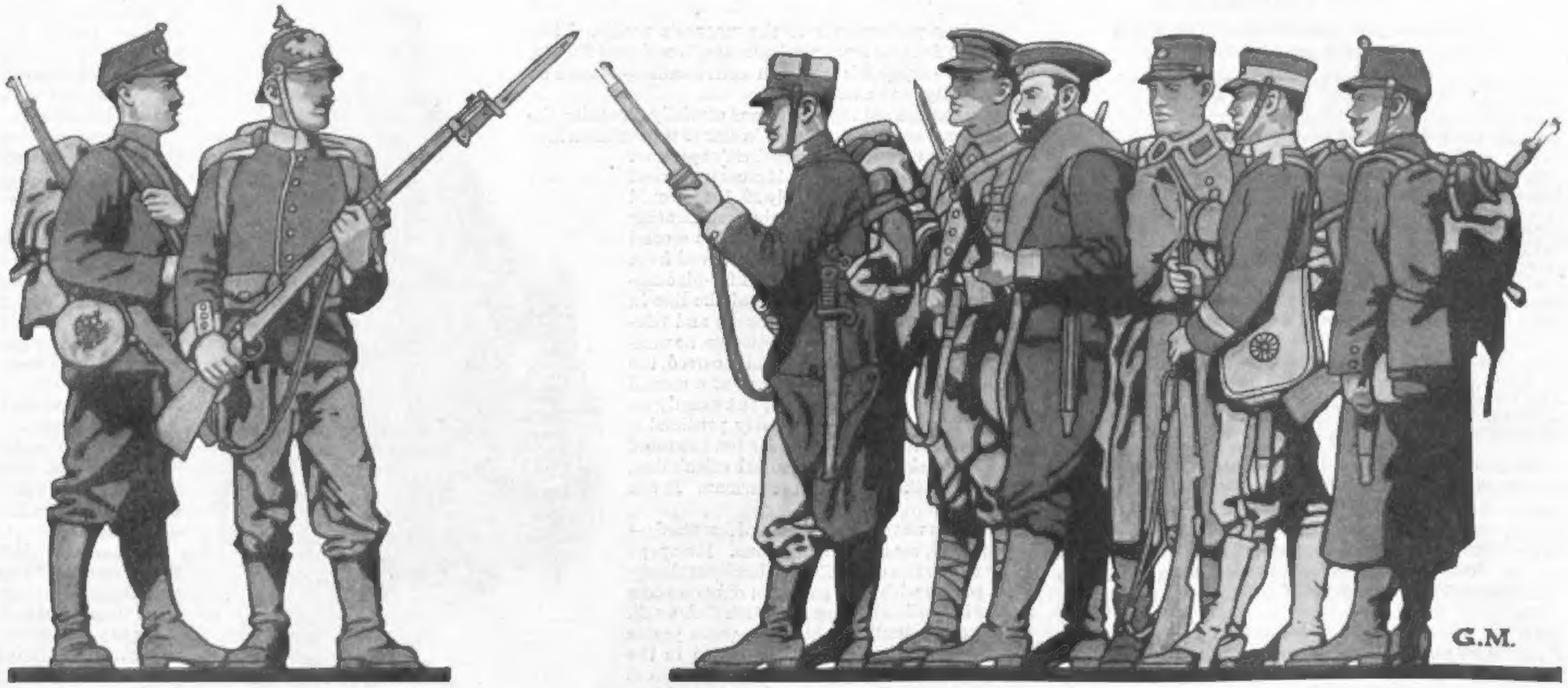
(Continued on Page 57)

"We're Five Minutes Out! Evarts, Am I Crazy? Am I Talking Straight?"

VOX POPULI

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THE British don't never take nothin' serious until it's necessary," remarked Mr. Charles Stebbins, Esquire. Mr. Charles Stebbins, Esquire, wears a red coat, and has one leg and a sense of responsibility. He shined my shoes nearly every morning while I was in London and discoursed philosophically the while, thereby, as I fancy was his intention, securing thrippence for his labor instead of the customary tuppence.

"This 'ere war," he continued, "might 'ave taken some of the blokes abawt 'ere by surprise; but not us. We was told all abawt it long afore it 'appened, what with Blatchford's writin's and the rest of them. But I says to my mates, I says: 'Wot's the use of goin' on abawt it?' says I. 'If it comes, it comes; and if it don't come, it don't come—and that's an end of it.' We don't take nothin' serious until we 'as to—we don't!"

"But," I suggested, "it looks to me as though it was nearly time to be serious."

"Yar!" replied Mr. Stebbins, dabbing vigorously at my shoe. "Don't go and be gettin' fancy notions abawt this 'ere war. Suppose it does look a bit black at present—then wot? We'll do it right and proper—never fear that! I can't go and enlist, lackin' a leg as I do; but sixteen out of thirty of my blackin' brigade 'as gone. I've got a brother in it, and my special mate, 'ere, 'e's got two brothers in it.

"Wot's the use of goin' yet? We're gettin' letters from the chaps wot 'as gone, and is now at Aldershot and Salisbury and Epsom; and they tells us abawt 'avin' to sleep outdoors, and all that. Wot's the use? Wait until Kitchener gets these provided for, I says, and then a lot more of us will be joinin'. They ain't no 'urry abawt it, far's as I can see. This 'ere war won't be hover until England whips the Kaiser. It ain't no job to be done in a day's time; but it's goin' to be done proper!"

What All Great Britain Thinks

"ENGLAND didn't want to go to war, you know; but England 'ad to, 'count of that Belgium business, and all the rest of it, and the bloomin' Germans. Now that England 'as gone to war, we're goin' to stay at war until we wins it; and if it takes one year or six years, wot's the difference? You'll find everybody 'as all joined 'ands, sir—that's wot you'll find—and that Kitchener and Asquith and we boys here shinin' shoes is all of the same mind. We didn't want it; but, now we've got it, we're goin' to finish it our way."

Oddly enough, I happened to talk with the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, that same day. I found the Prime Minister in full accord with Mr. Charles Stebbins, Esquire, the red-coated bootblack. The mature conviction of Mr. Asquith is that Britain is not the aggressor in this war which has set fire to a hemisphere; and, now that Britain has engaged in the war, Britain will not falter until the war is won and settlement made on the terms of the Allies. That is the four-square opinion of all England and of all the British Isles.

So far as I have observed, there have been not more than half a dozen men who have come forward either with criticism of the government or with detraction of the motives or the methods of procedure thus far; and they have been pelted back to cover. Whatever the result may be, there is no doubt that Great Britain is loyally and patriotically and unitedly in this enterprise, albeit there is a vast British population that does not yet appreciate the graveness of the dangers that threaten their land. Those who understand are loyal, and those who understand but partially are loyal also, so far as their understanding goes.

There is Mrs. Pethrick, who is caretaker for the chambers of a friend of mine in the Inner Temple. Mrs. Pethrick is by way of having some military acumen, for she was married to a British soldier.

"My pore 'usband!" she says. "And 'e was a pore 'usband!" she continues reflectively. Mrs. Pethrick said to me only so long ago as yesterday, when the Battle of the Aisne was on its twenty-second day:

"All this 'ere talk abawt war and there bein' a war is rubbish—plain rubbish! It's all a lot of stuff the newspapers is printin'—tryin' to come it hover us so the rates will be 'igher. I knows 'em! Wasn't I married for years to a soldier and didn't we talk it hover many's the time? Wot can we pore people do? I arsks yer. Wot can we do? Don't talk to me abawt no war nor none of these hairship 'umbugs, which is a bit of what you might call a roose for gettin' Lloyd George a new way to raise our rates a tuppence or so. Take it strite from me, sir! And I don't find no war—and me livin' in London, girl and woman, for these sixty years!"

Unconsciously perhaps, but whether or no, Mrs. Pethrick touched on a most important phase of the war as the British see it, and one that every Englishman who meets another Englishman falls to discussing within a few minutes after the preliminary interchange of opinions. I refer to rates—taxes; and I refer especially to the income tax.

The average well-to-do Englishman pays a shilling, a shilling and twopence, or a shilling and fourpence, and up, in the pound on his earned and unearned income at present—that is, on unearned or inherited income, for example, according to certain ratings, he pays thirty-two cents in income tax on each four dollars and eighty-five cents of income. Percentages vary somewhat, of course; but that is about an average case.

Another American writer and I were at luncheon with two famous English novelists and a member of the government—a cabinet officer.

"It has hit me terribly hard," said one of the novelists in a most matter-of-fact way, and without a suspicion of complaint. "I can't sell any fiction now; and I suppose the income tax on what I have laid by will be half a crown next year."

"Half a crown!" exclaimed the government member. "It's more likely to be five bob!"

That is, the novelist fears he will be taxed two and a half shillings on each twenty shillings of income, and the government member is of the opinion that the tax will be five shillings on each twenty shillings of income, or twenty-five per cent.

Of course nobody knows as yet, for nobody knows as yet exactly what this war is costing the British Empire. They have not been able to get any figures together; or, if they have, they are not prepared to give the figures out. Still, they have an idea, as was shown by what the government member said to the novelist about income-tax rates. There will be no public knowledge until Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, presents his budget to Parliament when Parliament is called into session again.

Taxes Rise and Incomes Fall

THE war had been in progress sixty-five days when I wrote this, and there had been great expenditures before the war, to say nothing of the billions already spent on the navy that have demanded the present high rates of taxation, wherein, it would seem, practically the limits of human ingenuity of impost have been reached; for there are very few things in the British Isles that are not taxed—very few. It cannot be costing Great Britain less than a million pounds a day—or, roundly, five million dollars; and probably it is costing a half more than that.

Hence the anxiety of the Englishman as to what his income tax will be is easily understood, especially as the income tax will fall heaviest on unearned or inherited income, inasmuch as the earned income is quite likely to be reduced materially in almost every instance.

"Can't sell any fiction!" said the other novelist at our luncheon party. "Why, I've given up trying. Unless the Americans help us out I fear we British authors will slowly starve; and most of us are too old to go to war."

They all agreed, however, that there was no alternative. Britain must win! There was no Britain will, or can, or may win. It is a case of must! I do not suppose that one person out of a thousand of the forty-five millions in the British Isles ever considers any other contingency.

During my stay in London and my goings and comings to and from the Continent I have talked to many hundreds of Englishmen of all classes, from highest to lowest. I have yet to meet the Englishman who has even tentatively advanced the opinion that there is any possible chance for ending this war other than by victory, complete and overwhelming, for the British arms.

Let me put it this way: Two of the people I have talked with about the war are the Home Secretary, Mr. McKenna, a member of the Cabinet, and Edward Bell's gardener at Sidcup. Briefed, their opinions are interchangeable.

"This war," said Mr. McKenna, "was not of our seeking, but became our duty. Our case is clear, clean and perfect. It will be so held in the eyes of the world and so recorded in history. Therefore, we must win; and we shall win! There is no doubt of that."

"We didn't want to go to war," said the gardener at Sidcup, "but we had to go. Being Britons, we couldn't do anything else. Now that we have gone to war, we'll win!"

So, to sound this out, I went, one Sunday afternoon, over to Hyde Park, where the open-air meetings are held. A dozen orators were haranguing their interested crowds of listeners. One man, on a platform, with English, French, Belgian and Russian flags floating above his head, a very earnest man, was telling his audience about the war—how vital it is that Britain shall win, and what it will mean if Britain does not win. He did not say Britain will not win or intimate it, for he would have found disfavor with his audience if he had. What he drew was a picture, with heavy wit, of what might happen if, by any miracle, Germany does win this fight. His listeners laughed incredulously. It was too absurd! But his speech was a plea for recruits; and in a tent near by, with a big sign on it reading Lord Kitchener's Tent, some soldiers were giving a concert, and singing war ballads that eventually merged into God Save the King!

Near him a man, with long mustaches, who looked very much like a walrus, was defying any of his gathering to show him any proof that Christianity has a leg to stand on. Another orator was exposing the fraud of patent medicines. Another was expounding a new religion which, he said, sweeps away all the terrors of dogma, envelops all within its brotherly folds, and urgently needs funds. Another, a black man, with a long frock coat and a very shiny face, held forth on his own creed; and various others, all intensely earnest, preached their fads, while dozens of good-natured London policemen moved about listening a little here and there, to see that nothing more dangerous than hot air was emitted by these protagonists.

There were probably ten thousand people, all told, in the various gatherings round the speakers, and I went from one crowd to another and talked to at least a hundred men—men with silk hats and long coats; men with caps, and handkerchiefs about their throats; men with their ruddy-faced wives holding to their arms; young men who had stopped there while walking out with their girls; men who were palpably in a small way of business somewhere; men who looked as though they might be owners of large shops; clerks; professional men; costers; servants—the high, the middle and the low.

In each instance the conversation began with a reference to the war, which I made, and in each instance the conversation concluded with a firm expression of opinion by the Englishman that the Empire will triumph. I do not know the names of the men with whom I talked; but, all in all, they made a fair representation of the average British citizen—or the average Londoner, to be more exact.

"It stands to reason," said one of them, a silk-hatted, short-coated, pipe-smoking and spat-wearing man, no doubt a clerk—"it stands to reason that Britain must win this war, provided the French and the Belgians and the Russians do their part. We didn't want to go to war, you know; but, now that we are at war, we shall not turn back. It is our duty. Do you think the Russians will get to Berlin, sir? They are good fighters, I'm told—those Russian chaps; not like our British soldiers, to be sure, but good fighters. They will take a bit of mauling, they will—those Russians; and I expect the French have their merits. But England must win—must!"

"How is it affecting you?" I asked.

"I'm out of a job, sir," he said; "but I had a little laid by, and I'm not worrying. There's plenty worse off than I am, sir, and more to follow. I'll manage somehow; and when we've whipped those Germans jolly well, times will be better, sir. This crazy Kaiser has got to be stopped—stopped! We'll stop him! Our place went to smash when the war broke out, what with the men going to war and the end of orders, and we had to close; but I'm not complaining. I'm too old to go, but my son has gone; and if I can't do much I can at least put a good face on it, sir; and ——"

Just here the orator shouted:

"And the Union Jack shall float over the imperial palace in Berlin, and the German Empire shall be no more, for Britain will see to it that these things are done. Britain shall be master, both on land and on the seas!"

"Hear! Hear!" yelled my friend. "Hear! Hear!"

"Them's my sentiments, sir," he said, turning to me; "and them's the sentiments of all the men I know. It don't make much difference what happens to me. I can stick it out until we crush that Kaiser, and then things will turn."

Of all the men I talked to that Sunday afternoon there was not one who grumbled over the war, complained about it, bewailed his own hard luck—most of them had been hit one way or another—or expressed any but the most absolute conviction that Great Britain will win the war, and that the German Empire is to be eliminated. I did not find any whiners or any grumblers, or anything but a sort of stolid, philosophical view.

There is no enthusiasm, consecration, flubdub or hysterics about it. These average Englishmen, of all sorts, look on this war as a job of work to do. They see nothing but Great Britain in it. They consider it the task of their country, aided, of course, in such measure as may be by the Allies—but essentially the task of the British Empire and, therefore, a task that must inevitably come to a successful conclusion.

They do not speculate much on when the war will end. It will end when it is over. They do not go into the future save to say that the Kaiser must be taught his lesson and will be. They are neither elated nor cast down. Many music halls have a song that ends with the query: "Are we down-hearted?" And the answer "No!" is expected from the audiences. The No! is shouted in the galleries. In the stalls the people look at one another as though they would ask: "What an absurd question! Why should we be down-hearted? Or up-hearted, either, for the matter of that? It's a job of work."

It is a job of work. It is to be, it seems, a long and arduous job. It has been taken almost stolidly. Each man accepts his share of the burden with a spirit that is almost fatalistic. What is, is! What is to be, is to be! One man loses his employment. Another has a son or sons killed. Business has slackened. A hard winter is coming on. There will be hunger and distress. Taxes will be increased enormously.

A share of the weight of the burden will fall on every shoulder. Very good! What is the use of whimpering about it? What is the good of getting excited about it? What is, is! There is no sense in trying to be merry and bright; there is no sense in being cast down—so everybody is calm. And two hundred miles away—less than that from the Channel shore—the greatest battle in the history of the world is being fought—a battle that may wreck the Empire.

Lured by an attractive poster, a friend and I went to the annual Goose Fair at Nottingham. Apart from the fact—all too evident when we arrived in Nottingham—that

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THE FAKE BROKER

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

AS THE fish in the water rises to the bright-colored bait of the fisherman, so does the human fish—called the sucker in the parlance of the profession—rise to the lurid bait dangled before his eyes by the fake-broker fisherman who angles for the man or concern on the lookout for capital to begin a business, develop a patent, increase the size of a manufacturing plant or build a railroad.

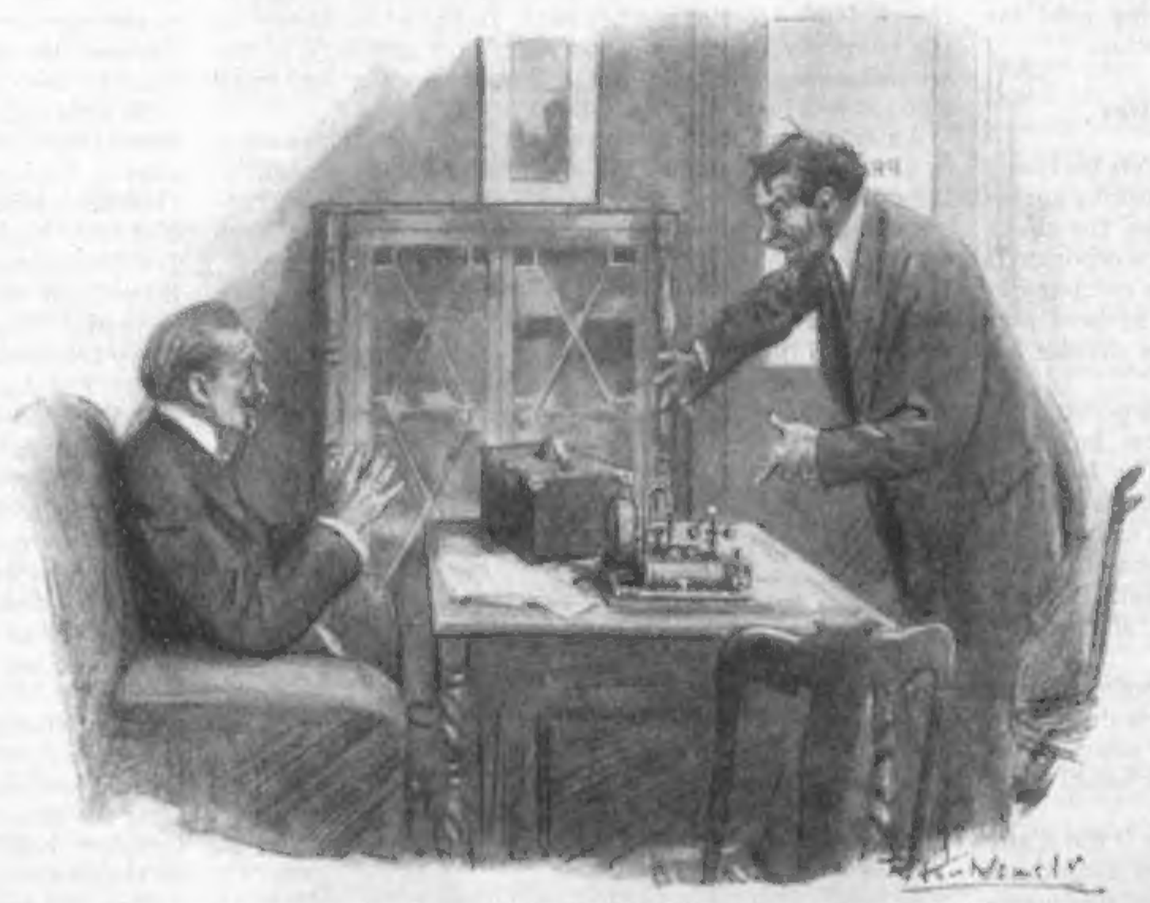
The process of catching the human sucker or prospect is strikingly like the ancient and strictly honorable pastime of catching fish with scales instead of money. The bait is cast; the fish rises to it and is hooked, then played; and the deal is cleaned up by tiring out the human fish until he is no longer dangerous, but lies quiet, too tired to make any movement that will cause the fisherman trouble with the authorities.

As in legitimate fishing, several kinds of bait are used; or, rather, the bait is dressed in several different ways.

Generally an advertisement will appear in the financial columns of the oldest and most respectable newspapers or magazines, stating that the undersigned is ready to secure any amount of cash capital for any kind of enterprise, "whether mining, timber, railroad or patent."

Now is not that an attractive offer to a man who believes he has invented a machine that will, as all inventions will—in the eyes of the patentee—revolutionize the particular line of industry with which it is connected?

The man who has a tract of timber that he, as an experienced lumberman, knows will return him a large profit if only he can obtain enough capital to cut it and prepare it for market, will immediately get in touch, by mail, with the advertiser, in order to show the financier that, of all the prospective investments offered, this particular one is by far the best. Nearly always is the opening of such transactions made by mail. There are a few brokers who advertise over their own names instead of a box number, and so solicit calls instead of letters; but they are the small fry who go after little money. The really big broker receives his mail addressed to a newspaper or post-office box number—generally the former, for the restrictions round post-office boxes are such that a rapidly increasing mail to a post-office box causes inquiries by the postal authorities, which are quite annoying and inconvenient at times to the boxholder. Good reasons for thus securing mail exist. This method gives the broker a chance to learn the necessary facts regarding his prospective client, which will determine whether the advertisement answerer will ever be a client or not. If it is decided by the broker that he has no money or will not "give up," he surely will not.



After an Apparently Careful Talk the Broker Allows Himself to be Convinced by the Eloquence of the Inventor

If he has been interviewed before and been found nonproductive, or if he is in the class called dangerous, he will never know whose advertisement he has answered. By dangerous, of course, is meant a man who, after giving up his money, threatens to or does enter a complaint with the Post Office Department or the district attorney.

It can be said for the newspapers that they, of course, would not accept an advertisement from any concern or individual if they knew the advertisement to be part of a fraud. The newspapers protect their clients to the best of their ability, and have been known to offer a standing reward for information regarding fraudulent advertisements in their columns. They also follow up advertisements that are reported to them as part of a prospective or past fraud, and have seen to the prosecution and jailing of the advertisers.

These brokers are able to produce bank and other references that will satisfy not only the newspapers but even more exacting institutions as to their reliability and honorableness.

When the answers to these advertisements are received by the broker—and they are received in quantities that would almost make a person standing at the delivery windows of some of our newspaper offices think that every individual or firm in the country needed capital and needed it quickly—they are carefully read and studied, with the result that most of them go into the waste-basket as possessing no future possibilities.

Splendid students of conditions, as told by letters, are these men. They can almost tell your bank account from the envelope of your letter. Those letters that are considered good fields for labor are regarded as prospects, and are generally answered, if the writer is within calling distance, by a curt note asking that the person written to call for an interview, with complete data of his project. This interview is important, as at it is determined the plan by which the prospect is to be worked; for, like all fishermen, these anglers have various plans for landing fish.

One of the most successful plans for landing the sucker is the plan known among the profession as the guaranty plan, which is operated in the following manner: After an apparently careful and investigating talk regarding the proposed enterprise, which we shall assume is based on a certain patent owned by the applicant for capital, the broker allows himself to be so convinced by the eloquence of the inventor that he at last acknowledges that the invention is the most wonderful thing that in all his long years of financing has ever come to his notice.

So thoroughly convinced is the broker of the money-making possibilities of this remarkable invention that he feels it will be just as easy, if the affair is handled right, to secure two hundred thousand dollars as to secure the twenty-five thousand dollars the inventor originally wanted. At any rate, the new company should have plenty of money to assure a big output, so as to make would-be infringers timid. Further than that, there is always a possibility that, seeing what a wonderful thing the new device is, some one may invent something better. Therefore, the new company should make all the money it can, and as quickly as it can, while the field is all its own.

This advice is given simply to induce the patentee to agree to a large capitalization, thereby increasing the profits of the broker. The client, being dazzled by the future prospects as outlined by this eminent financier, whom he has converted to thinking his invention so marvelous, agrees to a capitalization of, say, five hundred thousand dollars. Of this, of course, the patentee and his friends are to keep fifty-one per cent; for they have been warned by this broker, who has made their cause so much his own, of the danger of allowing those who buy the proposed securities to have control, for fear that his friend, the patentee, may be robbed of the fruits of his wonderful invention. All of which tends to increase faith in this friend and adviser on the part of the inventor.

If the proposed company has not been incorporated, the broker, if he is new at the business and greedy, will agree to have it done by "his lawyer" for a certain amount, said amount being regulated entirely by the knowledge of such matters displayed by the client. This amount may run anywhere from one hundred to one thousand dollars. Should the client seem to think the charge excessive, he is recommended to call on several law firms that are recognized as being high-priced and to secure their estimate for the work.

A trip of this kind generally ends the argument, and the client pays over his money to the broker, who hires one of the cheap incorporation concerns that turn out ready-made incorporations at a profit to themselves of from five to ten dollars each. Their incorporations, like some ready-made garments, do not fit and, in addition, rip easily.

This transaction may net the broker several hundred dollars, and also enable him to form a still better conclusion as to the sum that can ultimately be extracted from the bank account of the prospect who, having paid his money, has qualified for classification as a sucker.

Clients Sold Instead of Securities

THE larger and more businesslike broker refers his client to a lawyer with whom the broker has a working agreement as regards division of fees and to whom the client goes for the purpose of having his company incorporated; in which case he gets what he pays for. His company is legally and properly incorporated and the by-laws and minutes are correctly drawn up. The lawyer divides his profit with the broker.

Should the client have had his company incorporated before meeting with his expected source of finances, he is sent to the lawyer to have his incorporation papers, by-laws and minutes examined; or else the broker recommends changes which he says will enable him to sell the stock more easily. For instance, if the stock provided is all common stock the broker will insist on having preferred stock to sell. If bonds are offered for sale the action of the board of directors must be examined by the attorney.

To a man as well acquainted with the corporation laws as the average broker is, it is an easy task to find faults and to suggest changes that will net him and the attorney as much profit as the original incorporation work would have netted them, possibly even more.

This plan is preferred by brokers, because by it the client pays them no money; and it must be a very suspicious person who would accuse an apparently respectable member of the bar of dividing his fees with the broker who sends him the business. Every one knows this is done repeatedly; but to prove it—that is a different matter.

The company is now formed, the stock is ready to sell, and apparently the broker is in daily communication with some of the capitalists he says are on his list. But, strange to say, none invest.

The broker reports that these moneyed people think well of the project; but, as the patent is undeveloped, they are a little timid about it. If, however, they had some assurance that their principal was safeguarded and would not be lost, they would risk the interest on the investment.

Now is the time to introduce the sucker to the guaranty plan. This is generally done by suggesting an issue of debenture bonds, which are really simply promissory notes, to be offered to the investor plus some stock as a bonus. The broker states that these bonds, not being protected by a mortgage, should be guaranteed by "some trust company or other concern authorized by law to perform such services."

Oftentimes the client is induced to visit trust companies for this purpose. Failing to secure any encouragement, he returns for advice to the broker who, sympathizing with the client's opinion of trust companies in general, suggests the name of some redemption or securities company which, he says, makes a special business of guaranteeing such securities.

Immediately the client writes to the redemption company and receives a reply, with a blank application form which purports to be an application for a contract that binds the redemption company to pay the holders the par value of the guaranteed securities at maturity, in consideration of a cash fee of one per cent of the amount of securities so guaranteed, such fee to be payable when the application is made.

If the amount of securities is one hundred thousand dollars the cash fee paid is one thousand dollars. In addition the applicant company agrees to pay the redemption company a certain percentage of the money received from the sale of the securities. For instance, if the securities mature in forty years then twenty-six per cent of the amount received is to be turned over to the redemption company to form a sinking fund for the payment of the amount due the security holders. The strong point about this plan is that it is mathematically correct.

It is not necessary to say that the thousand-dollar fee is divided between the broker and the redemption company. Seldom—almost never—are any securities sold; so this ends the transaction, except the cleaning up or getting rid of the client as quickly as it is possible to do so safely. This is done by tiring him out or getting another broker to induce him to sign a contract—on hearing of which the original broker waxes indignant and throws up the whole matter.

Cases have been known where, the client having given bank references, the bank and its officers were so flooded with letters asking information and data that they had to withdraw their consent to be used as reference, which action the broker seized on as an excuse for dropping the matter. As he puts it: "You can't expect me to act for your company when the bank you give as reference refuses to act as such any longer. What's the matter with you that your own bank won't stand for you?" That generally ends the matter, and all attention is devoted to the next victim.

A few months ago one of these redemption companies was convicted of conspiracy to defraud and was put out of business. In court it was shown that it had collected in a very short time over three hundred thousand dollars in these advance fees of one per cent. In the whole history of the company only one corporation had sold any of the securities so guaranteed, and in that case only a very small amount had been disposed of.

An enlargement and improvement on this plan consists in having the broker tell the client at the start of negotiations that he represents a large European financial concern, and that the matter will be laid before this concern for its decision.

In due time the client receives a letter from Europe, on a letterhead of the financial concern, claiming resources of five million pounds or some other large amount. This letter states that the investment is one which interests the foreign company, and that it will buy the securities at, say, ninety per cent of par, if "guaranteed by some responsible concern." The client, thinking the matter closed, easily parts with one per cent for a guaranty contract, which money is divided between the broker, the guaranty company and the London concern.

He Hurriedly Received the Return of His One Thousand Dollars and Also Got Half of the Two Thousand Dollars the Victim Had Paid Over

One of these European concerns, which we shall call the Universal Bankers' Alliance because that is not its name, had such an arrangement with bank officials as to enable it to give a large and thoroughly respectable bank in London and one in Paris as references. Inquirers received confidence-begetting reports, though the manager, owner and controller of the concern was an American who found it convenient to live abroad.

When the redemption company receives the one per cent fee it issues a contract obligating itself to pay the holders of the guaranteed securities the par value of the same in full at maturity. This contract, being forwarded to the Alliance in London, is exchanged for a contract between the capital-seeking company and the Alliance, whereby the Alliance agrees to sell, or cause to be sold, the securities mentioned, at the price agreed on. The contract also binds the company desiring capital to pay the cost of such examination as the underwriters may decide to be necessary to verify the statements of the company.

The Patron Saint of Green Companies

THE broker, having sold the securities or secured their underwriting, is thanked by the client, who is grateful to his patron saint that he has steered clear of sharpers and found an honest and able firm of real financiers. The client has secured his underwriting, and is told to go home and wait for the first installment of cash from London. He goes in a happy frame of mind, and waits; but instead of cash he receives, a short time before the date on which the Alliance has agreed to make the first payment, a cablegram from the Alliance, stating that it has sold his securities to certain European banks, whose names are not given. Before paying over the money, the cable states, the banks have decided to take advantage of the clause in the contract that gives them the right to have an examination of the company and its assets made by a representative of their selection, at the expense of the company. The company is advised that the examiner is ready to sail, and consequently it must cable several hundred pounds sterling—in one case the amount was two thousand pounds—immediately, so that the engineer or examiner may start at once for the United States.

The money having been sent, a man appears, makes an examination and returns to England. Shortly following his return comes a statement that the alleged facts given in the prospectus issued by the company were not substantiated by the examination, and the deal is off. Generally the letter expresses indignation because the company has tried to deceive the Alliance. Another division of fees occurs between the conspirators, making quite acceptable additions to their respective bank accounts.

So able and well equipped was one of these English fake financial concerns that an American, noted for his shrewdness in business, went to London before paying his six-thousand-dollar fee, and was entertained lavishly, but in a strictly businesslike manner, by the comptroller of the London concern. He was even taken to Belgium and introduced to alleged bankers, who agreed to buy his securities; for, as was stated, they had made money in every transaction they had ever had with the London concern. The American was not in a position then to understand the hidden significance of that remark.

This transaction was so pleasing to the American that he then and there wrote a letter stating that "in three days Mr. Daniels, of the Universal Alliance, had sold his securities to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars and that any persons desiring capital could be assured of the most honorable treatment at the hands of this concern." The name given as that of the officer of the London Alliance is, of course, not the one with which that official signs his letters.

Many thousands of photographic copies of this letter, without a date mark, were mailed to prospects; and, being printed without city and date, they could be used long after the time when the writer's frame of mind would not permit of the letter's being mentioned. His contribution was six thousand dollars plus cost and time of the European trip.

Even the examiners sent over were fraudulent. One was a barber by profession, and another had an engineering experience limited to repairing watches.

A man seeking capital cannot be censured for falling for a scheme so elaborate and complete as the one just outlined, with its bank references and its contracts legally and carefully drawn up. In all these dealings the client has not paid the broker a penny in person. The broker is willing, he says, to wait for his commission until the client receives his funds from the sale of his securities. He is then in a position to weep in unison with his client when the matter falls through; but he smiles to himself when he remembers his share of the division of the fees.

(Concluded on Page 36)

SHYLOCK SEMPLE

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"He Missed Me From Here to Goat Island! Anybody But a Blind Chinaman Knows It!"

I'VE been quoted in the papers as being in favor of an open season on umpires, a state bounty on their scalps, and the destruction of their young wherever found. It serves me right for telling my troubles to reporters. What I really said was that some umpires are partly white and ought to be protected by law; but that Baldy Semple ain't human and never was, and there oughtn't to be any closed season on him, summer or winter.

I never said a word about his scalp, because that wouldn't be worth anything except as a curiosity. He hasn't got hair enough to pad one idea a year; but, even so, he's got more hair than brains and more brains than heart. He wears his cap down on the back of his neck so the half-moon won't show; and you can't get him to take it off, even when he makes the announcements.

Some people say he's a good umpire; but ask any of the boys that ever played in a league where he's been and they'll tell you what he is.

I've known Frank Semple ever since he was knee-high to a pop-bottle and I never knew any good of him. He was the stingiest, meanest kid that ever lived, and I always said that he'd turn out bad; but I never thought he'd get to be a real league umpire.

I used to go to school with him in a valley town out here in California before I ever thought I'd be famous. If there was any devilment going on, such as swiping pigeons or robbing a Chink's vegetable garden, little Frankie Semple would be in it, up to the neck, stage-managing the whole affair. If trouble came of it and somebody had to be caught and licked you could bet it wouldn't be Frankie. He was too wise for that and he had an alibi for every day in the week. He was like the general who stays seven miles behind the firing lines and directs the battle—he takes no chances of being hurt, but gets all the credit for winning.

Just as a sample of the way Frankie operated, I'll tell you about a fine scheme of his that was going to make us both rich. Old Wong Kee had a vegetable garden half a mile out of town, and watermelons were worth two bits apiece that season. That's Native Son talk for twenty-five cents. A deep, wide irrigation ditch ran along the side of Wong's melon patch and emptied into the creek a quarter of a mile below it.

"Here's the biggest cinch in the world," says Frankie. "We'll wade up the ditch till we get to the Chink's place. The melons grow right on the edge and all we've got to do is pick 'em and roll 'em into the water—the current will do the rest. The creek will take 'em pretty near to town and to-morrow we can peddle 'em from house to house. How's that?"

Well, the prospectus looked all right to me and I fell for it. We left our clothes where the irrigation ditch joined the creek and waded and swam till we got abreast of Wong's place. Frankie, always cautious, took a squint through the willows.

"The coast is clear, Dutch," says he. "Wong is away over on the other side picking Lima beans. Crawl on your stomach and he won't see you."

"Ain't you coming too?" I says.

"Sure I am," says he; "but I want to stay here to see that the first lot gets started all right. Hurry up!"

I crawled out and yanked half a dozen big Cuban Queens loose from the vines and rolled 'em into the water. I had one eye on Wong all the time, but he never moved. It was so easy that I forgot all about the help I was going to get from Frankie—forgot everything but how rich I was going to be with watermelons selling at two bits apiece. I worked like a nailer and made an awful hole in Wong's patch, and was crawling back for more when I heard a yell—and there, right on top of me, was the old devil himself, with a pitchfork in his hands! The thing that Frankie took for a Chink, and that I'd been watching so carefully, was a dummy that foxy Mr. Wong had rigged up to fool bad little boys.

I know now that the safest place would have been on the other side of the irrigation ditch, but at a time like that a kid's legs don't wait for orders from headquarters. All that saved my life was the crouching start that I had; and if I could go down to first base as fast as I lit out across that vegetable garden I'd beat out more infield hits than Ty Cobb. It's a cinch that I broke the world's record for the fifty-yard dash across plowed ground; but, even so, I couldn't shake that crazy Chink. He wasn't more than two jumps behind, yelling murder and reaching for me with his pitchfork.

It didn't strike me that I was headed in the wrong direction until I ran slap into Wong's blackberry patch. The first thing I knew, there it was, dead ahead; and those bushes looked mountains high. Old Wong had chased me into a trap, and I could tell by the sound of his voice that he knew it. It was the pitchfork or the briers, and I took a chance on the briers—headfirst.

I've got to give Wong credit for being game—he stayed right with me. He ran me clear through that blackberry patch and out on the other side—nine rows of those bushes; and you can bet I'll never forget 'em. I had the best of it in one way and the worst of it in another. The briers caught Wong's clothes and held him back. I didn't have any clothes on, and I went through there like a greased pig through a Sunday-school picnic, but not near so painlessly.

When I busted into the open there wasn't a square inch of me that wasn't scratched and bleeding. Wong was ripped up some himself. He left his shirt and most of his pants in the blackberry patch, but he still had the pitchfork, and he chased me half a mile up the creek before he quit. I found a deep place and crossed over, and Wong started across too; but there was a rock pile on my side and I made him change his mind. I could always peg straight, even when I was a kid.

I took my time in getting back to my clothes, for I was in awful shape. I found 'em where I left 'em, but there wasn't a sign of Frankie, or the melons either. I managed to get dressed finally and went home. I've forgotten what kind of a lie I told my mother, but it stuck. She plastered me with ointment, cried over me and put me to bed. My dad came in when he got home from work and took a look at the scratches.

"I don't know what you've been up to, son," says he; "but, whatever it was, you've been punished enough."

I was laid up for a week, so sore I couldn't get my clothes on—and Frankie never came near me once. It was a month before I found out how easy I'd been for him. He never intended to take a chance himself; and as soon as he saw me start to work on the melons he made a break for his clothes and ran down the creek toward town. While Wong was chasing me with a pitchfork wise little Frankie was sitting on the bank in the shade waiting for the melons to show up. All he had to do then was to hide them in the brush till dark.

That wasn't the worst of it though. I asked him for my share of the money.

"Oh, didn't I tell you about that?" says he, looking me right in the eye. "Them melons was all as green as grass."

I never got a cent out of it; but the next time I saw Frankie he had a new target rifle. I always felt as if I had an interest in that gun.

II

WELL, we grew up and broke into semi-pro. baseball together—playing on the lots Sunday afternoons and passing the hat. Sometimes we got as much as sixty cents apiece. I started out to be a first baseman, and I would have made a good one; but I wasn't tall enough to spear the wild throws, so I wound up behind the bat, where I've been ever since. Frankie wanted to be a pitcher, because he thought there would be more money in it. I think he was the only kid I ever knew who cared more for the money than he did for the game itself.

As a pitcher he was an awful thing. He went into the box just once, and the outfielders ran themselves ragged chasing long hits. They gave him enough of a beating to last him a lifetime. He fooled round third base a while, and then he went to the outfield, where he was barely able to get by.

I didn't seem to care much for anything but baseball, and when I was nineteen I got a chance to be a regular leaguer. My people made an awful fuss when I signed with Sacramento. From the way my mother carried on anyone would have thought I was going straight to the bad place; but I finally convinced her that a regular ball club was run pretty much the same as the Epworth League. Why is it that a fellow's mother will usually believe everything he says and his father won't believe anything?

When I left home Frankie was still outfielding on Sundays and holidays, and hollering because the divvy wasn't bigger. He was losing his hair too—not on the top of his head, but all over at once—sort of shedding it.

This is not a life history, so I will skip over the next ten or eleven years. It's enough to say that I finally broke into the big league and stayed there for six seasons—six tough ones. I did most of the catching for the Bantams, and you can take my word for it that a first-string backstop earns his money. When they began stealing bases too often the boss asked me whether I had any preference, and I said California would suit me down to the ground.

"How about Los Angeles?" says he.

"Fine!" says I; and so it was fixed up.

You can say what you like about the Native Sons—Coast Defenders they call 'em in some parts of the East—but in all the time I was knocking round the big circuit I met only one native Californian who said he didn't want to go back. It was sour grapes with him. The statute of limitations hadn't expired and he didn't dare take a chance.

The Los Angeles club trained down at San Bernardino last spring, and while I was there I heard some talk about a new umpire that Al Baum had found somewhere up in Oregon. They called him Baldy Semple. One of the boys with the club had played in a backwoods league with Semple and knew him.

"Is his first name Frank?" says I.

"I dunno, Dutch. Nobody ever liked him well enough to call him by his first name. He is the meanest and the tightest guy that ever lived—and the worst judge of a fly ball."

"That's Frankie!" says I. "The description fits him like a glove."

"Do you know him too?" asks Long Tom Hughes, the pitcher.

"I used to," says I. "We went to school together up in Fresno when we was kids."

"That'll help some," says Jack Ryan, another pitcher. "Maybe he'll let you reason with him in balls and strikes. They tell me you Native Sons hang together worse'n Chinamen."

We opened the season at home against Oakland, and Baldy was one of the umpires that was sent south. I didn't

get a glimpse of him until just before the game began, but I knew the minute he walked on to the field that he was swelled all out of shape. I was warming up the pitcher—Jack Ryan, it was. Jack is one of those extra-dry kidders who doesn't furnish a blueprint with his jokes.

"This must be your college pal coming," says he. "Time out for the greetings."

Now I didn't expect Baldy to fall on my neck and kiss me, or anything like that—I didn't want him to; but I did think that almost anybody would walk ten steps out of his way to shake hands with some one he hadn't seen for ten years. Baldy had to pass right close to us on his way to the other bench to get the line-up of the Oakland team, and he sailed by without even turning his head—not a nod; not a wave of the hand; not a word!

The Way He Fooled With That Envelope Reminded Me of the Way a Kid Will Play With a Piece of Cake Before He Eats It

I was flabbergasted for a second. It wasn't as if he didn't know I was there, because Dillon had already given him our line-up and he knew I was going to catch. It had the look of a deliberate turndown, and Jack Ryan was as surprised as I was. He didn't know what to make of it either.

Long Tom did. There isn't very much that gets away from that old boy, on the diamond or off. He was sitting on the end of the bench, taking it all in. The first thing I knew Long Tom was on his feet, beating time like the leader of an orchestra, and all the boys were singing with him:

Gee! It's certainly great to meet a friend from—your—home—town!
What difference does it make if he—is—up—or—down?

If there had been anybody home under that varnished roof—anything under that blue cap but solid ivory Baldy would have tumbled; but he never even looked over his shoulder. It was plain to be seen that he regarded himself as the main attraction round there.

That was when I declared war. Before then I had been willing to treat Baldy the same as any other umpire—no better and no worse; but when he pulled that frosty-mitt stuff he lost me out of the neutral column. I went back to the bench to put on my shin guards and wind pad, and the boys cut loose at me immediately:

"Say, Dutch, I thought you said you knew that guy?"

"Good thing they're such close pals, or we might have had to pry 'em apart."

"You Coast Defenders sure do love each other!"

"Oh, well, the poor devil may be blind. Most umpires are."

Is it any wonder that I went out for the first inning with a chip on my shoulder? Being that it was the opening game of the season the mayor was to pitch the first ball, and of course he had to make a speech. While this was happening I sidled over toward Baldy. He was standing there, looking up at the sky, one hand on his hip and the other one twirling his mask. I opened up on him kind of light.

"Every move a picture!" I says. "It's a wonder you wouldn't say hello to somebody, you big, bald stiff!"

"How d'ye do, Dutch?" says he, about as enthusiastic as if a total stranger had just asked him the time o' day. "I see they finally chased you back where you belong."

That was a fine, friendly greeting, wasn't it? It's a good thing for him that he sprung that line out on the field, because if it had been anywhere else I would have flattened him for luck.

"Well, anyway," I says, going right back at him, "I was good enough to get up there and I stuck for six years. That's more than you'll ever be able to say."

"Yeh?" says he. "What club was you with?"

Twice in the same place! He was hunting trouble with me; I could see it coming. What club was I with! Why, whole families have busted up for less than that!

"I don't wonder that you haven't heard," I says. "They tell me that in the leagues where you've been umpiring there ain't any daily papers or any telegraph poles either. Would it be any news to you," I says, "that the Athletics won the World's Series last season?"

He didn't come back so very brisk on that one. He had to do some thinking, and he was getting kind of pink round the wattles from keeping his temper and breathing through his nose.

"You'll know all about them little leagues pretty soon," says he. "You're headed straight for 'em now. They tell me that Bob Bescher and those other boys stole your wind pad last season. Cheer up! There ain't many fast men in the bushes. You may be able to get by for a couple of seasons."

"I won't have to go there," says I. "I've got some dough in the bank—quite a chunk of it. If I was as tight as you are I expect I would have 'most a million by this time, but I'm a liberal spender and a nickel gets away from me once in a while. The boys tell me," I says, "that you kiss the eagle on every dollar you get."

Well, that pronged him in a tender spot. I thought it would.

"It's a good thing you've got so much money," says he, talking very slow and distinct, "because I may have to take some of it away from you."

"What do you mean—take it away from me?" I says.

"You'll find out what I mean," says Baldy. "You've got a bad reputation as a kicker and an umpire baiter. Maybe you think, because you've been with a second-division club in the East, that you can get away with it out here on the Coast; but I'll show you different. The very first crack you make I'll take some of your dough!"

"You fine me," I says, "and you'll run from the next ball player you slap a plaster onto!"

"Think so?" says he. "Now remember, I've told you how it will be. I won't warn you again and I won't put you out of the game, but the first kick you make I'll take your dough. The president of the league says to bust up rowdy ball, and maybe I'll have to start in on you."

"You start in on me and I'll tell you where you'll finish," I says. "You'll finish back in the kerosene circuit where you came from. You can't go taking ball players' money away from 'em without paying for it. I'll sick all the boys onto you, and they'll run you out of the league!"

"Sick 'em and be damned!" says he. "It'll cost 'em money. Just give me some of your lip when the game starts and see what happens to you. Wake up and catch that first ball. The mayor has been winding up for an hour."

Well, the game began, and in the first inning there wasn't anything to kick about. Baldy didn't miss any strikes. When I got back to the bench I told the boys what Baldy said to me about taking my money. Long Tom Hughes grinned.

"I thought you kept kind of quiet out there," says he.

"Yes," says Charlie Chech; "you ain't afraid of your little schoolmate, are you?"

"Afraid!" I says. "Just let him miss one and I'll show you how afraid I am!"

The chance came in the next inning. Ryan was working good, as we say. He had two strikes on Middleton and one ball. He started the next one straight at Middleton's bean, and she broke down and across the inside corner of the plate—as pretty a strike as you could wish to see.

"Ball—two!" says Baldy.

"What's that?" yells Jack, and I was right on top of Baldy in a flash.

"Don't go calling 'em before they break!" I says, yanking off my mask. "Remember you ain't in the bushes now! Take a look at 'em, you blind stiff!"

"That'll cost you five!" says Baldy. "Take a look at that and see how you like it!"

"That's right, umpire," says Middleton. "Don't let 'em show you up!"

I was considerably astonished. I didn't really think he'd have the nerve to do it. I thought he was trying to bluff me with that stuff about taking my money.

"Me?" I says. "You fine me?"

"You!" says Baldy. "Five bucks!"

I got mad then. I slammed my mask on the ground, threw dirt in the air, and maybe I hooted a little. Ryan came running up.

"What's the matter, Dutch?" says he.

"Matter!" says I. "Why, this bush umpire has just fined me five bucks and I never said a word to him! Not a word!" And, considering what some umpires will stand for, I hadn't.

Jack began at the feet and looked Baldy all over as if he'd never seen him before.

"Blind burglars are scarce," says he. "There ought to be some sort of a premium on 'em; and this one ain't got any hair either. What do you reckon we could get for him stuffed?"

"Do you want me to give you some of what I just gave him?" says Baldy.

"What!" says Jack, acting as if he was surprised. "You don't mean to tell me that you're actually giving something away, Mister Umpire? Why, they told me you was so tight that you wouldn't give up anything! They told me you wouldn't give a buffalo nickel to see the Battle of Waterloo fought over again—with the original cast! They told me ——"

"And five for you too!" interrupted Baldy. "Did they tell you that?"

And that was how Baldy broke into the Coast League—fining people right and left, the same as if five-dollar gold-pieces grew on all the trees. He plastered Tom Hughes with a fivespot just for accusing him of being a second cousin to a Mexican hairless sausage; he soaked Cap Dillon twice for nothing at all; and he fined Rube Ellis for getting down on his knees at the plate after Baldy had called a bum third strike on him. The Oakland boys caught it too; for when Baldy started out to make it an expensive afternoon for the athletes he didn't play any favorites.

The thing that made us the sorest was the way the papers praised him to the skies. They said he was a great umpire and fearless in enforcing discipline.

"A few more arbiters of this sort will put an end to the senseless kicking and wrangling over decisions. These disgraceful exhibitions mar the sport and disgust the patrons of the game." That was what one reporter wrote. I wonder if he ever stopped to think what sort of a ball club he would have if none of the players ever fought for points or scrapped when they thought an umpire was handing them the worst of it.

Ball players kick because they want to win games or because they hate to lose 'em. Show me a club without any kickers and I'll show you a club without any friends. Take the pepper and the scrappiness out of baseball, and what have you got left? Nothing but an exhibition game—no life—no interest. My old boss had the right idea:

"Don't be afraid to holler on a bum decision," he used to say. "I don't want you to pull an umpire's nose off his face or kick him on the shins; but if you think he's missed one on you, tell him so. Tell him loud, so he'll hear it. Holler your head off on every close decision. It will look as if we wanted to win a ball game now and then. And," he used to wind up, "the club will pay all fines within reason."

On this same subject I wonder how a reporter would like it if his editor fined him part of his salary every time he

I Didn't Expect Baldy to Fall on My Neck, But Almost Anybody Would Shake Hands With Some One He Hadn't Seen for Ten Years

made a mistake? He wouldn't be so ready to boost a fining umpire then—that's a cinch.

Nearly all the umpires understand that a player kicks from principle and force of habit, and that often he doesn't mean anything personal by what he says. Baldy never got that angle through his thick head. Everything was an insult to him, and he slapped on fines where any other umpire in the country would have turned his back and grinned.

When the first pay day came round several of us had little blue receipt slips pinned on our checks. Even Poll Perritt had one, and he's the mildest-mannered man that ever walked into a box. Jack Ryan had two, and so did Dillon. The club secretary had paid the fines into the league treasury and deducted the amounts from what we had coming. Ryan was pretty sore.

"And to think that I never laid the weight of a finger on that guy!" says he. "I've seen leagues where I could have murdered two umpires for a lot less than ten dollars, but I never saw a league before where a man could converse himself into bankruptcy! I don't know whether this bald buzzard is going to be allowed to fivespot us into the poorhouse; but, just for the fun of the thing, I'm going to keep tab on how much he costs this club before somebody kills him. Frank, Rube, Dutch—gimme those blue tags. I'm making a collection."

It wasn't long before he had a real collection, at that, because Jack got all the players on the other clubs to save their receipt slips for him. They had enough of 'em, goodness knows, for Baldy's only line of conversation seemed to be "Five for you!" And if his big ears didn't burn whenever Jack added a new blue slip to the bunch it was because what Jack said about him was too warm to travel by wireless.

III

ALONG about the middle of the season we went north for a road trip, and San Francisco was the first stop. Baldy had been umpiring in Sacramento, but when we walked into the hotel in San Francisco there he was, as big as life, smoking a cigar. I'll bet it was one that somebody gave him.

It was the first time he had ever put up at the same hotel with us, and I guess he wouldn't have done it then if he hadn't got a cheap rate. He didn't speak to anybody as we came in, and it wouldn't have done him any good if he had. Not a player in the league would recognize him off the field.

"Hello!" says Long Tom. "There's the Human Fivespot!"

"Oh, I guess not human," says Jack Ryan.

"The old boy looks meaner'n mustard this morning," says Rube Ellis. "Wonder who's going to contribute to the support of the league this week?"

Well, Rube didn't have long to wait before he found out. Baldy was umpiring the bases that afternoon; and in the eighth inning, with two down and nobody on, Rube got a good cut at one and knocked it a mile. He had to slide to beat the relay to third, and O'Leary made a stab at him and never even came close to touching him.

"Out!" says Baldy, jerking his thumb into the air. He walked away as if that settled it; but Rube was right after him.

"He missed me from here to Gout Island!" howls Rube. "Anybody but a blind Chinaman knows it!" And then he made a grab at Baldy's blouse.

"Keep your hands off me!" says Baldy, but Rube was mad by this time, and he spun Baldy round like a top.

"That'll cost you ten!" says he.

Well, there was a fine mob scene after that. Rube wanted to crown Baldy on the spot, and it took three of us to drag him away. Cap Dillon told Baldy what he thought about it and it cost him five. Harry Meek aired a few opinions at the same price. Both of 'em were careful not to touch him, and I guess that was why Baldy only fined 'em five apiece.

That night there was an indignation meeting in the clubhouse. I didn't stay for all of it, because I had a date; but when I left, Rube Ellis had the floor, and he was proposing that we draw straws to see which one of us should murder Baldy in his sleep. This happened on a Tuesday.

On Thursday evening I was waiting in the lobby for some of the boys to show up and I noticed Baldy over at one of the writing tables, though I can't imagine who in the world would want to hear from him. In this hotel the writing tables are on the main floor and they set along the back wall. They have Japanese screens in between to keep people from rubbering over your shoulder and getting an eyeful of your correspondence.

While I was sitting there a man and a woman came in from the street. He was a big, red-faced country-looking fellow about forty years old, and he kept pulling at his celluloid collar as if it bothered him. The woman was rather shabby, and she walked with a stoop, as if she had worked hard all her life. I remember that she had on black lace mitts, like my grandmother used to wear. They had quite a time picking out a place to sit down, but finally they settled at the table next to Baldy, and the man hauled a big brown envelope out of his pocket. Pretty soon Long Tom came by, and he spotted the couple right away.

"Look at that rube and his wife," says he. "She's giving him an awful call-down about something. She's laying down the law to him right. It must be good, because Baldy's quit writing to listen. Let's horn in on the other side and see what it's all about."

The first thing I heard was the woman's voice. She was pretty near crying.

"They Told Me You Wouldn't Give a Buffalo Nickel to See the Battle of Waterloo Fought Over Again"

"Oh, John, if you'd only listen to me once in a while! Why wasn't you satisfied just to have the home property clear? You went and spent your money on these miserable stocks and things, and now they're going to take our little place away from us!"

"But, Ella," says the man, breaking in, "ain't I told you a thousand times that these stocks are just as good as a government bond? Look at this Tehachapi North Consolidated! It's worth ten dollars a share this minute and ——"

"Yes—worth it where?" says the woman. "It must be mighty valuable if you can't borrow two hundred and sixty-five dollars on it!"

"And this Bradwin-Saspamco stock!" says the man. "Wasn't we offered four hundred for it only last week? Wasn't we?"

"Oh, I wish you'd hush!" says the woman, getting mad. "If you'd taken that four hundred, like I wanted you to, we wouldn't be in this awful fix. Don't you s'pose you could get 'em to hold off until noon to-morrow? Think of their taking our home away just for that one payment!" The woman began to cry.

"Come along!" I whispers to Tom. "Beat it!"

"No; stick a while," says he. "I want to hear John alibi himself."

"Now, Ella, don't cry!" says he. "Please don't cry! Can't you see I got enough to stand without that? What's driving me crazy is that this shark, Petersen, won't wait till Martin gets here. I told 'em all about it; I showed 'em his telegram. 'My brother is on his way from Walla Walla,' I says. 'He would have been here to-day, but there was a freight wreck on the line.' I told 'em he'd be here sure by noon to-morrow and I could have the money for him the minute Martin gets off the train. The old skinflint wouldn't hear to it. Said he had to have the money before midnight or the law would have to take its course. He's had his eye on that property of ours for three years, and now's his chance to grab it."

"Oh, I wish that oil stock was in Jericho!" says the woman, sniffing and blowing her nose. "If you hadn't put your money into that ——"

"Now be reasonable," says John. "There ain't anything wrong with the stock. You know I've been waiting here all day, expecting Martin to walk in the door. I was counting on going to Petersen's place the minute he showed up—and then at four o'clock I get this telegram. At four o'clock, mind you! If I'd known two hours earlier that Martin couldn't get here I could have borrowed any amount of money on this stock; but at four o'clock the banks was closed. Why, good Lord, Ella! Do you mean to tell me that any bank in the country wouldn't loan two hundred and sixty-five dollars on gilt-edge securities worth ten times that much in the open market? Do you mean to tell me ——"

I thought John had her going then, but I was wrong. She cut in on him:

"Tell you! I don't mean to tell you anything, John Wesley Mills! You never listened to me in your life, and you always was able to talk me into your way of seeing things, but this much I do know—they're going to take my home away—the home that's as much mine as it is yours, because I've done a man's work on it; the home that I've slaved for till many's the time I thought I'd drop—and all for what? All for what? John, you've got to do something! You've got to!"

John took a good long think.

"I might go to these hotel people," says he, "and tell 'em the fix I'm in. I kind of hate to do that, though. Hotel folks are so suspicious of anybody they don't know."

"Why, John!" says she. "Suspicious of you? I'll go along and stand right by your side, and if anybody says a word I'll tell 'em that you're my husband—John Wesley Mills, a deacon in the Methodist Church at Antioch. I guess that would shut 'em up! Suspicious! My land!"

John grunted.

"I'm afraid my church standing wouldn't help with a hotel clerk," says he; "but I s'pose I could offer to put up this stock as security."

"Why, of course you could!" says she, brightening up right away. "The very thing! Why didn't we think of that before?"

"They'd know what this stock was worth," says John. "All I want is two hundred and sixty-five dollars till noon to-morrow—better say till eight o'clock in the evening, in case Martin runs into another wreck or something. That would be twenty-four hours. Think of it! Stocks worth pretty near three thousand dollars put up as security for a measly two hundred and sixty-five! It just shows what an awful tight fix a fellow can get himself into when he'll take a chance on losing that much property for the sake of a little ready cash."

"But you'd have to give the hotel people something for the use of the money, wouldn't you?" says the woman.

"Give 'em something?" says John. "Give 'em —— Why, say! There ain't anything I wouldn't give 'em for the sake of the accommodation! One hundred per cent for twenty-four hours! That's what I'll offer 'em."

"That's too much," says she; "a whole lot too much. They wouldn't ask it. Ten dollars would be a great plenty."

"Look here, Ella," says he; "you don't understand these things. When you're in a corner and there ain't any way out no price is too high. Ain't I risking all this stock in case I can't redeem it to-morrow night? Ain't I? And what's two hundred and sixty-five dollars to us if we can keep our place? You know I can get five hundred and thirty from Martin as easy as winking, don't you? Well, then! What are you a-fussin' about?"

"I s'pose Martin wouldn't mind," says Ella. She was weakening; I could see that.

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VANITIES—By Frederick Irving Anderson

ANNE ERSKINE had long since ceased to be a mere mortal—no matter how splendid; she had become a lost art. Women crowded about her on the occasions of her rare afternoons, seeking with eager eyes, touching with trembling fingers. Piretti one day offered her an unconscionable sum for the secret of her skin. He, for trade, had dared ask the question women kept locked in their hearts; as if youth, ever-vivid, vivacious youth, were a matter of how or why, instead of being an axiom, a fact. For youth is a fact, no matter how much we may seek to controvert it by artifice.

During her Broadway season Holbard, her manager, had taken to sitting out in front on Tuesday and Thursday nights, when she alternated Isabella and Francesca, her two prime rôles. Holbard—whose temples were beginning to show gray, whose long, thin fingers were beginning to curl and grow fat! Holbard had been counting the measure of her art in the box office for many years now.

She caught him watching her the first night, but she said nothing. His face seemed fairly to spring out at her from the stippled darkness of the house. Then, quite casually, one day he told her that the Variety Combination, old Heinemann himself, was feeling him out on the prospect of booking her for forty weeks in her big scenes. There was money in it, and glory too—and a little more ease and leisure than she had allowed herself ever before, he added absent-mindedly.

And, after all, why not? Bernhardt had done it, and others as distinguished. And, when all is said and done, great dramas are great only because of their big scenes. The part is greater than the whole. It is so in all art. Think of the great pictures that are incomprehensible to the masses except when rendered as fragments. People do not go to the opera for the unintelligible gibberish of foreign tongues; it is some aria, a harmony, that attracts them—and they carry home the fragment ringing in their ears. That fragment is the opera to them. Men live and die and are forgotten except for some one act, sublime or ridiculous. The public treasures the high lights, the supreme moments.

Anne Erskine watched the manager narrowly as he talked.

"You are a plausible devil, Holbard," she said suddenly. She fixed her eyes on him with a trick of hers that always turned him inside out. "Tell me, Holbard"—she was leaning forward and resting her chin in her hands—"what do you find of interest down in front these nights? Last night you sat through the intermission."

Holbard shifted uneasily under her gaze.

"Were you studying me, Holbard? Eh? Don't look in the fire! Look at me! Were you studying me, Holbard?"

He raised his hands in mute protest. He was beginning to take fright for fear he had said too much. He had not known until now that she had been cognizant of his silent, studious vigil out there in front. She had a disconcerting way of putting two and two together for an inevitable four, just when he prided himself on being most subtle.

"Were you listening to what they were saying about me, Holbard? Tell me: what were they saying about me?"

"My dear child!" he protested weakly.

"If you do not tell me," she said, "I will tell you. I am a woman—and I know what women say about each other."

She waited for him to speak; but he continued to stare at the fire on the hearth, supremely uncomfortable. Then there came an unexpected break, much to the relief of the manager. Heinemann was coming in with some woman. It was Mademoiselle Verzain, a European artiste, who had just come over; and he was taking her about in his awkward, homely way. The two women appraised each other with swift glances. Soon the party was split up into pairs, Heinemann and Anne Erskine in front of the fire—Heinemann, as usual, inexpressibly solemn and rubbing the huge wart that rode astride one nostril, while he sedulously avoided the topic uppermost in his thoughts—Anne Erskine as a topliner at the Varieties. Heinemann was, in some curiously grotesque way, telepathic. When he desired anything very much he would consume oceans of time, if need be, scheming to make the other side of the bargain seem to propose it.

"She is tremendously ugly—isn't she, Heinemann?" whispered the gorgeous Anne Erskine in his ear. The fat old kobold of the nation's theaters winked mysteriously.

"She is the ugliest voman in the vorld!" he whispered thickly. "I pay her two tousand dollar a veek for being so ugly, matame."

He drew off and looked at her with an air that seemed to say he would be very glad to pay Anne Erskine the same figure for being so beautiful; but he did not say it—though he felt quite sure she was thinking it. He was

At First Liscomb Winced Under the Blow to His Personal Pride

felicitating himself on his good fortune in having Anne alone by the fire that afternoon, with Holbard to take care of the ugly creature; but he was unable to pursue his hypnotic suggestion farther, for at this auspicious moment Bayard Liscomb came in, following hard on the heels of the maid with his card, as though he owned the place. For all that this elegant Icy Liscomb had been ambassador to France, and had served brilliantly in equally onerous positions, his claws were always drawn here. He had been playing the bear to Anne Erskine for so long that his hopeless infatuation had become classic.

No sooner did the vaudeville king see the diplomat than he gave an exclamation of disgust. He rose, picked up his new artiste and made off, with an elaborate leave-taking of the brilliant beauty and scant courtesy to the interloper who had interrupted his little chat just at the moment when it seemed to be coming to a head. Though Anne Erskine dandled Liscomb at the end of a string to a point of despair that made him dull and stupid, nevertheless she gave him time that belonged to others.

"Did you ever see an uglier woman?" she asked as the three turned from the door and resumed their seats. "Yet Heinemann is paying her a fabulous sum just for being ugly. She is what he calls an artiste!"

She picked up a silver mirror on her dressing table and began running deft fingers through her wonderful hair. There is no color named to describe that hair. Women who talked about her between the acts said that Piretti—the same who had the effrontery to ask for the secret of her skin and, had he secured it, would doubtless have plastered the Newark meadows' billboards with the advertisement—drew royalties through the box office for giving her the exclusive use of the tint. However that may have been, it was wonderful hair. Liscomb was thinking so, at any rate, as fascinated he watched the play of her fingers among the tresses.

"Holbard says I am getting too old to play Isabella," Anne said presently, studying Liscomb in her mirror as though curious to see the effect of her words.

"Anne! Anne!" cried the anguished Holbard, springing to his feet and looking at her imploringly. She smiled back at him.

"Holbard," she said, "you are as transparent as jelly. And as sticky too!" she cried. "You stick to every new idea that flits across the face of the house! He has been listening to what the women are saying about me between the acts—eavesdropping, Liscomb. And now he thinks it is time to sandwich me in between a monkey circus and a tramp monologue at the Varieties, twice a day! That's why you brought Heinemann here this afternoon, Holbard. Don't deny it! Heinemann, as usual, used all his time baiting a trap for me."

"She is in a tantrum!" cried the manager, appealing to Liscomb.

"Possibly," said the woman calmly. "Nevertheless, you are right. You are nearer right than you think! I am going to close Saturday night. We close in Francesca," she added; and she continued softly, as she tapped the table with her fingers: "'And in the book that day they read no more.'"

"But this is madness—sheer madness! Anne, the house is sold out to the last week, five weeks off! And the advance sale for Chicago is beyond anything we have ever had!"

The agitated manager was walking the floor.

"We close Saturday night," she repeated, staring Holbard out of countenance. "I have made my decision. It is irrevocable. Say that I am ill—tell them anything you wish; pay the company a two-weeks' envelope out of my pocket."

"Liscomb," cried Holbard, "say something! She will listen to you! She is insane, I tell you! Her nerves have gone to pieces. Just because she saw me sitting out in front last night during one scene and an intermission ——"

"During two acts and an intermission," corrected the woman. "And last Tuesday the same thing—and twice last week, Liscomb. Oh, Holbard, I know your tricks! Was it by accident that the lights were dimmed in the book scene last week? I thought so until it happened the second time, Tuesday. But enough of this!" she cried, springing up and seizing Holbard by the shoulders. "We are too good friends—too old friends—to quarrel. And we shall quarrel, Holbard—unless you go away and leave me now. I want to talk to Liscomb. He won't lie to me, even though he is a diplomat."

She pushed him out and shut the door on him.

"Do you really mean that you have made your decision to close?" asked Liscomb incredulously.

"I have made my decision. Oh, it isn't all Holbard. I have known it was coming—watched it—tried to fight it off; but when he takes to dimming the lights for me—and watching me from the front—and listening to women—that is too much! That is the end!"

"But, Anne—just when you have achieved so much; it is vandalism!"

"Achieved so much!" she repeated disdainfully. "What is achievement? Merely the first skirmish! It is not the task of achieving that tears one's soul to bits: it is the task of holding what one has achieved. You know that, my good friend—and finally the time comes," she concluded wearily, "when the game is hardly worth the candle."

This was his cue to offer himself at his shrine once more. The incisive, arrogant Liscomb of the outside world was lost beneath the mantle of humility imposed by his hopeless passion. She let her glorious head sink back in the chair and closed her eyes; a smile played over her features. One might have thought she was listening to some delicious music.

Finally he came to a stumbling finish, bitterly conscious that once more his words had fallen on deaf ears. She rose lightly and seized a little silver-mounted baton from the piano. She touched him with it in irritating burlesque.

"Rise, my faithful Old Dog Tray!" she cried gayly. "You make me feel as though I had been eavesdropping on some holy devotions. Once more, Sir Knight, you lay your heart at the feet of Isabella. Last time it was Francesca. Would you be on your knees to me if I were one of the witches? Would your words burn if I were myself?"

"You are cruel!" he cried, amazed at her moods.

"I am the most beautiful woman in the world!"

He had told her this many times with trembling lips.

"You could not love even Isabella if you had her to breakfast every morning. No! No! You could not, Liscomb! Don't put together one of your pretty phrases. I saw you!" she cried accusingly, yet mockingly. "I saw the look you gave that little Verzain! If you looked at me that way, Liscomb," she said suddenly, her eyes burning, "I would kill you! I would, indeed, Liscomb—if I loved you. Marie!" she called, putting off this new mood as though it were a cloak. A maid came through the curtained doorway behind them. "Ask Elsie if she will come here for just a moment."

Some women affect their years with the same intensity of purpose with which others deny them. Such a one was the woman who entered. Liscomb had the impression of an emphasized middle age and a colorless personality. Anne advanced to meet her, put an arm about the woman's waist and drew her to her side in an affectionate embrace.

Then the actress turned and looked so questioningly at Liscomb that the diplomat was embarrassed.

"This is my sister Elsie," she said; and she challenged him with another look.

Plainly Anne was playing on the contrast of their two persons, but the humor of it seemed too cruel for him to attempt to parry. He advanced and addressed some graceful phrases to Elsie, who appeared somewhat disconcerted in the presence of this famous man of the world. Anne dropped into a chair again and watched them without a word. At length the interview came to a halting end. As the draperies closed behind Elsie, Anne turned to him.

"Liscomb," she said then, "do you know why that woman is old? I will tell you: she plays at age that I may play at youth. It is part of our detestable stock in trade. Liscomb, I am ten years her senior! But she would deny it. That is her part."

She paused, waiting for him to say something; but he did not speak. He felt a bitterness rising.

"Let me tell you the whole truth about this matter," she continued: "I have gone on year by year sacrificing my family to my own ends. Do you know what it means for a woman to sink into age—to plead to more years than she owns? No; you do not—because you are a man! Elsie has done that for me—and more! And all that I might continue to be Isabella or Francesca—for you, Liscomb, and the rest of your kind, who make a god of high lights. Ah," she cried with sudden passion, "if you but knew the shifts you put us to by your ceaseless clamor for ideals! I am sick and tired of it all. I am through! I am through, Liscomb! I tell you I am done!"

She fell to weeping, her head in her arms on the table. These tears were not for him, he felt, with a sudden tightening of the heart. Just how this scene fitted in, why he had been asked to be a witness to it, he could not have told himself, because he had never before seen into the shadows. After a time the tension became unbearable. He rose and found his hat and stick in the hall. As he was letting himself out he encountered the sister, on whom he looked now with different eyes.

"She is not herself," he whispered. "I think you had better go to her. After a while," he said, "you might tell her ——" He paused. "Oh! I don't know," he said miserably. "I don't know what you can tell her for me." And he bowed himself out.

Holbard, in his many years of worthy striving, had come to recognize what we glibly call temperament as something intensely tangible, always to be reckoned with. This in spite of the fact that Anne Erskine, the woman with whom his professional life had been associated so minutely, was farthest from the mercurial. Yet now he eased his troubled spirit with the comforting assurance that her fierce declaration that she would end her career at its zenith was but a tardy evidence that she, too, was of the rule, not of the exception. But Holbard was easy-going, anxious to let well enough alone—though it must be confessed that well enough with him had heretofore been superlative.

Things flowed on in clockwork routine at the theater—there is nothing so lulls one into security as the orderly procession of long-established detail. Liscomb came, as usual, nightly—sometimes for a mere act or a scene; once, on Saturday night, for the whole picture. He sat back in Holbard's box, watching the house and the woman, vaguely wondering which was the more wonderful—the art of the woman or the human emotions on which she played. One thinks of art as something absolute, enduring; something that must go on forever and ever.

Saturday night, during the third act of Francesca, Liscomb turned to Holbard and whispered the question that was uppermost in his mind. Holbard shook his head in answer. He had done nothing, she had done nothing, since that scene in her drawing-room. Liscomb had tried to see her; but she had always sent word begging off; some other time—not then.

Monday night she was to revive Ferdinand de Gar's Vanities. Ten minutes before the curtain rose Holbard came out and stumbled through an announcement of which nobody could make head or tail. It finally filtered through the house that Anne Erskine was unable to appear; and the brilliant audience gathered for this historic revival filed out as solemnly as though the orchestral finale was some dirge.

It leaked out later in the evening that the company had been given two-weeks envelopes, and the newspapers made the most of it the next morning. At Anne's home a caretaker said that the house had been stripped for the winter and the establishment had gone—where, he did not know. Holbard made matters worse by refusing to be seen. It had dawned on him with sickening conviction that he had made a hopeless mull of the affair. She had given him fair warning—had told him to let the thing down gently, with the apt lies of which his profession must be the master.

It was not the money loss, great as that must be, that overwhelmed him; both he and Anne were long since beyond that need. It was the fact that these last few days he himself had gone on placidly assuming her to possess vagaries of temperament which he understood now never had been and never would be a part of her nature. It was the old story of Holbard's letting well enough alone.

Now her retirement had become a vulgar sensation. A personage for whom thousands of people make a pilgrimage to the city during her Broadway engagement every year could not drop out of sight, erase herself from the picture, without an upheaval. The public holds its idols too closely to account. An artiste such as Anne must explain herself plausibly, else she becomes a mystery—and to become a mystery in these days of personal journalism is a prospect to shudder over.

Holbard could not go before the curtain now to explain that women, nibbling chocolates between the acts, had begun to whisper maliciously that Time was at length discovering flaws in this perennially perfect creature; he could not say that at last the task of rejuvenescence, so vital to her rôle, was becoming too heavy for mortal heart to carry; he could not admit that his star was running away from an inevitable anticlimax. There was nothing he could say. He hesitated so long that specious lies were useless. Anne Erskine, at the zenith of her career, became a mystery.

As to Liscomb, he did not scruple to use such means as were at his command in an attempt to solve the mystery; but nothing came of it. At first he winced under the blow to his personal pride, a great thing in a man of his susceptibilities. Finally he himself ran away; and, secure in his retreat, he was surprised to find himself thinking clearly about Anne Erskine for the first time in his knowledge of her. He began by accusing her; he ended by accusing himself. She had taunted him with his love for Isabella and Francesca. Now, in clearer perspective, he began to ask himself if, indeed, it were not the ideal that had held his thoughts captive all these years. Possibly—but, if this were true, it was partly her fault. She had never come out of her part—on the stage or off. In truth this woman had always seemed the living embodiment of her great characters.

It had been a strange thing—this infatuation of his; she had never let him approach very close to her, in spite of the splendid friendship that had grown up between them. Sitting out there in the house night after night, following her every word and gesture with emotions which, in spite of his finer understanding, he must be sharing with a thousand other mortals—this had always been almost a keener delight to him than to sit with her in her drawing-room; the relish had been the greater that, as a rule, some other intimate, far more personal than the *hoi polloi* of pit and gallery, was there to claim an envied share of her attention.

As Isabella—after all, that was her greatest rôle—she was herself to him. Now he began to understand why he had been stricken dumb that memorable afternoon by her suddenly announced determination to put her career behind her. It was as though she were destroying a part of herself—the greater part. She must have fathomed his conscience, else why that scene in which her plain sister played so conspicuous and unexpected a rôle?

Anne Erskine Had Long Since Ceased to be a Mere Mortal; She Had Become a Lost Art

It was some weeks later that Heinemann, the mogul of the stage, found Liscomb out in his hiding place. The old manager assumed to have half forgotten the Erskine—as he had always called her—in the press of other things. Heinemann admitted it had been "goot publicity"—this running away and hiding; but she had stayed out too long now; had missed her cue if she ever intended to come back. What he wanted of Liscomb now was to have him come to see the newest jewel in his crown. Verzain would make her début the following Tuesday. It was quite desirable to be bidden to a Heinemann opening by the old boor himself—for Heinemann had nothing but jewels in his imperial crown; his career was a procession of them. And now Verzain! It would be worth seeing how ugly a female could be for two thousand a week.

So Liscomb went. He was admitted from his berlin by the side door up the famous stone steps where it is said Heinemann sits alone until all hours of the morning, long after Broadway has gone to bed, scheming. The manager's box had been set aside for Liscomb, and he pushed back the curtains and looked out.

It was a dirty little house, every available nook and corner jammed with chairs and every chair occupied. This place was a pot of gold for Heinemann, the mine from which his numerous *succès d'estime* drew their subsidies. A balcony hung on the rear wall, like an eyebrow—so close to the blackened ceiling that the last line of standees had to duck their heads to stand at all. He saw the whole through an acrid haze of tobacco smoke which rose in little gyrating streamers from the dull bed of the house, which, like some gigantic caldron, seemed to be

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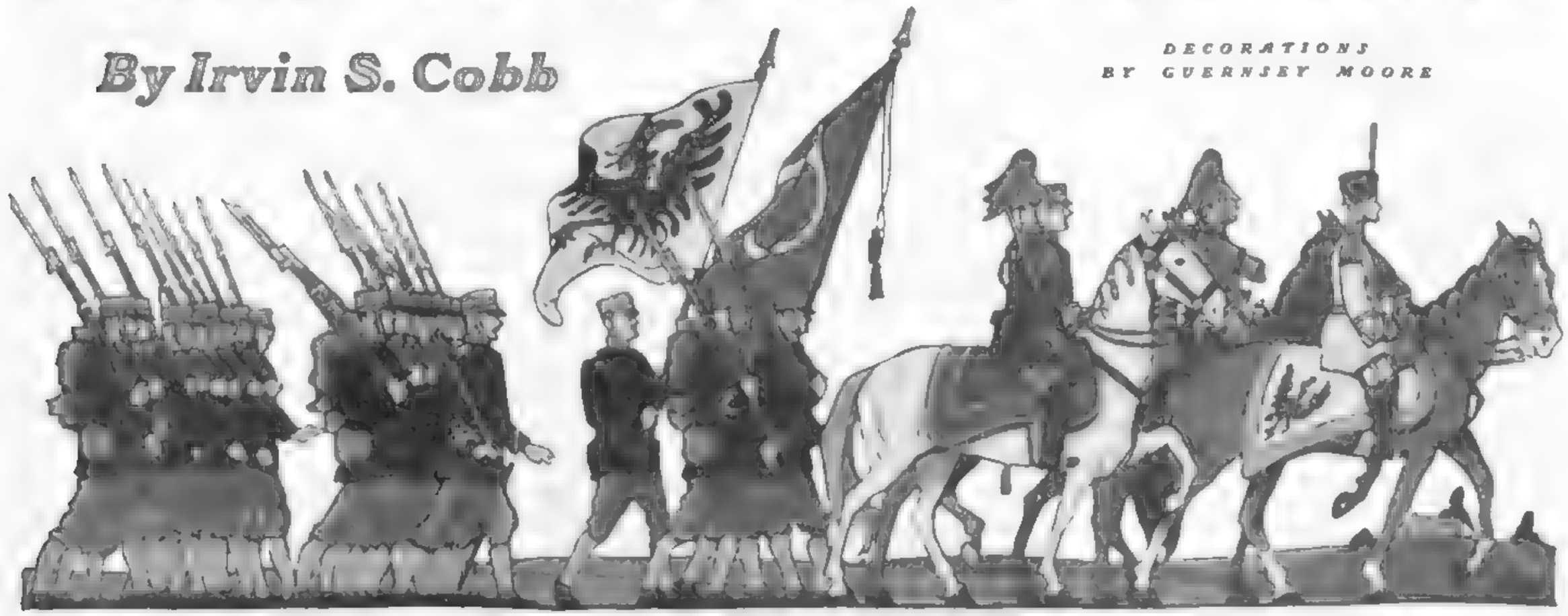
Punitives Versus Primitives

By Irvin S. Cobb

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



SINCE I landed on the Continent in the middle of August, and until the present time of writing, which is in the first week of October—say, seven weeks altogether—I do not believe a single waking hour has passed without my reading or hearing by word of mouth of alleged atrocities perpetrated in this war.

From Belgian, from French and from English sources I have had hundreds of tales of barbarities by Germans. From German sources I have had hundreds of tales of barbarities by Belgians, Russians, French and British—but particularly by Belgians.

I dare say my opportunities for inquiring into the truth or the falsity of these stories have been as good as those of any other presumably impartial correspondent in the area of military activities. For two weeks I was constantly with the German columns in Eastern and Southern Belgium. For nearly four weeks I was in the German frontier city of Aix-la-Chapelle, and during that time made two trips across the border to visit Belgian battlefields which were not on the route of my earlier movements.

I have made painstaking efforts to find out the exact facts in such instances of alleged atrocities as came under my direct observation. I have tried to be fair to both sides and to get at the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

My deliberate personal opinion is that eighty per cent of the stories are absolutely untrue. The remaining twenty per cent I have mentally catalogued in this way: Ten per cent were grossly exaggerated and ten per cent approximately correct. At the same time let me add that in a majority of instances I am convinced the persons who peddled these hideous accounts of mutilation and torture, and murder and rapine, believed them to be true. They believed them to be true because they wanted to believe them; so they did believe them and gave to them as wide a circulation as possible.

Stories Told in Both Camps

OUR people at home know that in politics and religion most of us are perfectly willing to accept as verities whatever wrongful acts are attributed to our opponents, and just as ready to deny, without ever asking for the circumstances, the improper acts attributed to our own side. It is that flexibility of judgment which causes horse races and lawsuits and heated presidential campaigns, and schisms in doctrine.

When nations go forth with arms to destroy one another this trait, it seems to me, is accentuated tremendously both among the active participants and among their more or less passive partisans.

As I said just before, I was actually with the German advance for two weeks. I accompanied or followed the Germans into perhaps thirty cities and towns, ranging in size from Brussels, Louvain and Liège to inconsequential villages whose names would mean nothing if I enumerated them here. I saw them on the march, in camps, in newly captured towns, in hospitals and garrisons, and on still-smoking battlefields. I saw them going into action—though I did not see them actually engaged—and coming out of action. I hesitate to attempt to say how many hundreds of thousands of German soldiers I saw, with my own eyes, between August nineteenth and the present date. I might miss the actual figure by a hundred thousand—yes, or by two hundred thousand.

At any rate I had abundant opportunity for studying them in masses, in groups, and as individual units. And when I was told or when I read that they had made a sport of spitting children on lances, and that they had locked women and priests up in churches to be burned to death and that they had suspended old men from rafters and put an end to them by lingering torments which old Geronimo would have envied, I found it hard to believe that these things were done, because I had witnessed no such crimes myself, nor was I able to come on a single human being who admitted having witnessed them personally.

I recalled the officers I had seen paying scrupulous and exact courtesies to Belgian men and women under whose roofs they had been billeted, and the private soldiers I had seen flirting with Belgian girls and dandling Belgian babies on their knees. To me it did not seem humanly possible that these men, belonging to a race we have been accustomed to regard as home-loving and God-fearing, would turn—on the instant, as it were—to a pack of ravening, bloody-minded, lustful brutes practicing warfare after the fashion of the Apaches.

On the other hand, from the time I first came in contact with German soldiers until I left Aix-la-Chapelle to go into France I have been hearing daily and hourly of frightful crimes that were laid at the door of Belgian noncombatants. It has been dinned into my ears that Belgian villagers poisoned the water and food which German soldiers ate; that they gouged out the eyes of wounded Germans who fell into their hands; that they bound helpless prisoners to trees and disemboweled them alive; that they cut the throats of sleeping Germans; that they chopped off the hands and the breasts of Red Cross nurses; that, under the secret leadership and inspiration of their priests, they conspired to massacre German garrisons; and finally that their favorite outdoor sport was pot-shotting at civilians, at hospital men and at scattered detachments of soldiers from the ambush of hedges and houses.

I found it just as hard to believe these hideous things as I did to believe the equally hideous acts attributed to the Germans by the Belgians and the English; for I remembered the Belgian country people as civil, courteous people who, so far as I could judge, accepted the presence of the invaders with a smiling, easy-going tolerance that made me marvel. I remembered how they stood outside their doors with buckets of water for thirsty German soldiers to drink; and how they accepted the prices paid them in German money, for supplies taken by German troops, with every evidence of abiding satisfaction.

Who was right? That was the question. Was the average Belgian peasant like unto Kipling's diagnosis of the little brown brother—a combination of half devil and half child? Did he smile by day and stab by night? Did he show a face of subserviency to his conqueror while his heart plotted diabolical reprisals for the invasion of his country and the occupation of his towns? Was the German soldier what he had seemed to be—a rather kind-hearted lumbering chap, who did his duty as he saw it—or rather, as his officer saw it—asking no questions, but preserving pretty generally a good temper? Or was he, by merely putting into his hands a gun and a little authority, transformed into a murderous and a merciless maniac?

I resolved early not to trust altogether to the evidence of my own eyes, which put so fair an aspect on the motives and the behavior of both sides; and I endeavored by every means in my power to come at the conditions that underlay the top-water indications. At the end of seven weeks of reasonably conscientious reportorial work I have proved—to my own satisfaction, at least—that, speaking generally, these are the facts:

A certain proportion of the Belgian population, usually confined to rural districts and small towns, were, during the first month of hostilities, much addicted to firing on German troops and individual Germans from the roofs and windows of their houses and from the shelter of their hedgerows. In a majority of cases these attacks were sporadic and incidental, undoubtedly the work of individuals acting on their own initiative.

According to the Laws of War

NOR can I doubt that a certain primitive passion, fed and fattened, perhaps, by a sense of the helplessness of their nation, has led individual Belgians to seek reprisal on the persons of German civilians who were reckless enough or brave enough to pass through the country without adequate military protection.

The Germans do not attempt either to excuse or to palliate the severity with which they retaliated for these assaults on them. They justify their action under the laws of warfare. Even though they did deny it, the wasted villages, the burned homes and the rows of new graves in the fields and gardens would give the lie to their words. Without exception they have destroyed the houses whence shots were fired on them; and they have killed, by hanging or shooting, all the male adults found within those houses, sparing neither the young nor the old. Yet I was assured that, from the first, the Belgian populace had ample promise of humane treatment if they remained peaceable and committed no overt acts against the Germans, and ample warning of the death and destruction in store for them if they raised armed hands against the troops.

In either event it is conclusive that the Germans kept their word; they kept it with the unimpassioned, determined German thoroughness which appears to be characteristic of their whole military system. If this were not true, how could I have found extended areas in Belgium through which hundreds of thousands of German soldiers had passed without signs of wanton damage of any sort—districts where the houses were all intact, the crops untrampled, and the fruit left hanging on the trees, and not so much as a window smashed or a haystack toppled over?

Naturally it is shocking to think that, in very many cases, when the invaders dealt out their deadly punishment the well-doing suffered with the guilty. Scores of times, no doubt, the folly and the sudden fury of one man brought destruction on his family and his neighbors. Yet it would be as unfair to say that always these innocent victims fell before German rifles as it would be untrue to say that a majority of them were not Belgians. Here I want briefly to describe a bracketed pair of illustrations.

In the first week of August incensed Belgian peasants went forth man-hunting. They resolved themselves into amateur posses to search out suspected spies and hostiles. An old man and his wife, both Hollanders living not far from Brussels, abandoned their home in a panic, and set out afoot for neutral territory across the Dutch border. After they reached a strange neighborhood a group of excited farmers halted them and demanded to know their business. In answer to a question the frightened couple answered "*Ja!*" Instantly they seemed to realize that the use of a word having a German sound might damn them and they stammeringly hastened to change it to "*Oui!*" To the half-crazed peasants this was sufficient proof that the pair were German spies, and they killed them both and left their bodies in the road.

The other case was equally pitiable. When the world war broke out with such sudden violence an aged Scotch gentleman, J. Monroe MacKenzie, was in Aix-la-Chapelle taking the baths for rheumatism. In company with several others of British nativity he left Aix on August ninth, meaning to reach Ostend and from there to cross to English soil. The party started in carriages. A few miles over the Belgian border they were stopped and turned back by German troops, who told them—truthfully enough—that fighting had begun along their route just ahead and that it would be dangerous for them to proceed farther. This happened between Baelen and Dolhain. The refugees obtained lodging for the night in the house of a Belgian customs officer.

Among them was an English lady, traveling with her two small children, one of whom was ill, and a trained nurse. During the night some one in the house, presumably the owner of it, fired from a hole in the roof tiles on a passing squad of Germans. The Germans surrounded the house and set fire to it. They spared the women and children; but they shot the men, of whom there were four, as they came forth from the blazing building. The seventy-four-year-old Scotchman came last, limping on his crippled legs. A volley dropped him across the threshold. I suppose there have been many such frightful things as these; I quote them here, first, to prove my point, and second, because I learned the details of them practically at first hand.

The Girl Who Directed the Liège Guns

WHILE we are still on this subject I am going to repeat a story that was told to me by one of the leading physicians of Aix-la-Chapelle, who, when I saw him, had abandoned his practice to manage a lazaret of German and French wounded. During the investment and bombardment of the Liège defenses a battery of German siege guns was mounted in the village of Dolhain, which has already been mentioned. From the accuracy with which shots from the Liège forts fell among them the Germans speedily became convinced that some one in the village was secretly communicating with the defending fortresses, telling the gunners there when a shell overshot the German lines or fell short.

A local physician was caught in the act of sending carrier pigeons to Liège with advice for the better handling of the Belgian guns. The Germans shot him in his house among his pigeons. Nevertheless, the Belgian fire continued to be marvelously fatal.

Then another discovery was made. A young girl, the daughter of a well-to-do citizen, was using a telephone that through some oversight the Germans had failed to destroy. From the window of her father's house she watched the effect of the Belgian shells, and after each discharge she would call the fort in Liège and direct the batteries there how to aim the next time. For days she had been risking her life to do this service for her country.

She was detected, tried by court-martial, convicted of violating the articles of warfare by giving aid to the enemy, and condemned to be shot. Next morning this girl, blindfolded and with her arms bound behind her, faced a firing squad. As I conceive it, no more heroic figure will be produced in this war than that Belgian girl, whose name the world may never know.

"I do not know how the American people will view the execution of military law on that brave young woman," said my informant. "I do know that the officers who tried her sorely regretted that, under their oaths to do their duty without being influenced by sentiment or by their natural sympathies, they sentenced her to death. They could do nothing else. She had been instrumental in causing the killing and wounding of many of our men. By the rules of war she had risked her life, and she lost it. Our troops had killed the man who used the carrier pigeons. They had no right and no power to spare the girl who, over the telephone, directed the fire of our enemies. But if I were a Belgian I would give my last cent to rear a monument to her memory."

So much for Belgian provocation and for German reprisals under the inflexible Prussian code. The topic of atrocities is an easier one with which to deal. Speaking from my own personal knowledge I will say just this:

First and last I presume I must have traveled upward of a hundred and fifty miles on Belgian soil in the company of German troops or immediately behind them. These travels, as I have already stated, extended over a period of about two weeks. In that time I saw only one German soldier who was plainly under the influence of drink, and only two others who were noticeably exhilarated by drink. I did not see a German soldier who was looting, or one who was mistreating natives, or one who refused to pay for what he had taken in a shop or a café. I saw many prisoners—Belgian, British and French—in German hands; but only one case of mistreatment of a prisoner came under my personal observation, and in that case the victim was an American.

I ran across one man who said he thought he had been fired at by German soldiers while he was endeavoring to minister to a wounded Frenchman; anyhow a bullet had whistled near his head and he judged it had been meant for him. In two villages I found seemingly direct evidence that German soldiers had forced citizens to march in front of them as they entered streets in which they had reason to expect ambuscades. In one of those villages a man had been killed in his own house, presumably by the Germans. He was found there dead, with the house burning about him, after they took the town and drove out a scouting party of English cavalry. What the provocation for killing him or what the lack of it was I could not learn, though I tried hard enough to find out.

At still another town—Solre-sur-Sambre—the burgomaster, of his own volition, told me the people of his community, having kept the peace, had been accorded uniformly kind treatment by the graycoats; and he advised me to discount the tales of alleged atrocities that poured in from the surrounding districts, adding that he himself, after investigation, had found most of them to be untrue. He did not say these things under duress or coercion; there were no Germans near when he said them, and he could not possibly have mistaken me and my confrères for German agents. This I did find—that everywhere the natives were ready enough to recite harrowing stories of children being massacred, of priests being tortured and of women being outraged; but always, as it turned out, these things had happened in some other town—not in their own town. I was constrained at length to believe and I still believe that a vast majority of the atrocity tales had no foundation in fact; that they were bad dreams bred out of the greater nightmare of war.

I also believe that where an isolated atrocity was committed by some brute it was so magnified, so elaborated and so duplicated in the retelling that presently it became a whole swarm of atrocities. Mind you, I am not saying that other men at the front have not secured evidence of brutalities. Some of them profess to have seen the unburied bodies of victims. It is not for me to doubt their good faith or question their statements. I am reciting only that which I myself saw and I myself heard.

If the evidence of my own eyes and my own ears fails to bear out the Belgian claims of German atrocities, it is quite as true that I have been unable personally to substantiate the tales circulated in plentiful volume among the Germans concerning atrocities committed by natives and soldiers of the countries at war with them. From the hour of my arrival on German soil I was constantly hearing of wounded German soldiers whose eyes had been gouged out by Belgian marauders, and, with equal frequency, of German women nurses whose breasts had been sliced off their living bodies by Belgian civilians into whose hands they had fallen.

I labored most assiduously to discover in the hospitals of Aix-la-Chapelle such soldiers and such nurses, or to secure the names of such victims; and I did not succeed. Every day for twenty-odd days fresh stories of almost unmentionable hideousness were brought to me, all tricked out with details calculated to curdle the blood in your veins; but the bearers of these tales were not prepared to back them up with even fairly good hearsay evidence.

Atrocities That Have No Witnesses

A LADY, who spoke with evident sincerity and with tears in her eyes, said she had excellent reasons for believing that an elderly noblewoman from Northern Prussia, a countess, while serving in the field as a Red Cross nurse, had been captured by two Belgians, who chopped off both her hands at the wrists. She said the maimed woman had been found alive by German soldiers, but had died a few hours later, and that the details of her murder had been printed in certain German papers, and, along with these accounts, a death notice such as is published for officers who fall in service, saying she died "for King and Fatherland." I was promised that I should have the name and title of the dead lady and copies of the papers containing the story; but they were not forthcoming. This frightful crime may have been committed; I can neither prove nor disprove it.

So it went. An excited young German consular attaché brought this tale from Crefeld: A number of wounded English prisoners had choked a German hospital orderly to death and had been shot in a group. I found a gentleman from Crefeld—a German-American who lived for many years in Texas. Yes, he had heard the story, but in a different guise: Two wounded men—an Englishman and a German—were lying alone together in a railroad carriage. The Englishman got a clasp knife out of his pocket and cut the German's throat—so he had been told. In a few hours he looked me up to say that he had made inquiry, and there was no foundation for either one of these tales.

Only the other day an intelligent young noncommissioned officer whom I met first at Beaumont, near the French border, burst into my room at the hotel with a story that a group of captured English surgeons and hospital nurses had been brought to Aix that morning and shot against the wall of the railroad station.

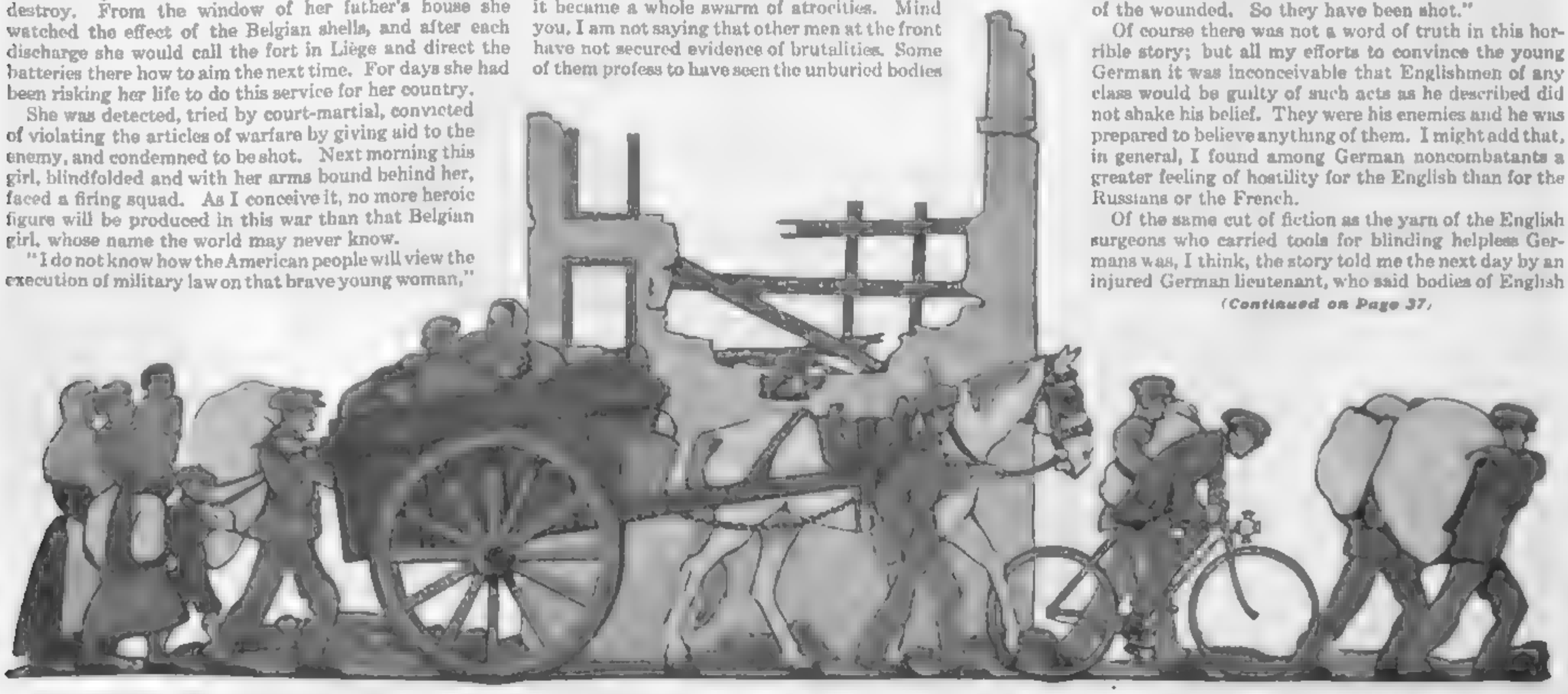
"Why?" I asked.

"In the first place," he said, "they refused to treat the German wounded; and, in the second place, our troops found among their surgical kits strange-looking instruments which were evidently intended for gouging out the eyes of the wounded. So they have been shot."

Of course there was not a word of truth in this horrible story; but all my efforts to convince the young German it was inconceivable that Englishmen of any class would be guilty of such acts as he described did not shake his belief. They were his enemies and he was prepared to believe anything of them. I might add that, in general, I found among German noncombatants a greater feeling of hostility for the English than for the Russians or the French.

Of the same cut of fiction as the yarn of the English surgeons who carried tools for blinding helpless Germans was, I think, the story told me the next day by an injured German lieutenant, who said bodies of English

(Continued on Page 37)



DARBY AND JOAN, LIMITED

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Good-by, You Pompous, Cross Thing!"

BETTY slipped loose the placket of her riding skirt and uncurled her leg from the pommel, gingerly pointing her toe in the general direction of the bowlder on which she intended to land.

"That's one thing about riding cross—you certainly get off much easier," she murmured to herself. "Stand still there, Haidee, won't you?"

Haidee shook her handsome bay head and tapped impatiently with her near fore foot, but allowed herself to come to anchor; and her mistress tethered her with a scientific knot, gathered up her skirts, went in over the brick terrace, crossed the back veranda, and rapped smartly on the Dutch door with her wicker-handled crop.

"Hello there, Phyllis!" she called in her thick, sweet contralto. "Are you anywhere about?"

Nobody answered her. The house slept in the June sun. In the broad empty living room the bowls of honeysuckle sent cloying tendrils across the little breeze that stirred the clean white curtains; the magazines overlapped trimly down the long Colonial table; the brass ash tray shone beside Bob's cigar box; a gray cat dozed in a child's splint-bottomed rocker. Each chair and table stood at the angle dear to the soul of a conscientious Swedish parlor maid; and Betty, who was of those who put their personality into every room they stop in for a day, gave an amused grimace at the lack of this trait in Phyllis.

"I never should know whether you'd rented the house to anybody else—or not," she used to tell her friend.

"Mrs. Fellowes out?" she asked of the smiling Hilda, who stood, hastily tying her fresh lace apron, in the doorway.

"Yes, ma'am; but I think Mrs. Girard find Mr. Fellowes somewhere here. I try the libr'y room?" Hilda suggested helpfully. "Mrs. Girard waits for Mrs. Fellowes anyway?"

"Oh, yes; I'll wait a while," Betty agreed carelessly; "but you must bring tea, Hilda—I'm starved, riding."

Hilda dimpled and left her, and Betty picked up a magazine idly. Nobody ever dreamed of reading in the library, which was filled with sets of Scott and Dickens, and various histories, mostly in dark blue volumes; and it never occurred to her that the room, which an architect friend of the master of the house had greatly enjoyed designing, could be occupied, until the few notes she struck on the piano were followed by a stirring and rustling from behind the olive curtains, and Bob Fellowes emerged, blinking confusedly into the light, one hand smoothing his rumpled hair.

"Hell-ah-o!" he yawned. "Excuse me, Betty! Just here? Been here long? Nobody told me. . . . You waiting for Phyl? What's the matter?"

For Betty was staring at him almost too obviously. It suddenly occurred to her that Bob was getting fat. And was it possible that his hair was really gray? Or was it the light? One took one's friends more or less for granted, of course; but she had really forgotten that Bob was quite so untidy. . . . Of course he had been taking a nap—that was it; and he had not expected to be caught.

"Nothing's the matter, Bobby—the light's queer to-day," she said hastily. "I was riding and I just dropped in. Hilda's getting me tea. Phyllis said she'd be in, this morning ——"

"So she was, until an hour ago. Turkington called up and wanted some tennis, and she went over to oblige. Too hot, if you ask me! But she's like the rest of you—anything to get away from home!"

"At least, she didn't go very far," Betty returned briefly, picking up the magazine again with a vague gesture. "It seems a sensible sort of thing to do—to me. You never play any more, and the Turkeys keep their court up. And if you call this hot, what on earth'll you think when the real hot weather comes?"

"I'll think up a cool place to sit," said Bob Fellowes placidly. "I certainly shan't wear my brains out hunting for the hottest hundred and twenty feet of hardpan in Westchester County, and then hop up and down on it—I tell you that straight, madam!"

She laughed, for Bob was always amusing when he twisted his eyebrows into that whimsical quirk; but she went back a little obstinately to the subject.

"You didn't always feel that way," she said. "I seem to remember you playing tennis in August as well as anybody else."

"Oh, that was in my idle youth," he laughed. "I've got something else to do nowadays, Betty."

He had dropped into a comfortable chair on the opposite side of the tea tray.

"I take three lumps," he warned her. "How are you, anyway, Betty? Anything new?"

"Nothing—since the Ponderby dance," she said carelessly. "You didn't go."

"No; thank the Lord!" And Bob bit into a fat chocolate-covered cake. "A good book and my pyjamas, and a long, cool orangeade, were good enough for me, thanks, after the day I put in in town. Read that new book of—oh, what's his name? You know—The English in England?"

"Yes; it's very good," she assented. "Bob, if you eat any more muffins you won't be able to walk out of the room."

"That comes well from you," he said with a good-humored grin. "Have some more tea, Betty—do!"

"That's all right," Mrs. Girard answered obstinately. "I've been riding all the afternoon and I'm dancing to-night. Moreover, I shan't eat much dinner—I never do when I'm going to dance. I've really earned a good tea."

"And you think I haven't?"

"Judging from your strenuous exertions before I arrived and the fact that you probably came out on the two-five, I should say you hadn't," said Betty calmly. "Hello, Phyl! Good game? You look pretty cool."

"Oh, we went into the pool! It was grand, Betty! Turkey says I'm getting a very snappy little serve. Isn't that fine?"

"Really," Betty thought, "she has changed very little, that girl." And she studied her hostess deliberately.

Phyllis Fellowes, who was verging on a pretty, pigeon-like plumpness when she and her husband had come out to the country, five years before, and won Betty's heart with her slate-gray eye and frank, confiding smile, had grown into a fine, athletic young woman, less matronly with two daughters than she had been with one. Her light brown hair had darkened a trifle, but the fact that it was a little thinner was counterbalanced by more careful waving and dressing. Her eyes and her voice were less appealing, but they were more assured, more practical, and matched her quicker movements and wider range of interests.

At thirty-five, the ten years between her and her husband were more obvious than they had been five years before; just now, in her fresh white linen, her changing, slaty eyes, deepened by the brim of a flopping blue-scarfed tennis hat, her cheeks tinted from her quick swim, she seemed rather of another generation than her husband's, and Betty could not refrain from a swift glance at him, to see whether he noticed it.

He only reached for his book, however, listened with half an ear to his wife's account of the game—which only a lack of wind, it appeared, had prevented her winning—and strolled back to the library as the women's talk settled into its current.

"Too bad you're not going to the dance," said Betty idly. She knew how Phyllis loved dancing.

"Oh, but I am!" And Phyl dimpled suddenly. "Turkey asked me why I wasn't, and I told him that Bob wouldn't be dragged for love or money, and I wouldn't go alone—you know it really needs extra men nowadays; and I think it's simply horrid to turn up alone the way Kate Edgewater does. In the first place, it makes the men work so hard—they can't sit anything out. And I simply won't take other people's men all the time. But it seems that Jess isn't going anyway: Teddy dropped his racket on her foot and it had to be bandaged. So I'll have Turkey."

"Why doesn't Bob come over?"

"Oh! Bob!"

Phyllis shrugged her shoulders. A little shade fell over her face and she pushed the tea tray away abruptly.

"There isn't any use fussing over Bob, Betty—he simply won't go. You can have a try at him if you like; but I can tell you now he'll just laugh and say that a book and his own home are good enough for him. There's a man at the Ponderbys' this week-end who plays chess, and I was going to ask him over to dinner; but Bob wouldn't even say whether he wanted him—he didn't know how he'd feel!"

"Feel?" Betty echoed, staring. "Bob isn't sick ——"

"Oh, goodness, no! He's perfectly well. But he hates to be tied down, he says; he might not feel like playing chess, he means."

"Oh!" Mrs. Betty Girard had a very expressive voice, and the dry monosyllable positively crackled through the air. Bob's wife flushed a little defensively.

"As far as that goes, why should he be tied down if he doesn't want to?" Betty continued.

"Of course he's more or less tied to hours and appointments at the office all day; and, as he says, if it rests him more not to make engagements ——"

"Um—yes!" And Betty folded her lovely lazy hands and gazed reflectively at the big sapphire that mingled its light so strangely with the square emerald next it.

She never made pellets of muffin insides, as her younger friend was doing now, or knitted or did cross-stitch, or played with folds of her skirt. Few pairs of hands equaled

Bob's Wife Was All Mother Fellowes Could Have Wished!

hers in competence; they turned easily from curb rein to paintbrush, from paintbrush to chafing dish, from chafing dish to guitar. But, when not engaged in definite, constructive work, they lay as quietly as the hands in one of her own portraits.

"It's pretty difficult to get up any kind of good time, where more than one person is concerned, without tying yourself down a little as to time and place," she suggested.

"I know. That's what I tell him. But he's getting just like old Father Fellowes, Betty. Mother Fellowes told me once that weddings and funerals were all he'd been to for ten years—he was so funny, Father Fellowes!" And Phyl began to dimple again at the swift memory of something amusing.

She had never outgrown her childish capacity for slipping from one emotion to another—wonder, displeasure and laughter blew over her mobile face like ripples on a pool, and her friend loved to watch those changing lights and shades as only a painter can watch them. But to-day she seemed less ready to watch and listen.

"It seems a bit early in the day for Bob to begin to cultivate such fascinating habits," she said dryly. "Why can't he come over and play pool, or something? There's always somebody ready for that—or chess, if he likes. I'll give him a dance myself if he'll come."

Had the shade of Father Fellowes been able to hover for a moment above the two, conscious that the words he had just heard came from the lips of a woman of forty-five whose two children were already well along in the world, it is quite probable the whimsical little grin his son had inherited would have twisted his shadowy lips.

At Betty's age Mother Fellowes wore discreet little caps, and the grandchildren all clapped their hands in delighted amusement when she twirled through the Virginia reel at Thanksgiving. But the Fellowes' had never left New England; they were rather more conservative than most. If fish balls on Sunday morning, or baked beans, with cold ham and chicken, for Sunday supper, had failed to appear on his table, Bob would have been seriously vexed. But—and this had been the keynote of their ten years of married life—he had never had occasion to be seriously vexed.

Good-looking, clever, coming from a good family who had been in a position to help him materially in his profession, life had been kind to Bob Fellowes. Phyllis was prettier than either of his brothers' wives; and Father Fellowes had made a great pet of her while he was alive.

Mother Fellowes, who had seen her oldest son marry a widow with three delicate children, so that he wore his life out in a brave fight for theirs, and had set her teeth in a vain attempt to welcome her second son's bride—a brilliant, erratic concert singer—took pretty, simple, twenty-year-old Phyllis to her heart with a cry of joy.

Phyl had never been engaged, even, to anyone but Bob; Phyl had never sung on a public platform for money; Phyl, the only daughter of an invalid mother and a devoted father, who had lived a life of quiet and retirement for her sake, was so unused to gayety and the world that her little bride's dinners and luncheons, her tastes of theater and concert with her proud young husband, seemed delicious to her unspoiled palate. Oh, Bob's wife was all Mother Fellowes could have wished for each of her boys!

Will's wife dragged her husband from California to Florida in a vain search for a climate that should suit her pale little boys; Grace, haughty and handsome, outraged every canon of the Fellowes faith by continuing to use her maiden name on her concert programs and refusing to go to church regularly. But Phyllis lived only a block away from the big house; ran over every day to see Mother Fellowes; packed away Bob's winter underclothes every spring in the almost sacred Fellowes mixture of camphor, lavender and whole cloves; learned to serve Yorkshire pudding with a standing roast; went to Kennebunkport every summer, and did all the mending herself.

Now, how much of this was Phyl's own nature and how much was due to circumstances and youth, neither Mother Fellowes nor Bob ever stopped to consider—Bob because he was not analytical, especially where women were concerned; his mother because it would never have occurred to her that there was any occasion for analysis. She was eagerly willing to make all possible effort to put herself in the place of Will's wife: he was her oldest and her darling, and she tried to realize that a rich woman with three frail children necessarily had her own point of view.

After years of struggle she had stiffly admitted that the artistic temperament was beyond her; they had never had it in her family. And, so long as Grace and Grace's husband did not find Grace's ways shocking—she had once smoked a cigarette after Sunday dinner—Father Fellowes had persuaded his wife that they, as old people, must be quiet and avoid anything that might lead to open estrangement.

Little Phyl, however, with her slate-blue eyes and her quick flush; her jolly, gurgling laugh, and her real desire to learn the time-honored Fellowes ways—thank heaven! there was no need to analyze Phyl; no necessity for getting her point of view. Like Mother Fellowes herself, Phyllis had married at twenty, left the shelter of her father's home for the shelter of her husband's, and promptly and gracefully—and properly!—proceeded to identify herself strongly with the new, though never failing in her allegiance to the old. This had occupied all her mother-in-law's life; as the old ties faded and failed, the new

"It's a Pleasure to See You Enjoy Yourself, Phyl!"

multiplied and strengthened. And she rode the flood of the great world triumphantly, safe in her little ark of home and the duties of home, and the loves and sorrows of it.

And even so, for a decade—a whole third of her life!—had Bob's wife lived, repeating, to the older woman's delight and comfort, the life cycle of Bob's mother.

The first year was full and pressed down and running over with loving Bob and learning him; with playing merrily at mistress—for the first time—of her own home, of its glass and curtains, and silver and shining mahogany; its respectful white-capped maids; with discussing all this with Mother Fellowes—her first real mother, for her own had been guarded with the triple shield of nurse, husband and housekeeper. Then came a year of preparation for Felicia; of little languors and little illnesses and little sadnesses—all so tenderly sheltered and petted and excused that they were hardly unpleasant. What a little queen they had made of her! No one could have been gentler, tenderer than Bob. Then Felicia herself—that wonderful, grave, fat angel with her mother's eyes and the Fellowes chin! Felicia had taken three whole years of adoration; she was always at some thrilling crisis of development; some dramatic moment that could never, as grandmother warned, be experienced and enjoyed again.

Then, just as Phyllis was ready to rebel a little, perhaps, at such cloying sweetness, to lift her happy head from the honey pot, came two years of the stress and strain that all the sons and daughters of earth must know. Her mother's death kept her vibrating for a time between the two New England towns she had lived in; her father must be brought home to them, read to, taken for his drive. Bob grew restless, wanted to go to New York; his mother fought the idea bitterly; Phyllis was volleyed between them like a tennis ball.

Bob, of course, won, at the end of the year; and they had hardly decorated the charming, roomy apartment when Father Fellowes' sudden death sent Phyllis back to her black dresses and checked the gayeties and new friends that would have relaxed her nerves after her year of nursing and the wearing strain of family dissension.

This sixth year—though she did not know it—brought the first cloud into Phyl's life. Bob had very strict ideas as to mourning and all its conventional curtailments. It would have been better for them at home, with old friends and old duties to fill the days. But years of training under good tuition had taught Phyllis to manage her domestic machinery easily; her maids were of the genus Perfect Treasure; a competent and affectionate nurse patrolled Felicia through the Park.

Her few school friends lived across the city; Bob's new partner's wife called, asked Phyllis to luncheon, and considered her social responsibility fulfilled. The great machinery of concerts, art exhibits, lectures, Phyllis did not know how to use. Bob did not care for the theater and the opera was too expensive for them.

Her husband, tired by the keen and ceaseless competition of his day in the office, frequently busied until bedtime with his briefs, asked nothing better than his wife's face within eye-reach. Like his father before him, he never heard a word of domestic difficulty, found always a comfortable and not-too-expensive home ready for him, pointed proudly to a fat and healthy baby girl, who had been so considerate as to conduct even her teething operations in successful silence.

Every other week they went home for Sunday to Mother Fellowes'; and if the old lady found her favorite daughter a little paler, a little less ready with her gurgling laugh, a little more inclined to reading than chatting—why, all this toned perfectly with the quiet sadness of the household and Mother Fellowes' firm conviction that city life must be very trying.

It was at a big reception, at Bob's partner's rich aunt's, that Phyl met Betty. Phyl had slipped into mauve and light gray, with a fichu of the Fellowes black lace; and the combination, though it aged her subtly and made her more than ever the young matron, brought out the tones of her deep-set eyes and the freshness of her skin; one thought of her as a wonderfully young-looking woman for her age.

When she stopped in front of the aunt's portrait, which they had all come to view, she glanced from it straight into a pair of wonderful eyes, the color of light under water; and they smiled at her, so that she smiled back.

"Oh, do you know Mrs. Fellowes?" said the aunt, who stood under her portrait.

"No; but I should like to," said the woman with the eyes.

"This is Mrs. Walter Girard, my dear, the celebrated artist. She did me!" said the aunt; and so Phyllis met Betty.

"I should like to paint you," said the older woman frankly. "How wonderful of you to be willing to wear that black lace!"

Then Phyl had gone to tea at her studio; and Betty had listened to her and watched the color pale and deepen in her cheeks, and studied her eyes, the pupils of which dilated so easily, darkening her whole face, and wondered whether the child realized how little she knew herself.

They had talked of the Girards' big country place, of the comforts and pleasures one got out of such life, and how much it did for growing children, and how few roots strangers could ever send down into the pavement of the careless city.

Then, just as it seemed that Phyllis had found a real friend, the artist had suddenly darted across the Atlantic to paint the little son of an American duchess, lingered to do a group of tiny Italian-American counts and countesses, and waited for the Salon, where she took a gold medal; and Phyllis had only a hasty note from the country house she had hoped so much to see.

That one talk in the studio had flashed new light into her mind, however. Betty Girard was always having that effect on people. And when Felicia got whooping cough from a park playmate and grew really thin—for her—and Phyllis began playing bridge a little more than Bob liked, it seemed that they had always meant to go out to the country. There was no question of leaving New York now; Bob's two years there had made it the only place for him. He looked forward to a jolly little cottage not too far from a beach, so that they need not go away for the summer; and had even thought of a catboat. He would go out with one of his business acquaintances and have a look round among the Long Island Sound places.

And here Bob Fellowes met the first check of his married life—Phyl would not go on the Sound! He listened, quite as much amazed as annoyed, while she gave her simple but definite reasons. She had lived on the Sound most of her life and, except as a summer resort, she did not like it. As a girl she had had malaria there; and when she went away to school for a year—up inland, in the hills—she had never felt so well. A cottage for August, yes—for twelve months, no. It wouldn't do: that was all.

"But I could sail there," said Bob patiently.

"I'm sorry," said Phyl.

"The kiddie could learn to swim—they get so fat, summers. Why, even Mrs. Will's children improved at Cape Cod ——"

"I don't mind July and August," said Phyl quietly; "but not to live there."

Before he knew it he was talking to the doctor.

"I quite agree with your wife," said the doctor gravely. "As an all-the-year-round proposition, Fellowes, Westchester County is distinctly preferable, both for her and the child."

"But why not New Jersey?" Bob objected.

"I should hate to think of Felicia on those dreadful ferries, my dear," said Mother Fellowes decidedly—"and the mosquitoes!"

He had a distinct sense of being managed, somehow. And even Phyllis never clearly realized that she was going to the country Betty had made seem so desirable.

Then came another year of pleasant settling—of window boxes and veranda furniture; one's own peas and larkspurs; the drowsy June grind of the lawn mower; the shining little motor car that just held the three of them; the tea at the golf club.

Phyllis played neither tennis nor golf, but Bob liked both; and they made more friends in one summer than in the two years they had spent in New York. It was very pleasant to be one of a definite circle, to be called by one's first name, to grow into the little friendly gossip that showed one was a part of it all. Bob forgot that he had not selected Westchester from the first, and the regular visits to Mother Fellowes' dwindled to semiannual affairs.

When Felicia was six and a half years old her little sister arrived. That year Bob was very busy in the office. A senior partnership was very near and he was anxious to make good. Besides, the gardener, and the boy to help about the car, and the laundress, and the club expenses and the bills from the garage began to bulk a little large.

"Can't you go a little light on those luncheons at the club?" he suggested to Phyllis one night. "This is the month my insurance comes in; and I tell you it makes a difference, paying for all those squabs on toast!"

Phyllis, tired from a day alone with the baby, did not meet this suggestion quite in her old way.

"I'm sorry if it's big," she said calmly; "but really, Bob, we've been all over this before, and it is the cheapest way, everything considered. They ask me everywhere, and I must pay it back; and they always like it at the club. I can't count on you for dinner any more; and you say you're too tired when you do get here, and the luncheons do just as well. The cook is so good this year; and then we can always make up a bridge table if they want to play—and something's always going on."

"Humph! I must say it was always my idea to entertain in my own home—not in a public restaurant," said Bob stiffly.

"All right, then. Come home at some regular hour; and we'll have them to dinner with the men."

"But, heavens and earth, I see enough of those men in the club car, Phyl, mornings! *I* don't want any more of 'em!"

"Then let me attend to it at the club."

"But, hang it all, Phyl, it isn't as though you did anything at the club—tennis or golf."

"I can only say they like it better—Mrs. Ponderby and Mrs. Turkington and all of them," Phyllis replied obstinately. "You are always taking men to luncheon in town."

"My dear girl, yes—and why? Because it's a matter of business! Some of our best work is done at lunch."

"And it's my business to manage our social obligations," said Phyllis quickly. "Why do you suppose people do these things?"

"All right! But I don't see it," he said shortly.

Late that night Phyl lay awake. Odd, disconnected sentences from long ago flew into her mind suddenly. She heard her senior sister-in-law, deep in one of their Thanksgiving reunion conclaves:

"But, Will, it isn't so much the climate entirely. The boys ought to be making their friends now ——"

"All right! But I don't see it."

She saw the handsome, dark singer, one hand nervously patting the keyboard; she heard her deep, thrilling voice:

"But, heavens and earth, I must go somewhere! I've been practicing and fussing over those contracts all day—I must get out and see somebody besides you and me, or I'll die!"

"I must say, Grace, I can't understand you! I should suppose that a quiet evening at home occasionally ——"

"Occasionally! But when would you ever go out if I didn't drag you?"

She had thought Grace very amusing then.

And Father Fellowes—how contentedly he would beam on them, all sitting round the big double student lamp, each reading his book or magazine; Phyllis writing to her own father, who was doubtless at that very moment reading his book by *his* student lamp.

What had her father really been like in those days? she thought suddenly. Had she really ever known him? After that winter with them he had gone abroad—his first voyage—for a needed change; and since then, when he actually took a walking trip down the Rhone Valley with some old classmates, and had been seen skating at St. Moritz by Grace Fellowes—skating! father!—he had hardly passed a month in the East.

Yosemite; the Grand Cañon; Mexico—he had become a traveler, it seemed, and everybody wanted him for dinner when he visited them now. And he certainly looked years younger. He asked Phyllis to ride with him; and when she saw Betty cantering off she was sorry she had never learned. She had even wondered if it would be too difficult.

"Oh, nonsense! You have to learn when you're ten," Bob had said.

But it was her father, after all, who had brought about the great change. She was making up a picnic party for him—he had brought back from Europe a great liking for eating in the open air—and as the names were being listed he had said:

"But, my dear, you needn't be so careful to leave your own friends out—I like young people too. Why not ask young Mrs. Turkington as well as the seniors?"

"Why, I don't know her so well, father, as a matter of fact," she had answered. "Those people are always playing tennis. Mrs. Turkington has always been sweet to me, and—oh, I've always seen more of her, somehow. Mr. Turkington thinks a lot of Bob."

"Huh! I see. Well, I'm going to ask Mrs. Turkey, as they call her. I'm not so settled as you, my dear!"

"Oh, don't bother our little Phyllis; she's a nice, plump little *Hausfrau!*" Betty had cried gayly. "If she likes the old ladies let her have 'em to lunch; and we'll walk up Bald Top later while they talk about the baby."

From that moment a veil had dropped from Phyllis Fellowes' eyes. Why should she have the old ladies to lunch? Why was she not playing tennis with Mrs. Turkey instead of riding in her mother-in-law's motor? Why wasn't she dancing? Because Bob had had enough of that at college?

"Why, my dear, I'll teach you in a minute!" Betty assured her cordially. "I thought it bored you to death!"

"It only bored Bob," said Phyllis.

It had needed only a few afternoons of practice; and then had come that wonderful night when Phyl, in a fluffy white dinner dress with the train cut off, and her slippers bound sandalwise to her feet, had danced from half past nine until half past one, besought by more partners than she could gratify! Her cheeks were flushed deeply; her soft hair had escaped from the prim little net and curled about her shining eyes; her breath came fast; and her feet were so sore she limped out of the clubhouse. But after the first tiring, puffing hour she had got her second wind and felt wonderfully light and free.

Turkey Turkington said openly that she followed wonderfully, and with a little practice would be the best dancer in the room. Her little shyness; her honest pleasure in what was so obviously a treat; her surprised gratitude when they wanted to dance with her—she was like a new person to them.

Bob was amused, at first, and proud of his handsome wife. Then, as the great wave of dancing flooded over the country, dragging into its compelling undertow every age from the cradle to the grave, sparing no weight, sweeping in all social circles, all grades of riches and poverty—he grew a little restless and critical; refused to go on with the few steps they had bullied and teased him into learning; and laid down an ultimatum of three nights a week.

Phyllis, who had lost ten pounds by running about at the rate of ten miles an evening and the tennis that Turkey was delighted to teach her, accepted this rule good-naturedly and tried to keep awake over a book till half past nine.

She looked incredibly younger. It seemed that she was actually taller. Her clothes, too, had altered; and the little fichus and frills, which had made her soft plumpness so quaintly Dolly Vardenish, changed to severe simplicities that showed the firmness of her shoulders, the straightness of her hips. She talked less, as women invariably do when they begin to use their muscles regularly, and grew restless at enforced inactivity.

However, when this restlessness had been appeased by some form of the physical exercise she had learned to love, Phyllis developed a calmness and good temper that none of Bob's criticisms could shake. Little things no longer worried her—a missed train; a careless waitress; an obstinate child. Mother Fellowes would have been amazed to see how lightly she tossed them off.

It was on one of these occasions—when Bob had twice put off leaving town, and finally arrived too late and too tired to dress for Betty's dinner, so that Phyllis had come on alone—that Betty had first been seized with the suspicion which was growing in her. She was scolding Bob good-naturedly for his laziness—it had been merely a matter of shaving—and then added:

"Really, Bob, if Phyl hadn't the temper of an angel—— Plenty of women would have been furious at such backing and filling! But she was so philosophical ——"

"Oh, there's no doubt of her being philosophical!" he had interrupted.

(Continued on Page 52)

"I Seem to Remember You Playing Tennis in August as Well as Anybody Else"

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XIII

RICHARD LANE, as he made his way up the avenue toward the Villa Mimosa, wondered whether he was not indeed finding his way into fairyland. On each side of him were drooping mimosa trees heavy with snaky, orange-colored blossoms, the perfume of which hung heavy upon the windless air. In the background, bordering the gardens which were themselves a maze of color, were great clumps of glorious purple rhododendrons, drooping clusters of red and white roses. A sudden turn revealed a long pergola smothered in pink blossoms and leading to the edge of the terrace which overhung the sea. The villa itself, which seemed indeed more like a palace, was covered with vivid purple clematis, and from the open door of the winter garden, built out from the front of the place in a great curve, there came, as he drew near, a bewildering breath of exotic odors. The front door was wide open, and before he could reach the bell a butler had appeared.

"Is Mr. Grex at home?" Richard inquired.

"Mr. Grex is not at home, sir," was the immediate reply.

"I should like to see Miss Grex, then," Richard proceeded.

The man's face was curiously expressionless, but a momentary silence betrayed as much surprise as he was perhaps capable of showing.

"Miss Grex is not at home, sir," he announced.

Richard hesitated, and just then she came out from the winter garden. She was wearing a pink linen morning gown and a floppy pink hat. She had a book under her arm and a parasol swinging from her fingers. When she saw Lane she stared at him in amazement. He advanced a step or two toward her, his hat in his hand.

"I took the liberty of calling to see your father, Miss Grex," he explained. "As he was not at home I ventured to inquire for you."

She was absolutely helpless. It was impossible to ignore his outstretched hand. Very hesitatingly she held out her fingers, which Richard grasped and seemed in no hurry at all to release.

"This is quite the most beautiful place I have seen anywhere near Monte Carlo," he remarked enthusiastically.

"I am glad," she murmured, "that you find it attractive."

He was standing by her side now, his hat under his arm. The butler had withdrawn a little into the background. She glanced round.

"Did my father ask you to call, Mr. Lane?" she inquired, dropping her voice a little.

"He did not," Richard confessed. "I must say that I gave him plenty of opportunities, but he did not seem to be what I should call hospitably inclined. In any case it really doesn't matter. I came to see you."

She bit her lip, struggling hard to repress a smile.

"But I did not ask you to call upon me either," she reminded him gravely.

"Well, that's true," Lane admitted, a little hesitatingly. "I don't quite know how things are done over here. Are you English, by the by, or French, or what?" he asked point-blank. "I have been puzzling about that ever since I saw you."

"I am not sure that my nationality matters," she observed.

"Well, over on the other side," he continued—"I mean America, of course—if we make up our minds that we want to see something of a girl and there isn't any real reason why we shouldn't, then the initiative generally rests with the man. Of course if you are an only daughter I can quite understand your father's being a bit particular—not caring for men callers and that sort of thing; but that can't go on forever, you know, can it?"

"Can't it?" she murmured, a little dazed.

"I have a habit," he confided, "of making up my mind quickly, and when I decide about a thing I am rather hard to turn. Well, I made up my mind about you the first moment we met."

"About me?" she repeated.

"About you."

She turned and looked at him almost wonderingly. He was very big and very confident—good to look upon, less because of his actual good looks than because of a certain honesty and tenacity of purpose in his expression; a strength of jaw modified and rendered even pleasant by

"You Aren't a Queen, are You, or Anything of That Sort?"

the kindness and humor of his clear gray eyes. He returned her gaze without embarrassment, and he wondered less and less at finding himself there. Her complexion in this clear light seemed more beautiful than ever. Her rich golden-brown hair was waved becomingly over her forehead. Her figure was girlish, but she was unusually dignified for her years.

"You know," he said suddenly, "you look to me just like one of those beautiful plants you have in the conservatory there, just as though you'd stepped out of your little glass home and blossomed right here. I am almost afraid of you."

She laughed outright this time—a low, musical laugh that had in it something of foreign intonation.

"Well, really," she exclaimed, "I had not noticed your fear! I was just thinking that you were quite the boldest young man I have ever met."

"Come, that's something!" he declared. "Couldn't we sit down somewhere in these wonderful gardens of yours and talk?"

She shook her head.

"But have I not told you already," she protested, "that I do not receive callers? Neither does my father. Really, your coming here is quite unwarrantable. If he should return at this moment and find you here he would be very angry indeed. I am afraid that he would even be rude, and I, too, should suffer for having allowed you to talk with me."

"Let's hope that he doesn't return just yet, then," Richard observed, smiling easily. "I am very good-tempered as a rule, but I do not like people to be rude to me."

"Fortunately he cannot return for at least an hour ——" she began.

"Then we'll sit down on that terrace, if you please, for just a quarter of that time," he begged.

She opened her lips and closed them again. He was certainly a very stubborn young man!

"Well," she sighed, "perhaps it will be the easiest way of getting rid of you."

She motioned him to follow her. The butler watched her from a discreet distance as though he were looking at a strange thing. Round the corner of the villa, remote from the winter garden, was a long stone terrace upon which many windows opened. Screened from the wind, the sun here was of almost midsummer strength. There was no sound. The great house seemed asleep. There was nothing to break the silence but the droning of a few insects. Even the birds were songless. The walls were covered with drooping clematis and roses, roses that twined over the balustrades. Below them was a tangle of mimosa trees and rhododendrons, and still farther below the blue Mediterranean. She sank into a chair.

"You may sit here," she said, "just long enough for me to convince you that your coming was a mistake. Indeed that is so. I do not wish to seem foolish or unkind, but my father and I are living here with one unbreakable rule, and that is that we make no acquaintances whatsoever."

"That sounds rather queer," he remarked. "Don't you find it dull?"

"If I do," she went on, "it is only for a little time. My father is here for a certain purpose, and as soon as that is accomplished we shall go away. For him to accomplish that purpose in a satisfactory manner it is necessary that we should live as far apart as possible from the ordinary visitors in this resort."

"Sounds like a riddle," he admitted. "Do you mind telling me of what nationality you are?"

"I see no reason why I should tell you anything."

"You speak very correct English," he continued, "but there is just a little touch of accent. You don't know how attractive it sounds. You don't know ——"

He hesitated, suddenly losing some part of his immense confidence.

"What else is there that I do not know?" she asked with a faintly amused smile.

"I have lost my courage," he confessed simply. "I do not want to offend you, I do not want you to think that I am hopelessly foolish; but you see I have the misfortune to be in love with you."

She laughed at him, leaning back in her chair with half-closed eyes.

"Do people talk like this to casual acquaintances in your country?" she asked.

"They speak sometimes a language that is common to all countries," he replied quickly. "The only thing that is peculiar to my country people is that when we say such a thing it is the sober and the solemn truth."

She was silent for a moment. She had plucked one of the blossoms from the wall and was pulling to pieces its petals.

"Do you know," she said, "that no young man has ever dared to talk to me as you have done?"

"That is because no one yet has cared so much as I do," he assured her. "I can quite understand their being frightened. I am terribly afraid of you myself. I am afraid of the things I say to you, but I have to say them because they are in my heart; and if I am to have only a quarter of an hour with you now, you see I must make the best use of my time. I must tell you that there isn't any other girl in the world I could ever look at again, and if you won't promise to marry me some day I shall be the most wretched person on earth."

"I can never, never marry you," she told him emphatically. "There is nothing that is so impossible as that."

"Well, that's a pretty bad start," he admitted.

"It is the end," she said firmly.

He shook his head. There was a terrible obstinacy in his face. She frowned at him.

"You do not mean that you will persist after what I have told you?"

He looked at her, almost surprised.

"There isn't anything else for me to do that I know of," he declared, "so long as you don't care for anyone else. Tell me again: you are sure that there is no one?"

"Certainly not," she replied stiffly. "The subject has not yet been made acceptable to me. You must forgive my adding that in my country it is not usual for a girl to discuss these matters with a man before her betrothal."

"Say, I don't understand that," he murmured, looking at her thoughtfully. "She can't get engaged before she is asked."

"The preliminaries," she explained, "are always arranged by the parents."

He smiled pityingly.

"That sort of thing's no use," he asserted confidently. "You must be getting past that in whatever corner of Europe you live. What you mean to say, then, is that your

father already has some one up his sleeve whom he'll trot out for you before long?"

"Without doubt some arrangement will be proposed," she agreed.

"And you'll have to be amiable to some one you've never seen in your life before, I suppose?" he persisted.

"Not necessarily. It sometimes happens in my position," she went on, raising her head, "that certain sacrifices are necessary."

"In your position," he repeated quickly. "What does that mean? You aren't a queen, are you, or anything of that sort?"

She laughed.

"No," she confessed, "I am not a queen; and yet ——"

"And yet?"

"You must go back," she insisted, rising abruptly to her feet. "The quarter of an hour is up. I do not feel happy, sitting here talking with you. Really, if my father were to return he would be more angry with me than he has ever been in his life. This sort of thing is not done among my people."

"Little lady," he said, gently forcing her back into her place, "believe me, it's done all the world over, and there isn't a girl can come to any harm by being told that a man is fond of her, when it's the truth, when he'd give his life for her willingly. It's just like that I feel about you. I've never felt it before. I could never feel it for anyone else. And I am not going to give you up."

She was looking at him half fearfully. There was a little color in her cheeks and her eyes were suddenly moist.

"I think," she murmured, "that you talk very nicely. I think I might even say that I like to hear you talk. But it is so useless. Won't you go now? Won't you please go now?"

"When may I come again?" he begged.

"Never," she replied firmly. "You must never come again. You must not even think of it. Indeed, you would not be admitted. My father will probably be told of your visit, as it is, and he will be very angry."

"Well, when may I see you, then, and where?" he demanded. "I hope you understand that I am not in the least disheartened by anything you have said."

"I think," she declared, "that you are the most persistent person I ever met."

"It is only," he whispered, leaning a little toward her, "because I care for you so much."

She was suddenly confused, conscious of a swift desire to get rid of him. It was as though some one were speaking a new language. All her old habits and prejudices seemed falling away.

"I cannot make appointments with you," she protested, her voice shaking. "I cannot encourage you in any way. It is really quite impossible."

"If I go now, will you be at the club to-morrow afternoon?" he pleaded.

"I am not sure," she replied. "It is very likely that I may be there. I make no promise."

He took her hand abruptly, and stooping down forced her to look into his eyes.

"Monsieur, Everybody Robs Here. The People Expect It"

"You will be there to-morrow afternoon, please," he begged, "and you will give me the rose from your waistband."

She laughed uneasily.

"If the rose will buy your departure ——" she began.

"It may do that," he interrupted as he drew it through his buttonhole, "but it will assuredly bring me back again."

Richard walked down the hill, whistling softly to himself and with a curious light in his eyes. As he reached the square in front of the Casino he was accosted by a stranger who stood in the middle of the pavement and respectfully removed his hat.

"You are Mr. Richard Lane, is it not so, monsieur?"

"You've guessed it in one," Richard admitted. "Have I ever seen you before?"

"Never, monsieur, unless you happened to notice me on your visit to the prison. I have an official position in the principality. I am commissioned to speak to you with respect to the little affair in which you were concerned at La Turbie."

"Well, I thought we'd threshed all that out," Lane replied. "Anyway, Sir Henry Hunterleys and I have engaged a lawyer to look after our interests."

"Just so," the little man murmured. "A very clever man indeed is Monsieur Grissoñ. Still, there is a view of the matter," he continued, "which is perhaps hard for you Englishmen and Americans to understand. Assault of any description is very severely punished here, especially when it results in bodily injury. Theft of all sorts, on the other hand, is very common indeed. The man whom you injured is a native of Monte Carlo. To a certain extent the principality is bound to protect him."

"Why, the fellow was engaged in a flagrant attempt at highway robbery!" Richard declared, genuinely astonished.

His companion stretched out his hands.

"Monsieur," he replied, "everybody robs here, no matter whether it's shopkeepers, restaurant keepers or loafers upon the streets. The people expect it. At the adjourned trial next week there will be many witnesses who are also natives of Monte Carlo. I have been commissioned to warn monsieur: It would be best, on the whole, if he left Monte Carlo by the next train."

"Why in the name of mischief should I do that?" Richard demanded.

"In the first place," the other pointed out, "because this man, whom you treated a little roughly, has many friends and associates. They have sworn revenge. You are even now being followed about, and the police of the principality have enough to do without sparing an escort to protect you against violence. In the second place, I am not at all sure that the finding of the court next week will be altogether to your satisfaction."

"Do you mean this?" Richard asked incredulously.

"Without a doubt, monsieur."

"Then all I can say," Richard declared, "is that your magistrate or judge, or whatever he calls himself, is rotten and your laws absurd. I shan't budge."

"It is in your own interests, monsieur, this warning," the other persisted. "Even if you escape these desperadoes you still run some risk of seeing the inside of a prison in Monaco."

"I think not," Lane answered grimly. "If there's anything of that sort going about I shall board my yacht yonder and hoist the Stars and Stripes. I shall take some getting into prison, I can tell you, and if I once get there you'll hear about it."

"Monsieur will be much wiser to avoid trouble," the official advised.

Lane placed his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "not you or a dozen like you could make me stir from this place until I am ready, and just now I am very far from ready. See? You can go and tell those who sent you what I say."

The emissary of the law shrugged his shoulders. His manner was stiff but resigned.

"I Shall Charge You Five Per Cent Interest and I Shall Lend You a Thousand Pounds"

"I have delivered my message, monsieur," he announced. "Monsieur naturally must decide for himself."

He disappeared with a bow. Richard continued on his way and a few minutes later ran into Hunterleys.

"Say, did you ever hear such cheek!" he exclaimed, passing his arm through the latter's: "A man stopped me in the street and has been trying to frighten me into leaving Monte Carlo, just because I broke that robber's wrist. Same Johnny that came to you, I expect. What are they up to anyway? What do they want to get rid of us for? They ought to be grateful to us for what we did."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"So far as I am concerned," he said, "their reasons for wanting to get rid of me are fairly obvious, I am afraid; but I must say I don't know where you come in, unless ——"

He stopped short.

"Well, unless what?" Richard interposed. "I should just like to know who it is trying to get me kicked out."

"Can't you guess?" Hunterleys asked. "There is one person who, I think, would be quite as well pleased to see the back of you."

"Here in Monte Carlo?"

"Absolutely!"

Richard was mystified.

"You are not very bright, I am afraid," Hunterleys observed. "What about your friend Mr. Grex?"

Richard whistled softly.

"Are you serious?"

"Of course I am," Hunterleys assured him.

"But has he any pull here, this Mr. Grex?"

Hunterleys' eyes twinkled for a moment.

"Yes," he replied, "I think that Mr. Grex has very considerable influence in this part of the world. Also he is a man who, I should say, was rather used to having his own way."

"I gathered this afternoon that I wasn't exactly popular with him," Richard remarked meditatively. "I've been out there to call."

Hunterleys stopped short upon the pavement.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"I have been out to call at the Villa Mimosa," Richard repeated. "I don't see anything extraordinary in that."

"Did you see—Miss Fedora?"

"Rather! And thank you for telling me her name at any rate. We sat on the terrace and chatted for a quarter of an hour. She gave me to understand, though, that the old man was dead off me. It all seems very mysterious. Anyway she gave me a rose and I think she'll be at the club to-morrow afternoon."

Hunterleys was silent for a moment. He seemed much impressed.

"You know, Richard," he declared, "there is something akin to genius in your methods."

"That's all very well," the young man protested, "but can you give me a single solid reason why, considering I am in love with the girl, I shouldn't go and call upon her? Who is this Mr. Grex anyway?"

"I've a good mind to tell you," Hunterleys said meditatively.

"I don't care whether you do or not," Lane pronounced firmly as they parted. "No matter whether Mr. Grex is the Sultan of Turkey or the Czar of Russia, I'm going to marry his daughter—that's settled!"

XIV

AT A FEW minutes before eight o'clock that evening Lady Hunterleys descended the steps of the Casino and crossed the square toward the Hôtel de Paris. She walked very slowly and she looked neither to the right nor to the left. She had the air of seeing no one. She acknowledged mechanically the low bow of the *commissionnaire* who opened the door for her. A reception clerk who stood to one side to let her pass she ignored altogether. She crossed the hall to the lift and pressed the bell. Draconmeyer, who had been lounging in an easy-chair waiting

for her, watched her entrance and noticed her abstracted manner with kindling eyes. He threw away his newspaper and hastily approaching her touched her arm.

"You are late," he remarked.

She started.

"Yes, I am late."

"I did not see you at the club."

"I have been to the Casino instead," she told him. "I thought that it might change my luck."

"Successful, I trust?"

She shook her head. Then she opened her gold satchel and showed him. It was empty.

"The luck must turn sometime," he reminded her soothingly. "How long shall you be dressing?"

"I am tired," she confessed. "I thought that to-night I would not dine. I will have something sent up to my room."

He was obviously disappointed.

"Couldn't you dine as you are?" he begged. "You could change later, if you wished to. It is always such a disappointment when you do not appear—and to-night," he added, "especially."

Lady Hunterleys hesitated. She was really longing to be alone and to rest. She thought, however, of the poor invalid to whom their meeting at dinner time was the one break of the day.

"Very well," she promised, "I will be down in ten minutes."

Draconmeyer, as the lift bore her upward, strolled away. Although the custom was a strange one to him he sought out the American bar and had a drink. Then he lighted a cigarette and made his way back into the hall, moving restlessly about, his hands behind his back, his forehead knit. In his way he had been a great schemer, and in the crowded hotel that night, surrounded by a wonderfully cosmopolitan throng of loungers and passers-by, he lived again through the birth and development of many of the schemes his brain had conceived since he had left his mother country.

One and all they had been successful. He seemed, indeed, to have been imbued with the gift of success. He had floated immense loans where other men had failed. He had sustained the credit of his country on a high level through more than one serious financial crisis. He had pulled down or built up as his judgment or fancy had dictated. And all the time the man's relaxations, apart from the actual trend of great affairs, had been few and slight. Then had come his acquaintance with Linda's school friend. He looked back through the years. At first he had scarcely noticed her visits. Gradually he had become conscious of a dim feeling of thankfulness to the woman who always seemed able to soothe his invalid wife. Then, scarcely more than a year or so ago, he had found himself watching her at unexpected moments, admiring the soft grace of her movements, the pleasant cadence of her voice, the turn of her head, the color of her hair, the elegance of her clothes, her thin, fashionable figure. Gradually he had begun to look for her, to welcome her at his table—and from that the rest. Finally the birth of this last scheme of his. He had very nearly made a fatal mistake at the very commencement, had pulled himself right again only with a supreme effort. His heart beat quicker even now as he thought of that moment. They had been alone together one evening. She had sat talking with him after Linda had gone to bed, worse than usual, and in the dim light he had almost lost his head; he had almost said those words, let her see the things in his eyes, for which the time was not yet ripe. She had kept away for a while after that. He had treated it as a mistake, but he had been very careful not to err again. By degrees she forgot.

The estrangement between husband and wife was part of his scheme, largely his doing. He was all the time working to make the breach wider. The visit to Monte Carlo, rather a difficult accomplishment, he had arranged. He had seen with delight the necessity for some form of excitement growing up in her, had watched her losses and only wished that they had been larger. He had encouraged her to play for higher stakes and found that she needed very little encouragement indeed. To-night he felt that a crisis was at hand. There was a new look upon her face. She had probably lost everything. He knew exactly how she would feel about asking her husband for help. His eyes grew brighter as he waited for the elevator.

She came at last and they walked together into the dining room. When she reached their accustomed table it was empty and only their two places were laid. She looked at him in surprise.

"But I thought you said that Linda would be so disappointed!" she reminded him.

"I do not think that I mentioned Linda's name," he protested. "She went to bed soon after tea in an absolutely hopeless state. I am afraid that to-night I was selfish. I was thinking of myself. I have had nothing in the shape of companionship all day. I came and looked at the table, and the thought of dining alone wearied me. I have to spend a great deal of time alone unfortunately. You and I are, perhaps, a little alike in that respect."

She seated herself after a moment's hesitation. He moved his chair a little closer. The pink-shaded lamp seemed to shut them off from the rest of the room. A waiter filled their glasses.

"I ordered champagne to-night," he remarked. "You looked so tired when you came in."

She smiled faintly. "It was thoughtful of you," she declared. "I am tired. I have been losing all day, and altogether I have had a most depressing time."

"What We Ask of France Is That She Look the Other Way. She Might Look, for Instance—Toward Egypt"

"It is not as it should be, that," he observed, smiling. "This is a city of pleasure. One was meant to leave one's cares behind when one comes here. If anyone in this world," he added, "should be without them, it should be you."

He looked at her respectfully, yet with an admiration that he made no effort to conceal. There was nothing overpersonal in the look. She accepted it with gratitude.

"You are always kind," she murmured.

"This reminds me of some of our evenings in London," he went on, "when we used to talk music before we went to the opera. I always found those evenings so restful and pleasant. Won't you try to forget that you have lost a few pennies; forget also your other worries, whatever they may be? I have had a letter to-day from the one great writer we both admire. I shall read it to you. And I have a list of the operas for next week. I see that your husband's little *protégée*, Felicia Roche, is here."

"My husband's *protégée?*" she repeated. "I don't quite understand."

He seemed for a moment embarrassed.

"I am sorry," he said. "I had no idea—— But your husband will tell you if you ask him. It was he who paid for her singing education, and her triumph is his. But the name must be known to you."

"I have never heard it in connection with my husband," she declared, frowning slightly. "Henry does not always take me into his confidence."

"Then I am sorry," he continued penitently, "that I mentioned the matter. It was clumsy of me. I had an idea that he must have told you all about her. I trust that you feel a little appetite for your dinner. Jules has prepared that salmon-trout specially. I'll read you the letter from Maurice, if you like, and afterward there is a story I must tell you."

The earlier stages of dinner slipped pleasantly away. Draconmeyer was a born conversationalist, a good talker and a keen tactician. The food and the wine, too, did their part. Presently Violet lifted her head, the color came back to her cheeks; she, too, began to talk and to laugh. All the time he was careful not to press home his advantage. He remembered that one night in the library at Grosvenor Square, when she had turned her head and looked at him for a moment before leaving. She must be different now, he told himself fiercely. It was impossible that she could continue to love a husband who neglected her, a man whose mistaken sense of dignity kept him away from her!

"I want you," he begged as they drew toward the close of the meal, "to treat me, if you will, just a little more confidentially."

She glanced up at him quickly, almost suspiciously.

"What do you mean?"

"You have troubles of which you do not speak," he went on. "If my friendship is worth anything, it ought to enable me to share those troubles with you. You have had a little further disagreement with your husband, I think, and bad luck at the tables. You ought not to let either of these things depress you too much. Tell me, do you think that I could help in any way with Sir Henry?"

"No one could help," she replied, her tone unconsciously hardening. "Henry is obstinate, and it is my firm conviction that he has ceased to care for me at all. This very afternoon," she went on, leaning across the table, her voice trembling a little, her eyes very bright, "I offered to go away with him."

"To leave Monte Carlo?"

"Yes! He refused. He said that he must stay here for some mysterious reason. I begged him to tell me what that reason was, and he was silent. It was the end. He gives me no confidence. He has refused the one effort I made at reconciliation. I am convinced that it is useless. We have parted finally."

Draconmeyer tried hard to keep the light from his eyes as he leaned toward her.

"Dear lady," he said, "if I do not admit that I am sorry—well, there are reasons. Your husband did well to be mysterious. I can tell you the reason why he will not leave Monte Carlo: it is because Felicia Roche makes her début at the opera house to-morrow night. There! I didn't mean to tell you, but the whole world knows it. Even now I would not have told you but for other things. It is best that you know the truth. It is my firm belief that your husband does not deserve your interest, much less your affection. If only I dared ——" He paused for a moment. Every word he was compelled to measure.

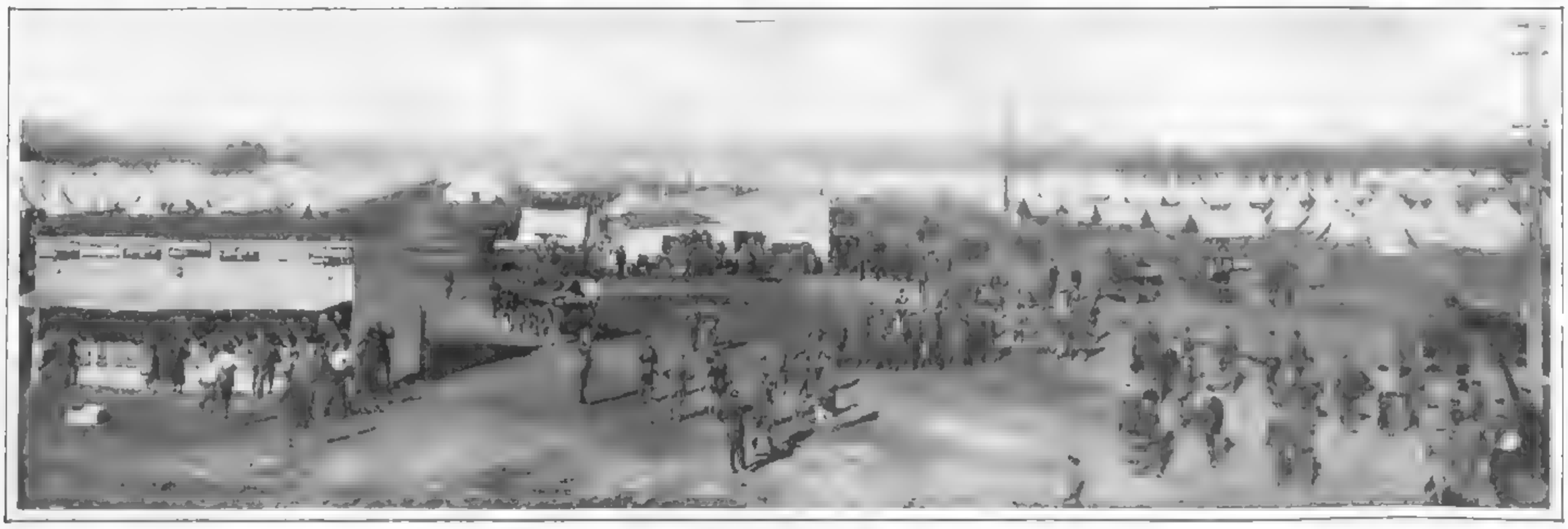
"Sometimes," he continued, "your condition reminds me so much of my own. I think that there is no one so lonely in life as I am. For the last few years Linda has been fading away physically and mentally. I touch her fingers at morning and night; we speak of the slight happenings of the day. She has no longer any mind or any power of sympathy. Her lips are as cold as her understanding. For that I know she is not to blame, yet it has left me very lonely. If I had a child," he went on, "even if there was one single soul of whom I was fond, to whom I might look for sympathy; even if you, my dear friend—you see I am bold, and I venture to call you my dear friend—could be a little kinder sometimes, it would make all the difference in the world."

She turned her head and looked at him. It seemed to him that already she was on her guard. "You have something more to say, haven't you?" she asked.

He hesitated. Her tone was noncommittal. It was a moment when he might have risked everything, but he feared to make a mistake.

(Continued on Page 40

Booked Through for the Empire



View of Valcartier Camp

By Maude Radford Warren

IN THE United States the imaginative grasp upon what many predict will be the last war of the world is lacking in reality, and the most tragic slaughter of the ages becomes a huge nightmare melodrama where sensitive flesh and blood somehow turns into statistics, and grief and loss have no symbols which speak their real meaning.

Our tourist friends who come back "safe from the war zone" and sometimes possibly in a sour-grapes mood—it seems easier to count those who went to Europe in the summer of 1914 than those who stayed at home—these very friends are an assistance in devitalizing the sense of reality. For their stories, however interesting, have chiefly to do with facts of personal inconvenience which would be outrageous in times of peace but which are to be expected in times of war. The tales are indeed rendered dramatic here and there by glimpses of spies haled out of trains to be shot, and wounded soldiers coming back for the aftermath, equally costly, of victory or of defeat. Such stories are well worth hearing, and it is also agreeable to reflect that friends dear to us can dine out on them all winter. But they don't connote the war. Besides, we are three or four thousand miles away and, after a fashion, merely spectators. It is not our men who march away and die alone in a strange land. How can the war seem real to us!

The Canadians, side by side with us, are not three or four thousand miles away from the battlefields, nor are they in any sense numb to any phase of the war. Spiritually they are in England, for no children of the Empire are more loyal than the Canadians. They take the war not with jingoistic talk and cheering, not with swagger or threats, because they feel it too deeply to admit of any cheap or surface emotion. In city and country both, in places like Quebec and Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, or little villages like Puce and St. Jean Baptiste, there is to be found the same deep and solemn loyalty, quiet instead of ebullient, not only because restraint is characteristic of the Canadian temperament but because the national understanding of what this war means is perfect.

Watching the Men March Away

IN QUEBEC a tensely interested, silent crowd surges toward the Terrace, for down the hill is marching a little company of red-coated boys, young grenadiers, soon doubtless to be clad in khaki and sent in a transport, perhaps to be destroyed crossing the Atlantic by a German battleship, perhaps to be saved for German shells, or perhaps to come back home. Lads they are, raw and unschooled, a few of them vainly pleased with the notice they are attracting; but not one face is without the real spark—the love for the Empire, the loyal urge that makes even a cheap soul worth while and that books their bodies through to the end, whatever it be, so it be for the good of the Empire. On the sidewalks, people who three months ago would scarcely have turned their heads to look at a soldier now stand still with their faces toward these boys. There are none of the indulgent smiles which so often in the past were accorded wearers of the militia or nonregular uniforms. There is only a gaze which shows respect and sympathy, perhaps sorrow, and perhaps a bewildered wonder that in the twentieth century young flesh and blood should change into weltering targets for guns.

Down the shady road that leads from the armory in Ottawa marches a band of Highland pipers, men for the most part close to forty, a boy drummer in their midst. They walk with long, strong strides, their kilts waving, their tall caps straight and steady, their heads thrown well back, their eyes intent. The people beside the road stand still, always with grave faces. A kind of electric psychology seems to pass from spectator to spectator; they are realizing just how magnificent the music of the pipes would sound on a field of battle. One knows that these pipers would march straight toward the enemy, mutely closing ranks as they left their dead behind them. Again those flashes of crowd psychology; surely it means that for a purifying moment the critical faculty of the narrow, fallible human mind is held in abeyance; one forgets frailties, such as love of drink or tendency to brutality, coarseness, self-seeking and pettiness; one sees only precious, glorious men, giving their lives to the Empire.

An old woman has been marching beside the pipers for several paces. She sits on a bench and wipes away the thin, reluctant tears of the aged.

"It's not that I have any Scotch blood in me, for I'm of Irish descent," she explains. "It's just that the men are going. It seems to me now that that's been my whole life—watching men march away. For when I was a little girl in Kingston I saw my father go to the Crimea and I had no more sense than to laugh and clap at the music and the flags. He never came back, and the comfort they offered my mother was that there never would be another war. My husband went with Gordon to Khartum when I was a young bride, and though he came back to me he was never a well man. When I had to do his work and mine—not that I wasn't willing, but it's hard when a woman has children—the comfort he gave me was that the world was too wise now to have any more wars, except maybe in savage places. My youngest son went to South Africa, but I wouldn't go to see him off; he never came back, and they said then that one proof that war was dying out was that England was so ill-prepared to carry through that one. Now my eldest son's only son has gone with the artillery—the only one that could carry on our name. He is sailing down the St. Lawrence now, and maybe it's true this time that this will be the last war, and maybe it's not."

"You didn't try to hold them back?" one ventures.

"No, though I'd never have asked them to go. If a man sees his duty to his country in that way it's a woman's place to do her share for the country too. I'm glad I'm a British subject, but there is surely no harm in saying that any woman is lucky who belongs to a country that doesn't ask her for the lives of her men."

The Canadians know what war means, as few Americans can know. It is the current generation always whose experience gives the emotional cast to the reception of news or facts. And the current generation is always only partially experienced, because of its youth; it is, as a rule, likely to offer an immature or incomplete reaction. We hear stories of the Civil War—but they mean little to us, because we personally did not experience the direct results of that war. Our Spanish War, by its very nature, could not be brought deeply home to us. But the current Canadian generation is old enough to remember the South African war. Many Canadians are the children of men who fought in the East Indian campaigns and grandchildren of men who went to the Crimean war. But the important point is that they saw their relatives and friends go to South Africa. They sent their men off then with wild cheers and fatuous, ignorant hope; they whirled about in waves and shoals of patriotism. And then their men were killed, or they came back sick and mutilated and seared to the soul—the young ones even made old. These South African soldiers were not less loyal or less proud of the Empire, but war had so disillusioned them that love and care could never bring back a certain health of the spirit that is the right of every normal man.

Thus, before war was declared the Canadians were ready to offer full allegiance, generous help, up to the very limit of their resources, though it was with a complete understanding of the price they would have to pay. During those days when the declaration of war was expected, in all the large cities of Canada men and women stood day and night before the bulletin boards of the newspaper offices waiting for the news. When at last the statement was made that England would go to war there was for the most part no movement, no cheering. After the first realization the crowds stood in a deep and grave silence, much like that which America preserved during those solemn five minutes of reflection in honor of the funeral of President McKinley. They grasped the meaning of the war to Canada, imaginatively and concretely; and, knowing what they had to pay and would pay willingly, they could only meet the situation in silence.

Equipping Princess Pat's Pets

EVEN before the declaration of war Canada had begun to take precautionary measures, such as strengthening the fort at Beaumont, which commands the St. Lawrence. From the moment war was declared she made the cause of England her own. She offered, not as one admitting a right but as one asking a privilege, her money, her stores and the lives of her men. She did this fully and efficiently, but also gravely and quietly, and she is still doing it gravely and quietly.

Unofficially and officially the preparations for war went on. Canada poured gifts upon England. She sent the Motherland everything—from flour to chocolate, from oats to machine guns. Millionaires presented money: J. K. L. Ross gave the Canadian Government half a million; Hamilton Gault gave the money which has equipped the crack regiment of the overseas soldiers, the Princess Patricia Light Infantry Regiment. These men have all seen active service, and over five hundred of them have D. S. or D. C. medals for gallant work in actual warfare. Their nickname is Princess Pat's Pets, and the Princess, who worked every stitch of their colors herself, is inordinately proud of them. A number of rich men of Ottawa and Montreal gave the automobile rapid-firing machine-gun battery. Every one offered what he could, from Mr. Ross, with his half million, to a little Toronto newsboy, who gave a street-car ticket worth four and one-sixth cents, which was afterward sold for a thousand dollars.

The women were as patriotic as the men. They began collecting at once for a hospital ship fund, and when the Toronto Business Women's Club refused to contribute, as a protest against war, a storm of indignant reproaches and

letters came from women who were seeing their husbands and sons enlist. When the methods of helping became better organized the women began collecting money for the Red Cross Fund and helping the men collect for the Patriotic Relief Fund. This last, designed to provide for those dependent on soldiers at the front, shows how generously the Canadians have responded to the call for money. In Ottawa alone the sum reached three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, though all the city had counted on was three hundred and fifty thousand; in Toronto it was just short of a million. Young women began to train as nurses, and old and young women began to sew and knit for the men at the front.

Officially the preparations were equally prompt and impressive. First of all, Sir Robert Borden, the Premier, offered an army division of from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand men. Canada has a permanent force of some five thousand or six thousand men and a militia of perhaps one hundred thousand. But the Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honorable Sam Hughes, believes that the militia figures can be multiplied from two and a half to five times. The colonel has a remarkable personality, resembling somewhat our own Colonel Roosevelt. There are Canadians who do not admire him; but he is an extraordinary man, of undoubted force, zeal and bravery, who has done an extraordinary work in mobilizing the Canadian troops. He is not a regular, though he is a splendid soldier. When the troops were sent to South Africa he was left out. So he sent himself to South Africa, where he was accepted, and there he did brilliant clean-up work for Kitchener, especially in suppressing guerrilla warfare. Sir Robert Borden, when the new party got in, made him Minister of Militia. When war was declared, instead of getting a number of professional officers about him to help train the recruits, he undertook to do the whole work himself. Moreover, it became clear that the regulars were to be concentrated for guard duty, chiefly in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Vancouver and Victoria, while the volunteers were to be sent to the front. To an outsider almost any criticism against the minister can be answered by pointing to what he did in the camp at Valcartier.

The Colonel Roosevelt of Canada

FROM the beginning men crowded to the recruiting stations to enlist. Only twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand were asked for, but at least forty thousand presented themselves. They came mostly from the cities, Montreal alone sending four thousand or five thousand men. The first lot was rigidly weeded—men being rejected because of defective teeth or crooked toes. From all over Canada recruits responded to the call. Then, group by group, from Victoria to Quebec, they were put on trains and sent to Colonel Hughes' camp at Valcartier. No one who saw their departure on the trains can speak of it without emotion. Remembering, as has been said, the unthinking enthusiasm of the speeding to South Africa, this time those who remained behind were quiet. The women wore fresh dresses, and sometimes flowers, and tried to be brave.

"Father," said the mother of a grenadier to her husband, "can't you put a little cheer into your face? You don't want the boy to be thinking how bad you feel, do you?"

"You needn't scold me; you look as if you were going to cry yourself," said father.

"I'm coming back, mumsie," a boy would whisper; "don't you make any mistake about that."

"Are we downhearted?" the recruits, leaning out of the car windows, would ask themselves. "No."

"Should we worry? No."

"Take care of yourself," a stay-at-home brother would call. "Take care of yourself—and some Germans!"

Then came the cry of all aboard. Friend wished friend good luck and a safe return—quietly, as if the departure were for some ordinary journey. Sons and parents and lovers clung in a last still embrace, careless of onlookers. All over Canada train after train moved away to the sob of the Scotch song:

Will you nae come back again?
Better loved you canna be,
Will you nae come back again?

They went to Valcartier for Colonel Hughes to make soldiers of them. This plain of Valcartier, sixteen miles northeast of Quebec, of an area of seven by four and a half miles, had been selected before the war. It is said to be almost equal to Salisbury Plains. The Jacques Cartier River runs through it, and all about are the Laurentian hills. On one day the plain was little more than a swampy sward, across which drove sometimes the rigs of the French-Canadian farmers; on the next day motor lorries and transport wagons took the place of the rigs, and Valcartier became, as if by magic, a military city. The soldiers trooped into it, from three or three thousand miles away, at all hours of the day and night. Some were ex-service men, but the majority were raw recruits. They came in all kinds of uniforms—kilties, red coats, black tunics with white trimming, khaki, and ordinary civilian clothes. Two weeks later they were all clad in khaki, except, of course, the Highlanders. They, by the way, cannot be deprived of their kilts; it was tried in South Africa, but vainly. They regard the kilts as a mark of nationality. They do wear a khaki coat and helmet, and in battle they have consented to wear over their kilts a khaki apron, so as not to make the kilts a mark for the enemy.

And presently round these men rose a city which looked as if it had been there a long time. There were twenty-five miles of siding alone, three huge ordnance sheds, army and service corps buildings, temporary shops, a water-works station with a pumping capacity of a million and a half gallons, miles of roads, seventeen hundred targets stretching over three and a half miles, four thousand acres on the side of Pinkney's Mountain for target practice, and thousands of tents on both sides of the river, across which a pontoon bridge was built. Colonel Hughes spared neither himself nor his men. He fed them well, and he worked them hard at heavy drilling, marching and musketry. Nearly forty thousand raw men came into the camp. At the end of eight weeks thirty-three thousand remained, trained soldiers, perfected in rifle shooting and skirmishing—about half as many again as England had offered to take. It was a splendid achievement. The five thousand or six thousand regulars could have been got to the front in three weeks; it was a bigger feat to get over thirty thousand ready in eight weeks.

Hard work for everybody, restraint and complete unity—that was the Canadian slogan. When war was declared all internal dissensions were forgotten. There was a tacit compact to pull together. Nothing was to be said or done to shake the ultra loyalty of the people. All the fever went out of the Home Rule for Ireland issue, the suffragette movement, the defense policy for Canada. The opposition newspapers have buried their hammers and have bought horns.

Even the verbal speech about the Germans is restrained. Here and there one comes upon a man who talks of "the Hun" and "the Potsdam Butcher" and the "monster of inflated leather and blood," but in general the attitude seems to be that whatever may be said of the emperor—the German soldiers are dying for an ideal. The feeling is that England entered reluctantly into a righteous war. The Canadians don't want to shout "My country, right or wrong"; they only feel their country must be right. Therefore they can afford tolerance for the Germans.

German Spies in Petticoats

ONE phase of the Canadian restraint is silence about important military matters. That, indeed, is the present rule of the Empire, but in no place could it be more rigidly observed than in Canada. If England believes in locking the stable before the horse is gone Canada believes in locking it both before and after—because the colt is left, to say nothing of horse clothing. One realized this rule as soon as one reached Canada. One met on the train to Quebec a blue-eyed Red Cross sergeant, and one questioned him as to the numbers of the great Canadian Overseas Expedition—the very name is reserved. His reply was so discreet that one might have gathered the impression that there were no troops in Canada going anywhere at all, and that perhaps there was not even a war. So one showed him a clipping, putting the figures at thirty-three thousand. He looked distressed, till he was told that it was from an American paper. Conversation did not cease, because one knew by his speech that he had come to Canada from the south of Ireland, and finding out his county one talked to him about its beauty. Then he said:

"You see we're not allowed to talk, and the place has been thick with spies. I'll tell you one story very few know: At Fort Henry, near Kingston, is kept a lot of German suspects. No one lets a newspaper in to them, so they know nothing. It's little they care, the way they think the Germans are winning. So one of them took some French and Belgian coins out of his pocket, and he gave them to a guard who had been good to him. 'Take these,' says he, 'and spend them at once,' he says; 'for by the time I'm out of this,' he says, 'all the coins in the world will be reminted, and on them will be the head of the German emperor.'"

The sergeant seemed to cling to the subject of spies.

"There's been two lady spies taken in Valcartier camp," he said. "One was a young person from an American newspaper who was deported from Montreal as an undesirable citizen, but the other was a lady, though a German, and she's in jail now."

Sometime later a friendly conductor of Scotch descent spoke freely of such details of the war in Canada as had become a dead letter and the knowledge of which could not aid the Germans. Then he said mysteriously:

"I'll tell you something that not five people besides myself have knowledge of. It makes you almost feel sorry for the enemy. There's a German in a place I can't mention, and he said to a person I can't mention: 'I have here

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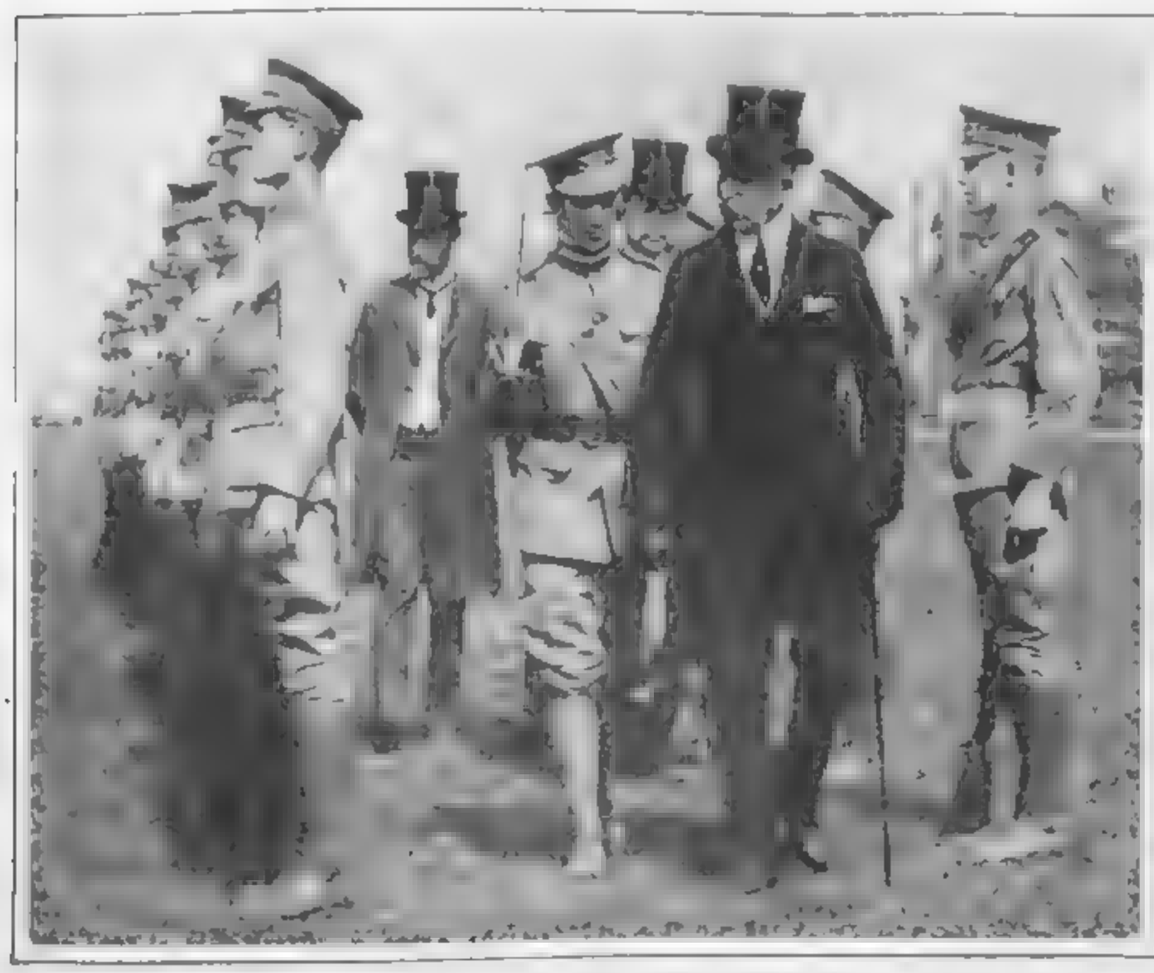

The Duke of Connaught Reviewing Cadets

The 48th Highlanders Leaving Toronto for Valcartier Camp

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Railroad Baiting

WITH true appreciation of the facts and with admirable courage President Wilson declared that the railroads were almost the only business interest of this country which immediately concerned everybody, and that they were in need of more revenue. In importance to the whole people no other industry except agriculture can for a moment compare with transportation, and from any deterioration of the transportation plant agriculture would suffer more extensively than any other industry.

Net earnings of railroads for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth last, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission monthly and compiled by the Financial Chronicle, fell off a hundred million dollars as compared with the year before. They were, therefore, smaller than in 1911; but in the three years several hundred million dollars of new capital has been invested in the roads. Since the beginning of 1913 eighteen roads have passed or reduced dividends. Meantime the roads have a huge amount of maturing obligations to meet between now and the end of 1915. To get the money for that purpose they must not only pay higher interest but offer indubitable security.

Since President Wilson's letter on the subject, this situation has been pretty generally appreciated. The need of more railroad revenue is real and urgent. The alternative is an impaired transportation plant, which would handicap every line of business in this country.

Unfortunately there are a few inveterate railroad baiters left; but we have no doubt the public generally understands the condition.

The Perennial Puzzle

LAST August two out of three United States District Court judges gave judgment against the International Harvester Company under the Sherman Law—not because it had ever raised prices unwarrantably or treated competitors unfairly, but solely because the companies merged in it had four-fifths or so of the trade in certain lines of farm machinery; and the merger, of course, ended competition among them.

Judge Sanborn, dissenting, said: "No case has been found in the books and none has come under my observation in which the absence of all the evils against which the law was directed was so conclusively proved as in this suit." But, because the merger has a great part of the trade in some lines, the majority opinion was against it.

In October three United States District Court judges held that the Atlantic steamship combination did not violate the Sherman Law. This pool admittedly comprises a great part of the North Atlantic passenger trade. It fixes prices for steerage and third-class passage, and allots that business among the various lines forming the pool so that each shall have its due proportion. That this obviously restrains competition among the lines is pointed out in the decision; but the court holds that nobody is harmed by it; that rates fixed by the pool are not unreasonable; and that if there were no pool the lines would either engage in rate wars, to the destruction of the weak and the survival of the strong, or consolidate in a common ownership. So, applying the Supreme Court's celebrated rule of reason, the United States District Court upholds the combine.

Former President Taft fondly hoped the Supreme Court decision in the Standard Oil case would so clarify the Sherman Law that there could be no further difference of opinion about it. But some years afterward one combine, in one United States Court, is banned because, though harmless, it is big; and another combine, in another court, is sanctioned because, though big, it is harmless.

Where Politics Counts

CONCERNING a branch of the Chicago Police Department, State-Attorney Hoyne is quoted as follows: "The Detective Bureau is so rotten, and has been from time immemorial, that it leaves a stench in the nostrils of anyone who has a lingering sense of honesty. I have evidence against at least a dozen detective sergeants at the present time."

How familiar that sounds! When would it not have been true of any big American city? What city has not had exposures of rottenness somewhere in its local government within the last few years?

Local politics practically is more important than national politics. How the city of Chicago is run is of greater actual moment to the inhabitants of that city than how the nation is run, for the limits within which the National Government can misuse power are pretty strictly defined.

What has tariff revision brought to the average citizen of Chicago, or what is it likely to bring, that can compare in actual importance with the question of whether the streets are well paved, cleaned and lighted, the Health Department is efficiently administered, the Detective Bureau is an honest and vigilant agency for the suppression of crime?

How is any Clayton Antitrust Act or any Federal Trade Commission Act going to touch the day-to-day lives of ordinary folk, so that they should worry, when they do not know whether they can venture abroad after dark without being held up and slugged or shot by a footpad?

We should like to have a truce declared in national politics—a general agreement to leave it exactly as it is for the next five years, without a new Federal election or a new Federal law, meantime devoting all the intelligence and energy we can muster to local government.

Our Balkan States

A COMPARATIVELY small circle, with Adrianople at its center, would contain the territory that has long been recognized as fraught with danger to European peace. For years it was predicted that the next great European war would arise over Turkey or the Balkans.

The Monroe Doctrine is our Near East—the thing that is more likely than any other to provoke war between this country and another first-class Power. An especially disadvantageous feature of the Monroe Doctrine is its indefiniteness. The conditions that originally produced it have long since passed away. Just what it means and implies now nobody can tell in detail.

For example, a Latin-American government may borrow money in England, Germany, France or Holland, specifically pledging its customs receipts as security. Default implies seizure and administration of the customhouses by the pledgee. President Roosevelt said we could not well forbid a European country to collect a just debt; but there are ticklish questions as to how extensively or how long a European government might hold territory of a Latin-American country without derogation of the Monroe Doctrine. Again, Holland owns Dutch Guiana, on the South American continent, and several West Indian islands in the Curaçao Government. Certainly it would be no business of ours if Germany annexed Holland; but in that case, what could we reasonably ask Germany to do with Holland's American possessions?

How far south does the Doctrine run? The Falkland Islands, off Patagonia, are American territory, but of hardly more interest to us than the canals on Mars. No doubt if Germany took them from England we should say nothing; but at what parallel of latitude should we interfere?

We should like to see the Monroe Doctrine reduced to definite terms. If the terms were reasonable probably Europe would agree to them.

An Old Story

BY MERELY substituting 1914 for 1870, page after page of the contemporaneous literature of the Franco-Prussian War might be published in to-day's news. From both sides there are identical charges and countercharges of atrocities—violating women, torturing the wounded, firing on flags of truce and shelling hospitals. Germans cry that French civilians assassinate their soldiers. French cry that Germans wantonly destroy towns.

That cheerful old savage, Bismarck, while hotly denouncing inhuman conduct by the French, continually complains of the scandalous leniency of the Prussians, who never shoot, burn or hang enough to suit him. His idea is that when a civilian fires on German troops, not only the building but the whole village should be destroyed and every male inhabitant hanged. He is highly indignant because the Germans have made prisoners of several thousand French troops from Africa.

"There should be no question of making prisoners of these blacks," he declares. "If I had my way every soldier who made a black man prisoner should be placed under arrest. They are beasts of prey and ought to be shot down."

A little later Busch—who idolizes Bismarck—reports: "Five hundred redbreeches made prisoners. The Count bitterly regretted that further prisoners should be taken and that it was not possible to shoot them down on the spot." It is the idolizing Busch, also, who relates the following pretty story of the Iron Chancellor, on the authority of Bismarck-Bohlen:

"At Commercy a woman came to him to complain that her husband, who had tried to strike a hussar with a spade, had been arrested. The Count listened to her very amiably and when she had done he replied, in the kindliest manner possible: 'Well, my good woman, you can be quite sure that your husband'—drawing a line round his neck with his finger—'will be presently hanged.'"

Yet Bismarck considered it atrocious that nonuniformed Frenchmen should fire on uniformed invaders.

Makeshift Charity

"HUMAN justice is fallible," the lawyer sapiently reminded the judge. "True," said the judge; "but it's the best we have down here." Organized charity is a more or less inefficient makeshift. Quite half of the money, we should judge, is given in about the same sour spirit that taxes are paid—to get rid of an importunate solicitor, or because the donor is ashamed to say no, or in spite of the fact that he has a baffled and exasperated feeling that it is a poor way of dealing with the situation.

There is no charity about that. The nation that does not succor the enemy's wounded who fall into its hands, and feed and shelter prisoners of war, is considered infamous. The unfortunates of peace we have on our hands ought to be a social charge. The responsibility and cost of maintaining them ought to be placed squarely on the whole community. There ought to be no more question of passing the hat to keep them from freezing or starving than of taking up a voluntary collection to run the waterworks or repair the paving; but such a state of affairs seems to be a long way off.

Meantime organized charity is the best we have. Never were appeals more numerous and persistent. It is going to be a hard winter for many on this peaceful side of the Atlantic. Every one who can, should help—and, above all, help at home first.

Dog Eat Dog

FROM a New England cotton-trade report, written in October, we take the following: "The decline"—in the price of raw cotton—"has tended to confirm the opinion held generally in mill circles that the staple will go down to six cents a pound, delivered in New England; consequently manufacturers have held off from buying more than they need for immediate requirements."

If the price does go down to six cents a pound delivered in New England a great many Southern cotton growers will be bankrupt; for that price does not nearly cover the cost of production. With that painful experience in mind, next year and the year following they will probably plant a much smaller area to cotton, and the price will go up, so as to work a hardship on the mills.

That is the law of unrestricted individualistic competition—chew the other fellow when you can get him down, and expect to be chewed in turn when he can get you down. To everybody concerned how much more profitable finally—and more edifying—coöperation would be.

The War Cult

NIETZSCHE wrote: "You have been taught that a good cause justifies even war; but I teach that a good war justifies any cause." To a world that is Christian in feeling—wherever theological speculation may lead its thought—that was an amusing paradox, which would have provoked a laugh if spoken by a character in a Shaw play; but Prussian militarism has produced a type of mind that takes it in deadly earnest.

No doubt search of other contemporaneous literature would reveal some incidental and unrepresentative glorification of war for its own sake; but in contemporaneous Prussian literature such glorification has been expressed with much emphasis, and the beastly notion that fighting is mankind's highest interest is essentially a Prussian militarist cult.

To suppose that it broadly represents German thought is, of course, absurd; but the sanction this war cult has received in military circles there undoubtedly counted with many in determining American sympathies in the present war. Our pantheon has no niche for Krupp.

MR. WHITE COMES BACK

THE opportunity to reply to Mr. Hugh F. Fox, secretary of the United States Brewers' Association, gives me great pleasure; and much of the pleasure is derived from the fact that it gives me an opportunity to correct a mistake in my original article. Mr. Fox properly calls attention to the mistake in what we may call indictment number four of his reply. That statement is incorrect and should not have been made; it was taken from figures furnished by the Kansas State Board of Control of Charitable Institutions; and, though it was exactly correct at the time it was made, several years ago, the shifting of the population of the paupers and insane in the Cook County and the Illinois State asylums has rendered the figures incorrect for use to-day. This I did not know when I wrote the article to which Mr. Fox so ably replied. The remaining eleven of his twelve indictments, however, are utterly worthless and will not bear investigation.

For instance, indictment number one declares that an article headed Plenty of Booze in Emporia appeared in the Emporia Gazette of February 7, 1914. No such article appeared; but one did appear headed Bootleggers Confess and Draw a Fine and a Jail Sentence. Mr. Fox charges that on March second an article appeared in the Gazette headed Emporia, Kansas, Not a Dry Town! Prohibition Only Keeps Liquor Out About a Month at a Time. No heading of that kind, or any heading like it, appeared in the Gazette of that date or of any other date. The charge is without the slightest substantiation in fact.

He declares that on March fourth an editorial appeared, written by me, headed Booze and Cards for Kansas Women; Society in Prohibition State Mix Bridge and Booze. The only editorials in the paper on March 4, 1914, written by me or by anyone else are these three: One praising President Wilson, one about using vacant lots for gardens, and one on Kansas Bull-Moose politics. But, assuming that Mr. Fox may have his dates mixed, I will say that no editorial under that heading ever appeared in the Gazette, nor did that heading ever appear on any page of the Emporia Gazette. The files of the Gazette are in the Kansas State Historical Society, open to every one.

Under the heading of indictment number twelve, third paragraph, Mr. Fox cites other issues of the Gazette to prove that Emporia is not a dry town. The issues referred to chronicle the arrest and conviction of bootleggers, mostly ignorant negroes and Mexicans, who were selling liquor in quantities varying from one pint to two quarts; and the whole grist does not show enough liquor sold by these bootleggers in six months to much more than make up the morning's business of a quiet little saloon on a quiet corner of a country village on a busy day.

The whole charge in the two indictments, that the files of the Gazette show that Emporia is wet, or even reasonably moist, is without any foundation other than the desire of some defender of the liquor traffic to make a point for his employers.

Outlawing Spirits

WHILE on the subject it may be well to add that, during the campaigns recently conducted in Oregon, Washington, California and Virginia, the Model License League, one of the Brewers' Association's various aliases, spread broadcast a statement purporting to come from the county clerk of Shawnee County showing an immense shipment of liquor into Shawnee County, Kansas, the county seat of which, Topeka, is the capital of Kansas.

I hold in my possession, and have before me as I write, a letter from O. K. Swayze, county clerk, under date of September 29, 1914, to Hampton A. Steele, in which Mr. Swayze declares this story of the Model License League to be "sheerest rot, and unworthy of consideration by fair-minded persons."

In his letter Mr. Swayze also writes: "Peace officials, who consult the records of my office to detect any sign of large purchases, in order to go after the jointists and bootleggers, say to me that it is difficult to find large-enough shipments to one person to warrant surveillance." So much for another of Mr. Fox's favorite fictions.

Now as to the statistics he so carefully quotes. Investigation of his figures shows the same glad, free abandon of facts that he shows in quoting from the Emporia Gazette in indictment number one. Let us turn to indictment number two: It declares that the Internal Revenue Commission's books show a total of six hundred and thirty-eight dealers in liquor in Kansas licensed by the Federal Government. In an average license state the number of licenses runs into the thousands; but let that pass.

When one knows that every bootlegger convicted of selling a quart or a pint of liquor, under the Kansas prohibitory law, is rounded up by the Federal officials of the Revenue Department and compelled to buy a Federal license or go to jail for violating the Federal law; and when one knows that many jointists, who run two or three days or a week before they are gathered up by the state authorities, realize that they must have Federal licenses or run the risk of Federal prosecution—one can see that a total of six hundred and thirty-eight Federal licenses in Kansas for men who are doing a business, on an average, of less than ten days reduces the number of actual, all-the-year-round dealers to a negligible minimum.

There are all-the-year-round dealers, however. The wholesale liquor dealers do business all the year round in Kansas. There Mr. Fox is correct; but, as in all his figures, he tells but half the truth. The wholesalers are well known to the authorities. There are wholesale druggists and wholesale grocers who handle no liquor at all but who hold Federal licenses to sell any of six hundred regularly registered patent medicines, most of them harmless, but some of them vicious and containing a percentage of liquor large enough to intoxicate, which are barred from sale in Kansas at retail. The wholesalers who hold Federal licenses sell these patent medicines, tonics, bitters, hair dyes, lemon extracts, and the like, to their trade in Oklahoma, Colorado, New Mexico, and the West; but not in Kansas.

As for the brewery license, that is one of two things—either a license held to manufacture some decoction, or else a license held by a fly-by-night woods still that has no appreciable output and no public place of business. Mr. Fox is secretary of the United States Brewers' Association. If he will say where any such a brewery is located and if it is a real brewery, manufacturing beer, it will be put out of business within ten days after his announcement as sure as the sun shines!

Having disposed of the first four of Mr. Fox's indictments, let us take up numbers five, six, eight and eleven, as they drop conveniently under one heading and the answer to one is the answer to all.

The charges made in indictments numbers five and six are that the figures for homicides, accidental deaths and deaths from kidney diseases are not available. I submit herewith a statement made under oath—having the affidavit form before me—from Dr. S. J. Crumbine, signed officially as secretary of the State Board of Health. It may be well to explain that Doctor Crumbine is also dean of the Medical School of the State University and has been for fifteen years executive officer of the state health service. He is a ripe scholar and a public official with a known reputation among health officers all over the world. Doctor Crumbine's statement should set indictments numbers five and six aside.

Figures With a Firm Foundation

NOW as to number eight, Doctor Crumbine further states, under date of October seventh, that Mr. Fox and myself are wrong; that the annual death rate for Kansas, for 1913, as published in the very latest official bulletin, is neither 7.5, as I stated, nor 15.8, as Mr. Fox figured it—but 10.6.

This does not affect the point I made, and the death rate is so low in Kansas that the governor will urge the next legislature to establish state insurance for Kansas to save the difference in death rate to Kansas people. One of the great political parties in the state has specifically advocated this in this year's platform, and the matter is a live issue throughout the state. Indictment number eleven seems to rest on the same grounds as the refuted indictments numbers five, six and eight.

Doctor Crumbine's statement under oath is reproduced on the following page.

Now on indictment number seven I propose to let the Governor of Kansas and the president of the Kansas State Bankers' Association answer the charges made there—later in this article—and also the charges in indictments numbers nine and ten. The figures I quoted as to wealth and bank deposits were furnished by the Kansas State Banking Department, and the discrepancy Mr. Fox notes may be accounted for by the figures' being drawn off at different periods of the year. They are unimportant; but somehow I should prefer to trust the Kansas State Banking Department rather than Mr. Fox, who depends for his case against Kansas on quoting headlines that never have appeared in the Emporia Gazette.

Indictment number twelve concerns the number of college students in Kansas as compared with other American states. Those figures were compiled by the Kansas State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and were published in an official report. He has the data before him. He has no reason to misrepresent in order to perpetuate the business of the saloon; and, on the whole, I believe I shall rest my case as to educational figures on Superintendent Ross rather than on the secretary of the United States Brewers' Association.

This clears away the indictments; but Mr. Fox's charge, though demolished by the evidence, may leave in someone's mind a question as to the truth about Prohibition in Kansas. Statistics prove little fundamentally. Neither my statistics nor Mr. Fox's are at all important. Let us put the Supreme Court of Kansas—the highest judicial tribunal in the state—in the witness box. Under date of October 3, 1914, I have a

Undesirable Citizens

Lion Week

November 16th to 21st

Merchants everywhere will devote their windows to a demonstration of Lion Collars and Shirts, their high quality, exclusive styles, infinite variety, the service which they offer, and the exceptional values which the modest prices insure.

WESTPORT
THE FAVORED
Lion Collar
Oldest Brand in America

Designed for the young men who demand collar innovations with "ginger" and good taste to recommend them 2 for 25c.

Lion Shirts

$1.50 to $7.00

From one price extreme to the other, you will find in Lion Shirts better service and more value than the cost would lead you to expect.

TO THE MERCHANT [illegible]

UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO
TROY, N. Y.

statement signed by W. A. Johnston, as chief justice, and by R. A. Burch, Henry F. Mason, Clark A. Smith, Silas Porter, A. W. Benson and J. S. West as associate justices. They write:

"We have excellent opportunity to observe the operation of the prohibitory law in Kansas and are familiar with the facts. The law is well enforced throughout the state. In a few localities inhabited by a population of foreign extraction, not yet domesticated [the five wet counties mentioned in my July article], vigilance is required to circumvent the efforts of foreign brewing and distilling companies to undermine the law. But it is generally as well enforced as any other criminal law. The enforcement of the law distinctly promotes social welfare and reduces to a minimum economic waste consequent on the liquor traffic and allied evils. The saloon keeper and his comrades have been excluded from effective participation in politics."

That should hold Mr. Fox for a while; but let us have the Governor. His letter of September 30, 1914, reads:

"What has Prohibition done for Kansas? Well, for one thing, it has cleared the moral atmosphere. It has raised the intellectual standard. It has brought health and happiness to countless thousands and given Kansas the lowest death rate of any state in the Union. With only one dollar and twenty-five cents spent per capita for intoxicating liquors in Kansas, against twenty-eight dollars per capita for the same purpose in our sister state, Missouri, we are able to put the difference—twenty-six dollars and seventy-five cents—into new homes, schools, churches, and keep in our big state schools almost twice as many students as Missouri with twice our population; and our schools have made impossible the return of the brewery to this state. Colorado, with half our population, has approximately eight hundred inmates in her penitentiary, with the open saloon. Kansas, with twice Colorado's population, has but eight hundred inmates in her penitentiary. Kansas has no saloons."

Next we have with us to-night the attorney-general of Kansas. He writes under date of October 2, 1914:

"There are one hundred and five counties in Kansas, each nearly as large as Rhode Island; but in not more than five or six do we have any trouble in enforcing the prohibitory law, and in only three is the matter at all serious. In one hundred counties the prohibitory law is respected and obeyed. Where it is violated—which does happen, just as other crimes happen—prosecution follows summarily and effectively. Even in the three derelict counties the open saloon does not exist. It could not exist. An effective telephone system runs from my office to every nook and corner of Kansas; and fifteen minutes after we had learned of the existence of such a place it would be taken in charge by an officer who, whatever his private inclination, would not trifle with the attorney-general. If the whisky advocates think not, let them come to Kansas, open a saloon in any one of the clean, wholesome towns, and see what will happen and how quickly it will happen. When their tribulations are over and they return to their homes in the whisky states, whatever else they may think of Kansas they will not contend that Prohibition does not prohibit."

Mr. Fox will say these men are all politicians; they are up for election. They are truckling to the best people. All right, then, Mr. Fox; meet Mr. E. E. Mullaney, of Hill City, Kansas, president of the Kansas State Bankers' Association. Mr. Mullaney is not a politician. Bear with him a few moments. He says, under date of October 1, 1914:

"As a resident of Kansas for more than thirty years, and a banker for two-thirds of that time, I wish to say that I regard Prohibition as the best business asset Kansas has. Cities and counties where this law has been best enforced longest are the most prosperous. Prosperity and development have come simultaneously with Prohibition. This is evidenced by the fact that our per capita bank deposit is one hundred and twenty-five dollars; and our assessed-property valuation is nearly two thousand dollars, compared with an average of twelve hundred dollars in the United States. We also offer in evidence our empty jails and poorhouses."

This is from a hard-headed business man who thinks in terms of money. Let us hear from some one who thinks in terms of men. Ladies and gentlemen, shake hands with Dr. W. F. Sawhill, president of the Kansas State Medical Society. Doctor Sawhill, on October 3, 1914, said:

"I have practiced over thirty years in a city of several thousands in a farming community, and have had an opportunity to note the workings of the prohibitory law in Kansas. During that time I have seen the amount of drunkenness diminish seventy-five per cent absolutely; and diseases that we know are caused by the excessive use of liquor have diminished greatly. In my earlier days of practice here I saw young men from the country drunk every Saturday night. I have not seen one for several years, and my opportunity is the same. There is but one conclusion for any honest man who has lived in Kansas, as I have, to make—and that is, Prohibition has done more for the people of the state, morally, financially and physically, than any other one agency."

This man clearly is not the kind of man to interest Mr. Fox. Doctor Sawhill is merely president of the State Medical Society: let us have another business man, we hear Mr. Fox demanding. Good! We shall take the head of all the retail merchants of Kansas. Now comes George H. Knox, of Garden City, president of the Kansas Retailers' Association, an active group of the leading storekeepers of Kansas. He writes, on October 6, 1914:

"From my viewpoint as a retailer, the saloon is a positive detriment to all lines of business. Money spent for booze [note the short, ugly word, Mr. Fox?] is generally money that should be paid to the local merchant for the support of the family; and when it goes to the saloon there is absolutely nothing left to show for it. Our state is free from the saloon evil; our people are happy and prosperous, generally own their own homes, pay their bills, educate their children, and have money for an occasional trip. The success of the prohibitory law from a business man's standpoint is proved in Kansas beyond a doubt, and you would have to hunt the state over to find a retail merchant in favor of the open saloon in Kansas!"

Oh, yes, say the friends of Colonel John Barleycorn—of course the little business

	California	Colorado	Washington	Missouri	Registration Area	Kansas 1912
Cirrhosis of Liver	20.3	11.1	6.0	14.0	14.0	7.0
Violent deaths—Accidents and homicides	110.5	102.2	98.0	74.0	*84.6 †6.6	*56.0 †4.8
Suicides	30.1	21.7	20.7	18.0	16.2	12.2
Bright's Disease	92.1	79.9	55.0	85.2	87.5	55.4
Pneumonia	101.5	136.0	64.8	119.7	89.2	45.6

Rates per 100,000. *Accidents. †Homicides.
Table Number III, Mortality Statistics—United States Census for 1911, as taken from the Census Reports Bulletin for March, 1914, gives figures for Kansas for 1912 and 1913

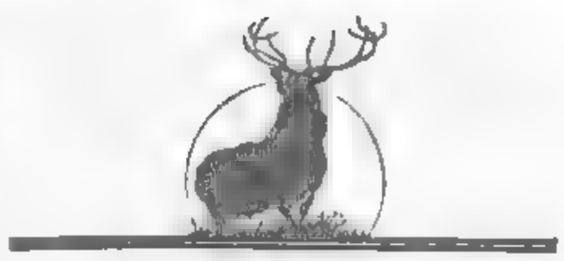
I hereby certify that the foregoing figures, to the best of my knowledge and belief, have been correctly copied from the Bureau of Census Report and Report of Vital Statistics, as stated.

S. J. Crumbine, M. D.,
Secretary Kansas State Board of Health.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the County of Shawnee, State of Kansas, this fifth day of October, 1914.

Jessie Campbell,
Notary Public.

My commission expires September 1, 1918.



"Going away?"
"Yes—a little business trip."
"What's your hurry now?"
"Going down to see about my fire insurance."
"What company you going to take it out with?"
"What *company?* I don't know. Why?"
"Just going to get some fire insurance; is that it?"
"Yes, but—"
"Just going to buy a railroad ticket also, aren't you?"
"Y-y-yes."
"Not a ticket to any particular place; just a ticket?"
"Not on your life! I know where I'm going!"
"Do you know where you are going to get your money if your home burns up?"
"From the company!"
"How do you know it can pay—when you don't even know its name?"
"Why,—"
"Look here, old man. Bill Jones was wiped out last year and when he dug out his policy he found his company had gone broke six months before. Sam Brown, after *his* fire, found his company still doing business, but he's still fighting for his money. Why not deal, as I do, with a company that pays its honest obligations cheerfully and promptly—and has the resources to do it, just as it's been doing it for a hundred and four years?"
"What company is that?"
"The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.!"
"Thanks for the tip. I'll look up the Hartford Agent."

Before you pay good money for "any old policy," sign and send in the coupon.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Conn.

COUPON—SIGN—TEAR OFF—MAIL

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company,
P11 Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Send me "Fire Insurance and Fire Prevention," your booklet suggesting ways of preventing fires.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

man is against the saloon: but what about the large commercial interest, engaged in building up the state? All right! Glad you spoke. On our right sits Mr. E. E. Frizell, president of the state organization of Commercial Clubs and the Chambers of Commerce of Kansas. And, by way of showing what a reliable man he is, who is not accidentally on his present job, let us add that Mr. Frizell has been for ten long years mayor of Larned, his home town. Hear Mr. Frizell, on October 6, 1914:

"Kansas is essentially a farm-home state. Our greatest assets are our homebuilders. I have dealt in Kansas land for thirty years. I know thousands of homeseekers come to Kansas every year chiefly because Prohibition has banished the saloon, which is the greatest enemy of the home. The absence of the saloon in Kansas has added real value to every acre of Kansas land; and I know, because I deal in land, that Prohibition is one of the substantial commercial advantages of our state."

The Supreme Court, the governor, the attorney-general, and the official heads of all the business organizations and professional organizations in Kansas, favoring Prohibition as a business proposition, certainly make something of a showing. Even Mr. Fox must admit that.

But some one will say: What about the common run of folks? Good! The common run of Kansas folks are farmer folks. Who is the official farmer to speak for the farmers? Why, the master of the State Grange. All right, then, Central; get Mr. A. P. Reardon, of McLouth, master of the Kansas State Grange, on the phone for a minute. Hear Mr. Reardon, on October 5, 1914. Observe that these dates are all within the present season—not old stories revamped. Mr. Reardon deposes and says:

"I have lived on the same farm in Jefferson County for forty-six years. When the better element of farmers were agitating the temperance question years ago, when we had breweries all over Eastern Kansas, they told us temperance would drive out the breweries, and that to drive out the breweries would make the price of corn so low we could not raise it, and that our vineyards would be ruined. I find, since the breweries have been banished from Kansas, the price of corn is gradually increasing; grapes are worth double what they were, and our vineyards are on the increase. Since the breweries have been banished the saloons have had to go, and the Kansas farmers are becoming more prosperous; the boys and girls are growing up without seeing the inside of a saloon. The farmers are building up a better citizenship, better rural schools, and are saving more money. We have enjoyed, since Kansas adopted Prohibition, better houses, better improvements, better stock, happier homes, and have more to spend for family needs."

Having heard from the farmer, let us hear from the laborer. The liquor interest tells us: "The saloon is the poor man's club." Enter John Craddock, of Weir, president of the Kansas State Federation of Labor—and a handsome man he is. Mr. Craddock speaks under date of October 6, 1914:

"The State Federation of Labor has never gone on record for or against Prohibition; but I think the law is satisfactory to the majority of laboring men in Kansas. To substantiate this statement, I will say we have always been in favor of woman suffrage, which strongly indicates that we are with the woman voters on this great moral question. I also think that a vote for resubmission would be a disgrace to the state."

And now let us close this section of the evidence as we began it—with a statement from the law. Rise up, Judge Charles E. Lobdell, president of the Kansas State Bar Association, and give your testimony. You were the county attorney who enforced the law, the member of the legislature who helped to write many of the strengthening enactments, and for ten years a trial judge in the courts that upheld the law; but it is as president of the State Bar Association, officially the leading lawyer of Kansas, that you speak. Under date of October 7, 1914, Judge Lobdell says:

"The question whether Prohibition has helped Kansas is no longer a debatable question in Kansas; for it has helped in moral and civic righteousness, better homes and general financial advantage. From ten years' experience as a trial judge, I do not hesitate to say that the rigid enforcement of this law has in every instance reduced the volume of other criminal business and, as a matter of course, has reduced court expenses. The law is now generally enforced and will be easily enforced. The few places where such is not the case are the criminal plague spots of the state. No community that has rigidly enforced the prohibitory law for five years could be induced to go back to the saloon."

Judge Lobdell is not in politics now. He practices law and runs a bank at Great Bend; but, that Mr. Fox and his friends may get a look at real politics in connection with the question of Prohibition in Kansas, it may be well to add, in closing, that this year the Democratic party in Kansas, in convention assembled, indorsed Prohibition, and demanded National Prohibition. So did the Bull Moosers, and so did the Republicans. There is no division of sentiment there.

Now there they stand; not men picked up here and there, but the official representatives of the state—the Supreme Court, the governor, the attorney-general, the official heads of every activity of the Kansas people—the doctors, the bankers, the commercial clubs, the retail merchants, the farmers, the laboring men and the lawyers. These are the strong men of Kansas. They know whether or not Prohibition has helped Kansas. Their testimony is worth carloads of statistics. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Checked by Clock

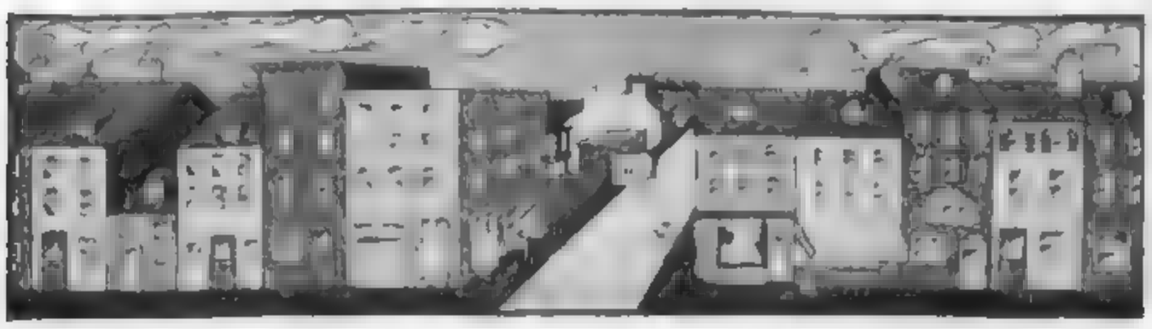
TIME clocks that do about everything but count the workmen's pay have been installed in the shops at the Panama Canal. Once a month each workman receives a card, which he must have stamped by the clock every time he enters or leaves the shops. The card is placed on the clock every day in the same slot; but the stamping mechanism moves four times a day, so that the marks for entering and leaving the shop on the afternoon of the thirty-first of the month, for instance, come on the lower right-hand corner of the back of the card, and the card is filled.

The time is marked in tenths of an hour, so that the amount of pay due at hour rates is easily computed. Ordinarily the clock stamps the cards in blue ink; but if a man enters late or leaves early the stamp mark appears in red ink, to call attention of the pay clerks to the circumstance.

Splints of Celluloid

CELLULOID splints, made by the doctor to fit a patient's arm or leg exactly, are displacing many of the old devices, such as wooden splints, steel braces and plaster-of-Paris casts, besides finding a new field as supporters for the weak muscles of patients recovering from infantile paralysis. This disease paralyzes groups of muscles, so that every possible care must be taken to prevent permanent deformities when the paralyzed muscles begin to recover.

A negative cast is taken of the arm, for instance, in plaster of Paris, and from this a positive cast is made in plaster of Paris. Then, on this cast, the celluloid splint is built up, with gauze and celluloid solution. The splints are then worn constantly, as they are light enough to give no discomfort, yet stout enough to give the necessary support.



It helps to make your dinner a success

There's no question of your soup-course being appropriate and delightfully acceptable when it is

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is readily prepared either as a plain tomato bouillon—suitable with quite an elaborate dinner, or as a rich cream-of-tomato—to accompany a more moderate repast.

Its inviting character lends itself naturally to a wide variety of menus, while its distinctive and satisfying quality wins the approval of the most critical guest.

Why not order a dozen today?

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

If the Grocer Sold It This Way

Suppose your grocer sold Puffed Grains in bowls—as they come to your table, floating in milk. Or with cream and sugar. Or mixed with fruit.

And suppose children did the buying.

Don't you know that a child—whatever you sent for—would bring home this Puffed Wheat or Rice?

None Can Resist It

You read here—in cold print—of these Puffed Grain fascinations. And we can't describe them—can't make them seem good enough.

Or you see the package at your grocery store, and it looks like other wrappings. So some of you don't get Puffed Grains, and your folks miss their delights.

But when one sees these grain bubbles—eight times normal size—she can't resist these airy, flaky morsels.

When one tastes them—thin, crisp, porous—they reveal an enticing flavor, like toasted nuts.

And when they come to one's table—in cream or milk—one wonders and regrets that the table ever lacked them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS 15¢

Please find them out. Our plea is for your enjoyment and the joy of those you serve.

There is nothing else like them. Grains were never puffed before. Never before have all the food granules been blasted by steam explosion. These are the only foods fitted for easy digestion by Prof. Anderson's process.

Get them all. See which one you like best. Serve in all the various ways. You'll be glad that we make them and glad we urged you. Get them today and see.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

VOX POPULI

(Continued from Page 7)

the only geese there were my friend and myself—and we were ganders—they stopped exhibiting geese at the Goose Fair a century or two ago. We had an opportunity of talking with the people of that section of England. The Goose Fair, as we discovered, was a street carnival, with merry-go-rounds, circuses, Ferris wheels, coconut shies, shooting galleries, side shows, and all the usual street-fair accompaniments; but there were a great many people there, and not a feathered goose.

Inasmuch as the flying pigs and the waltzing globes on the merry-go-rounds have, to some extent, lost their attractiveness, we spent our time in talking to the city folk and the country folk about the war and the effects of it. Nottingham, you know, is where the lace of that name comes from. We found that lace-making was still going on, though there had been some reduction in staffs and, it may be, in output. The coal mines were running, however, and the big tobacco factory had not laid off many hands as yet, owing probably to the ingenious argument of the tobacco dealers in England, who have put up posters which read: Smoke More and Not Less in Wartime, because the more you smoke the greater the tax revenue will be for the country!

We went on Thursday, the big day of the fair, and found that a great number of the stores were closed, with shutters up. At first thought this seemed a kindly act on the part of the store owners which enabled their employees to enjoy themselves at the fair. It was not so. On every closed store there was a printed placard saying that the store was shut as a protest against a carnival in wartime. "Holding firmly to the idea that in these times of stress a carnival is unseemly, we hereby close our respective places of business as a protest against this lack of appreciation of the difficulties which beset the Empire," the placards said.

A burly policeman, red-faced and impressive, directed us to a restaurant. "The finest bit of beef in these parts!" he said. "I know, because I've tried it." I asked him about the war. "It's a terrible business, no doubt," he said—"a terrible business; but, as I look at it, it had to come, and there can be no ending of it except by a triumph for England. Nobody in these parts wanted war, sir. War was the last thing people were thinking of. Now that it has come, there's but one thing to do, and that is to finish it right and finish the Kaiser with it. There must be an end to him—poor, crazy man that he is!"

Great Britain's Job of Work

What the policeman said epitomizes what everybody else said, including the right honorable mayor and the head waiter at the Victoria Station Hotel. The head waiter was somewhat forcible. "You understand, sir, speakin' by and large, that it is quite impossible for Britain to lose the mastery in what I may call the pendin' struggle, sir—quite! You may know, sir, that we British 'ave a 'abit of winnin', sir, if I may be so bold as to say it, sir. We expect dark days, sir, and some setbacks; but we 'ave Lord Kitchener preparin' a harmy, sir, and when we gets that harmy prepared, then it will be hover in short horder, sir. Will you 'ave a bit more Yorkshire puddin', sir?"

Wherefore I was not at all surprised to hear Mr. Haldane, the Lord High Chancellor of England, express the same sentiments when I met him at one of Mr. Strachey's Wednesday gatherings, at Number Fourteen, Queen Anne's Gate. There is a certain continuity of thought that runs through England concerning matters of this kind. It may very well be that men like those I have mentioned, and others in high places, to whom I have talked, realize rather more definitely what it all means than others without access to their superior sources of information; but there is no doubt that the basic idea in the mind of every Briton is that it is preposterous to think there can be any outcome other than a victorious one. It is a job of work that may take one year, two years or five years.

It is a job of work that will mean the sacrifice of thousands on thousands of lives; the outpouring of millions on millions of treasure; the saddening of almost every home; perhaps hunger; perhaps acute distress, loss of business; curtailment of pleasure; direct individual disaster—but then what? Nothing, save the determination to see it through, to play out the string, to take adversity calmly and success quietly—to win—to do the job!

But—and here is an amazing feature of the British mind and the British temperament—notwithstanding this calmness and determination, there is a wide, almost universal, display of credulity that goes rightfully with neither calmness nor determination. Perhaps it is because information is so meager and so indefinite; but, whether that is so or not, it has come to pass in the British Isles that there appears to be no tale too fantastic to be believed and repeated as the solemn truth by people of every class and condition.

Possibly the men in charge knew of this temperamental idiosyncrasy when they prepared their elaborate scheme for impressing on the residents the fact of the existence of war; when they set up their searchlights to sweep across London and other ports at night; when they darkened the streets, put out lights and electric signs, and all that; when they set arc lights in rows across the parks and public places, and plunged Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and other monumental buildings into impenetrable blackness at night, and made the middle of Hyde Park look like Piccadilly Circus; when they shut off the sale of liquor at eleven o'clock; and when they, on the day this was written, issued further orders darkening London after seven o'clock.

Listening to Old Wives' Tales

Possibly they realized this curious trend of the aggregate British mind. At any rate, there is no story too wild to be repeated. The great example is the story of the Russian soldiers. For weeks it was asserted by persons in every walk of life that two hundred and fifty thousand Russians had been brought to England and thence sent to France. Even now, after the story has been pronounced by the Premier as the "greatest legend of the present century"; after it has been denied officially by the Press Bureau and the government, large numbers of people in England, Ireland and Scotland firmly hold to the truth of the statement that the Russians did cross England from Archangel, and that they are now in France. Men of the learned professions and men of Whitechapel have retailed this story to me time and again.

"But," I said, "there has been an official denial. Nobody has seen a Russian soldier in either England or France. How do you account for that?"

"Ah," they say; "they are keeping it quiet for reasons of their own. You just wait and see!"

Still, the Russian story died in spots. Immediately another story grew.

"It wasn't the Russians," said the manager of one of the famous hotels in London to me. "That was a mistake." He lowered his voice. "The soldiers who came were Finns," he whispered—"Finns—sixty thousand of them! They are in France now—Finns—sixty thousand Finns!"

"But," I protested, "why don't we hear something about them in action?"

"Hush!" he continued. "Hush! I'll tell you why. All their ammunition was on the Oceanic when the Oceanic ran on a rock up north of Scotland and went down. They are holding the Finns in reserve, sixty thousand of them, until they can make them some new ammunition."

Then, too, there are stories told of sufferers from atrocities. You'll hardly meet a man in London who will not tell you confidentially of a house where a Belgian child is stopping—a Belgian child with both ears and her nose cut off!

"Have you seen this child?" you ask.

"No, I have not; but my brother knows the doctor who has attended her."

You search for the brother and the doctor and the house, and none of these is found; nor is the child. They do not exist, so far as can be ascertained by rigid investigation. The Englishmen dote on these stories, and they dote on preposterous stories about German spies. Their attitude of mind is always the same. You challenge them for proof, and they smile a superior smile and patronizingly tell you that their sources of information are impeccable, and that time will prove the truth of every contention they make.

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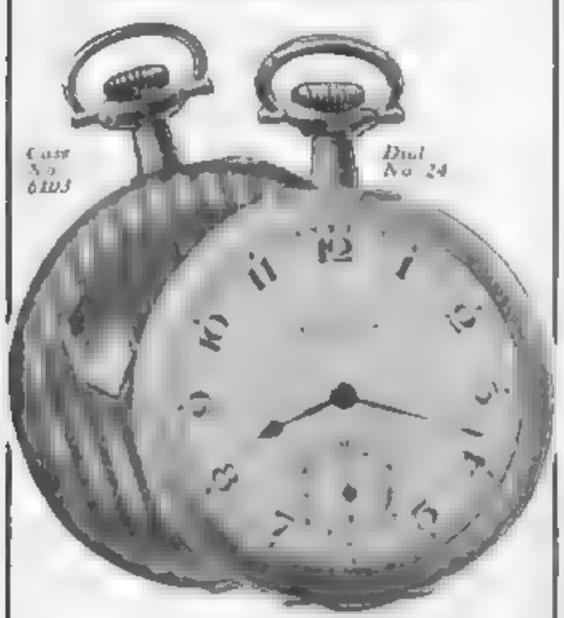

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The thing is not understandable except on the basis of a slant toward the fanciful, probably superinduced by the tremendous strain of the war and the lack of definite news, hitherto more or less concealed by the assumption of literalness. The credulity of the people is as remarkable as it is widespread. When it comes to a tale that involves the sending of reënforcements, of German disaster, of atrocity, of airships or Zeppelins, of the secret workings of spies, of anything that tends to the mysterious or the terrifying, your alleged matter-of-fact Briton becomes a child, with whom to hear is to believe, and to retail is to dilate.

Thus we have the two poles of the British view of the war. The first grasps the size of the task, and the necessity of a successful ending for it, with calm and dogged determination to push it through at whatever cost. The other listens, with wide eyes and gaping mouth, to any old wives' tales of secret happenings or German outrages—listens and believes and tells again, with added features tending to increase the mystery and the horror of them. Fantasy and phlegm are intermixed. The case of nerves is there, but is held in check, at times, by the repeated and congenital idea with which the British have deluded themselves for centuries that, as a race, they are above nerves.

Meantime in this war, as in every war, the women are bearing the heavy brunt—not only the home women, the wives and mothers and sisters and sweethearts, but the business women and the working women. The heaviest toll has been laid on the women. I know a street in London where a widow has lost two sons, where the woman living in the next house on the right has lost in active service five out of six members of her family and where the woman in the next house has lost her husband. These are not isolated instances.

The toll, especially the toll of officers, has been very heavy. And to all these mourning women, and all these women living in constant apprehension that the next death list will contain the names of some members of their own families, must be added the soldiers' wives, left with small pay on which to live, and the hundreds of women thrown out of work.

When War Steals Women's Work

So far as the working men are concerned, the situation is not so bad. The building trades, after being on strike for a long time, are now at work. The tailors are working overtime to supply clothes for the soldiers, and so are the blanket makers, and the clothmakers, and the equipment makers, and the gunmakers, and all those who furnish materials for the proper outfitting of the six hundred thousand new soldiers who are being prepared for the front. In addition to this the miners are working, and the laborers along the water front, for there is much shipping, not of the ordinary goods of commerce, but of war material. The railroads, which are in the hands of the government and conducted by a governmental commission, of which the general managers are members, are busy, and so are the foundries.

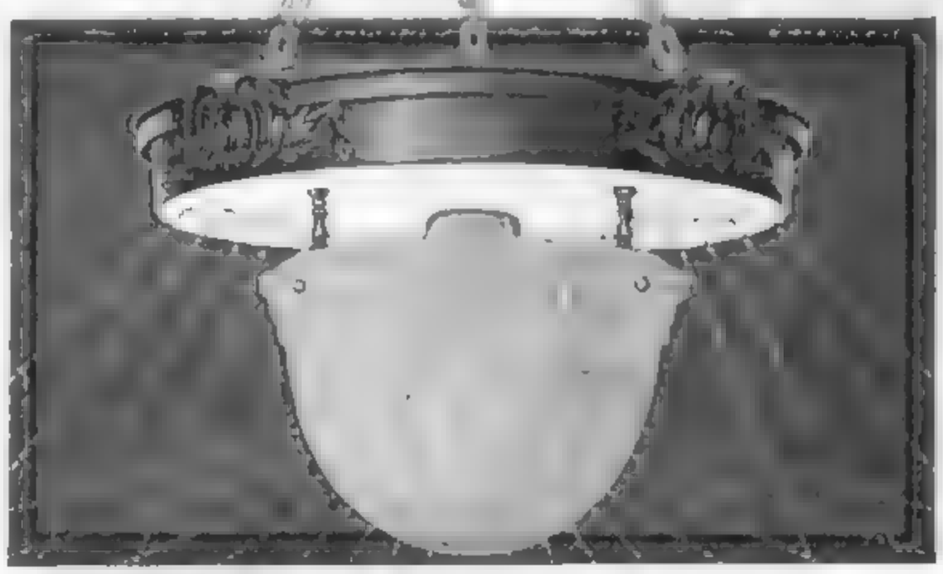
The women are feeling the brunt of it—the shopgirls and the sewing girls and the clerks, the milliners and dressmakers, and all the vast army of women who toil. The big stores are ghastly. With one or two exceptions the forces of saleswomen have been reduced to the minimum. I went into seven or eight of the big establishments on the sixth and seventh of October. There was no business. Counter after counter had no buyers. The few saleswomen left sat with folded hands, waiting for what they knew would not come—customers—and visibly depressed by the emptiness of the stores. The floorwalkers stood in little groups at the doors, straining their eyes for possible buyers.

It is the same in the little shops. Along Bond Street, in the various arcades, on the smaller streets where the specialty shops are, there is no business. In the shops where women are usually employed in large numbers only a few—one or two—remain. I had to buy some few small things. I was in half a dozen of these shops. In every place, without exception, I was the only person except the few clerks; and it was evident, from the warmth with which I was received as the possible spender of a few shillings, that no one had been in the stores before me for a long time.

The jewelry stores, the art shops, the places where luxurious fripperies for women are sold, are doing nothing. Many of the

Daylight At Night

Broad daylight in the daytime where sunlight is obstructed



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¶ Here's the nearest that any artificial lighting system has approached to giving the light of day. Soft and white, and so uniformly distributed and perfectly diffused that you do not have to shield the eyes (in this respect, it's better than sunlight).

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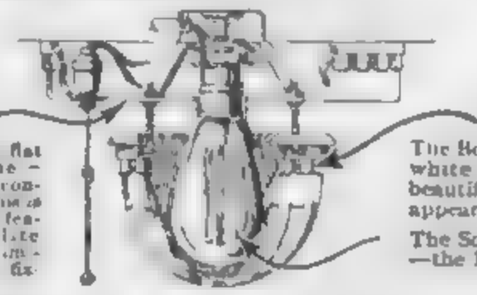
... fixture a new Principle in Lighting

¶ Note the illustration and you'll see why. Light rays from a bare lamp produce glaring illumination horizontally. The Brascolite bowl controls these rays—diffusing a portion of them downward, and reflecting the balance up to the flat plane—which in turn refracts them outward and downward. The result is uniform illumination at the working plane—without glare.

¶ So—we can guarantee you better light with minimum current consumption.


The depolished flat Reflecting Plane—not convex or concave but flat. This is a vital, patented feature of Brascolite that cannot be obtained in other fixtures.
The Bowl made of white glass—like beautiful marble in appearance
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Electric Percolator, 2 to 5 cup size. Delicious coffee in 10 minutes. *Special Christmas Price, complete $5.00.*

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Housekeeping Helps for Xmas Gifts

YOUR gift-giving problem is solved if your friends have electricity in the home.

Possibly the use of electric light has been the limit of their discovery of the practical value of electric current. Or they may know from experience that electrical household appliances are absolute necessities in the modern home.

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in either case, will be highly appreciated and will be useful every day in the year.

For the social function, for the emergency call, and for practical daily use, the Westinghouse heating devices fulfil every requirement. They have many special features to recommend them, among which are unusual economy, artistic as well as practical design, and long years of service.

Many electric vacuum cleaners and washing machines will be presented as Xmas gifts this year. It is well to know that the best of these appliances are driven by Westinghouse motors and to inquire for the name of the motor before buying the machine.

Electric Light Companies and Electric Shops are making special displays of Westinghouse Electric ware for gifts. See them before making your Xmas purchases. We have a catalog that will help. Send for it.

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Representatives all Over the World

fancy goods usually offered at this season of the year cannot be obtained, because a large quantity of them ordinarily come from Germany, and from Austria and from France and from Switzerland. War has stopped imports. You can buy antiques and objects of art at your own price. Jewels are junk, not to be looked at.

One afternoon on Bond Street I made an experiment in a jewelry store. It was one of the best in London. I went in. Three clerks were standing by the door. They welcomed me as though I were a long-lost brother.

"What," I said, "is the price of that brooch in the window?" And I pointed it out.

The three clerks assisted in the ceremony of getting the gaud from the window. They gathered round me.

"The price," said one, "is sixty pounds." He watched my face. I displayed no interest. "But," he continued, almost without pause, "I will make you a very special price, owing to wartime, of forty-eight pounds."

I remained indifferent.

"Yes," chattered the man I thought was the owner of the store, taking me by the sleeve, "a very special price of forty pounds—that is to say," he went on, almost beseechingly, "you can have it for thirty-seven pounds ten shillings." And they were almost in tears when I left the store without buying.

The Englishman began to retrench as soon as the war hit him. A Sackville Street tailor told me that, late in September, he made his usual fall trip to Manchester, Liverpool and other cities for orders, and he booked only twenty-five per cent of his usual business. That is the usual story so far as the individual trades and shops are concerned, and it is the same with bigger business. Great numbers in the city, dependent on the stock exchange and other financial institutions there, are without work and without prospects; and the restriction of this business has had a heavy effect on collateral lines. There is plenty of money in England. Make no mistake about that. The banks are gathering it; and every person who by any possible use could take advantage of the moratorium has done so.

Of course the great hope of the city is that the American Stock Exchanges will open, for England yet holds vast quantities of American securities and is extremely anxious to get good American gold for them. There are repeated reports of deferred dividends and similar depressing events. The Business as Usual sign, with which Londoners have tried to hypnotize themselves into a feeling that things are better than they seem, has not worked appreciably well.

A Navy Ready to Perform

Early in October the English papers began to carry American dispatches saying there could be a far better situation if there was a frank interchange of financial views and plans between the United States and Great Britain. That was probably true; but it is difficult to interchange frank financial views concerning a financial situation that has become almost chaotic.

Down Whitechapel way, and in other congested quarters, they are cheerful, though pinched. The real grind has not yet come. The weather has been fine and things have gone along reasonably well. Also, there is always the hope that some portion of the Prince of Wales Fund, which amounts to fifteen million dollars as this is written, may come their way. This fund was started by somebody for the Prince of Wales—who is in high favor with the people because he is in a regiment, though Lord Kitchener will not allow him to go to war—and is for the purpose of relieving military and civil distress arising from the war. Thus almost any person may hope to come within the scope of its beneficence.

After one rather pointed newspaper article had inquired as to how it was to be administered the Prince announced that he had appointed an executive committee, by the advice of the Privy Council, to handle the money. The Prince, in true princely fashion, also trusted that such funds, when applied to the relief of civil distress, would flow into productive channels; for it was repugnant to him, he said, that "assistance should be distributed only in the form of doles. What men most want is work," he continued; "and what young people need is training"—which was pretty fair for a prince who is not much more than twenty years of age.

There is one sore spot in every Englishman: he thinks it is an unwarranted outrage that the German ships do not come out and fight the British and French ships. "They are afraid to!" they all assert. The German policy of keeping their biggest ships behind the Kiel Canal and fortifications is considered nothing less than a direct lack of appreciation, by the Germans, of the fact that Britannia rules the waves. The English think the Germans should come out and let them prove this interesting theory.

"At that," said a well-informed Englishman to me, "the authorities will not let this war end, if they can help it, without something definite in the way of a naval battle. They cannot justify the billions they have spent for a navy, and taxed us for, if they go through a war with that navy doing nothing but blockading. The navy must have a fight, and the Admiralty knows it. Otherwise there will be no more funds for future naval upbuilding."

Concretely the British view and talk of this war are embodied in a fear, a fancy and a fact: They fear the forthcoming increase in taxation—and they have reason to, for they are taxed sufficiently now in all conscience; they fancy improbable things about both aid from their allies and danger from their enemies; and they hold to the fact that they must win.

Tennyson to the Rescue

Recruiting, on the day this was written, had reached six hundred thousand men. While all the leaders of the government were out appealing to the patriotism of the country and shouting "Britain needs every fit man!" Lord Kitchener calmly raised the standard for admission to the army. He knew—what the orators did not know—that there are now more men on hand than the war organization can handle. So he shut down on his part of it, but let the orators go as far as they liked.

They are going pretty far too. The German menace is most threatening, as described by these declaimers. And they have great assistance from the poets. Each day sees its new flood of poetry, but the best poem yet produced is a posthumous one by Lord Tennyson, printed early in September. The living poets do not seem to be getting anywhere. Nor do the song writers. A leading tea merchant wrote one and had pull enough to get it sung on various concert-hall stages; and the marching song continues to be Tipperary. Of the rest, the one they are trying to push forward is a lugubrious ditty entitled Your King and Country Need You! This is sung nightly in every music hall and moving-picture show, and is more of a wail than an inciter to gallant deeds of arms.

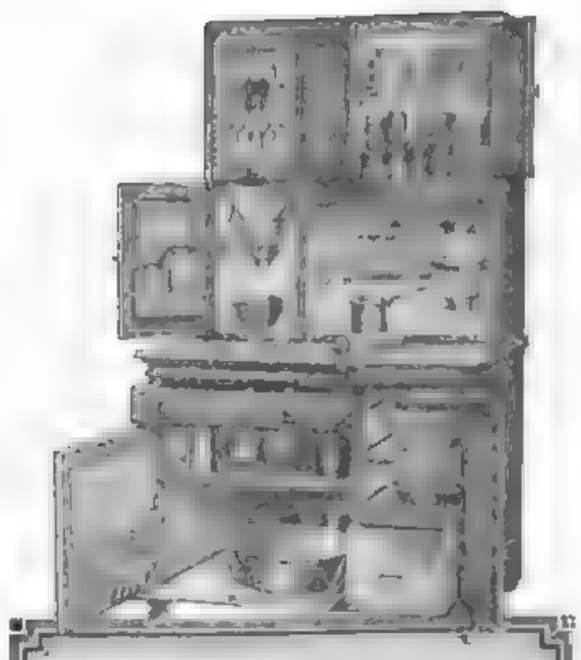
Here is the chorus, which is in slow march time, as the music says, and which the audiences are invited to chant slowly with the soloists:

Oh, we don't want to lose you, but we think
you ought to go,
For your King and country both need you so.
We shall want you and miss you; but, with
all our might and main,
We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you,
when you come back again.

In order that the proprieties may be observed the author supplies a footnote, starred on the word kiss, which says: "When used by male voices substitute the word bless for kiss."

The war has resulted in the revival of a vast Puritanism, which is observable everywhere, just as it has revived the outward show of religion. Your average Briton is now a person who inveighs against frivolities and sports as not in keeping with the stress of the nation. The professional football players felt this most severely. Football in the British Isles is the same sort of popular game that baseball is in the United States; and the professional players are held in the same esteem by the English and Irish and Scotch and Welsh as are the professional ballplayers in our own country. There are leagues or associations that play regular schedules, and the finals are attended by all the excitement the World's Series creates in the United States.

When the war broke out many of the very English who had been eager to follow and cheer the fortunes of certain clubs wrote sternly to the papers about the lack of patriotism displayed by the professionals in continuing the game and by the people in going to see the sport; and football



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Write at once and get this portfolio. It will give you a new conception of a good Kitchen Cabinet. Send today.

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languished and all but died. Newspapers virtuously called attention to the fact that they had stopped their special football editions, and both players and spectators were roundly reprobated for not enlisting.

It was the same with cricket and horse racing and all the other outdoor sports on which the Briton prides himself. Shooting and fox hunting were largely abandoned, not because there was any change in the popular mind over the excellences of those sports, but because many Britons protested that pleasure and sport must be banished, and no life but the rigorous life lived by those who remained at home.

It was so with religion. Services of intercession were and are largely attended, as are the regular church services, which had rather given ground to golf and other outdoor amusements on Sundays before the war began.

However, these are only side lights on the national ideas and the national conduct. All in all, it is but fair to say the British are facing their crisis with good spirit. They are not whining or complaining. No matter how hard hit many of them are at present, the conditions prevailing now are not a circumstance to the conditions that will come if this war lasts a year or two.

"If my business fails to pick up in the forthcoming quarter," I heard a merchant say, "I shall be ruined."

"Shall be ruined!" exclaimed a man who sat at table with him. "Why, my dear fellow, I am ruined now!"

Then they went on to talk of other things.

Paper Clothes

PAPER dishes of every kind and paper underclothing were seriously proposed, as the next advance step of sanitation among civilized peoples, by a noted hygienist before the Congress of Sanitation in England. Substitute the fire for the washtub in every possible particular of life was his demand; and, to show that such substitution was possible now in a great many details, he had obtained and he exhibited a great quantity of samples of paper goods.

He quoted the results of an investigation in England, which showed that cups, plates, bowls and other tableware, taken as samples in hotels and homes, had been found to be infected with dangerous germs, even when they were supposed to have been thoroughly washed. And he told of hospitals that have adopted the precaution of giving all the dishes an extra bath in a strong antiseptic mixture.

Accordingly he suggested that the doctors attending the congress should advocate the general use of paper tablecloths, paper napkins, paper plates, cups, saucers and bowls, and paper serving dishes; so that after each meal most of the tableware could be burned, leaving only a small number of dishes and the silverware to be boiled before they were again used. Paper linings could be used in indispensable china dishes.

The most novel of his sanitation ideas was that underclothing should be made of paper and destroyed after it has been used once. Paper underclothing is entirely practicable now, and would not be much more expensive than ordinary cotton underwear at current laundry rates, and perhaps as cheap as linen clothing.

Paper yarn is new, yet it is beginning to be heard from in many textile lines. Some kinds are almost as stout as ordinary textiles and are made to withstand laundering. For paper underclothing, however, a cheap grade of paper yarn would be satisfactory, yarn having only a small proportion of the tensile strength of cotton or linen. As each garment would be burned after it had become soiled, there would be no occasion to use yarn adapted for hard wear. At the same time it would easily be possible to make up paper yarns that would be as smooth and absorbent as cotton or linen.

Underclothes woven from such yarn would be as comfortable as could be desired. The hygienist estimated that the low cost of such a paper garment, with the complete saving of laundering costs, ought to make the use of paper clothes for one wearing not an extravagance.

Sixty Years of Knowing How

Our Evening Dress Clothes—Men's and Young Men's—are the very finest that our Sixty Years of Knowing How can produce.

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

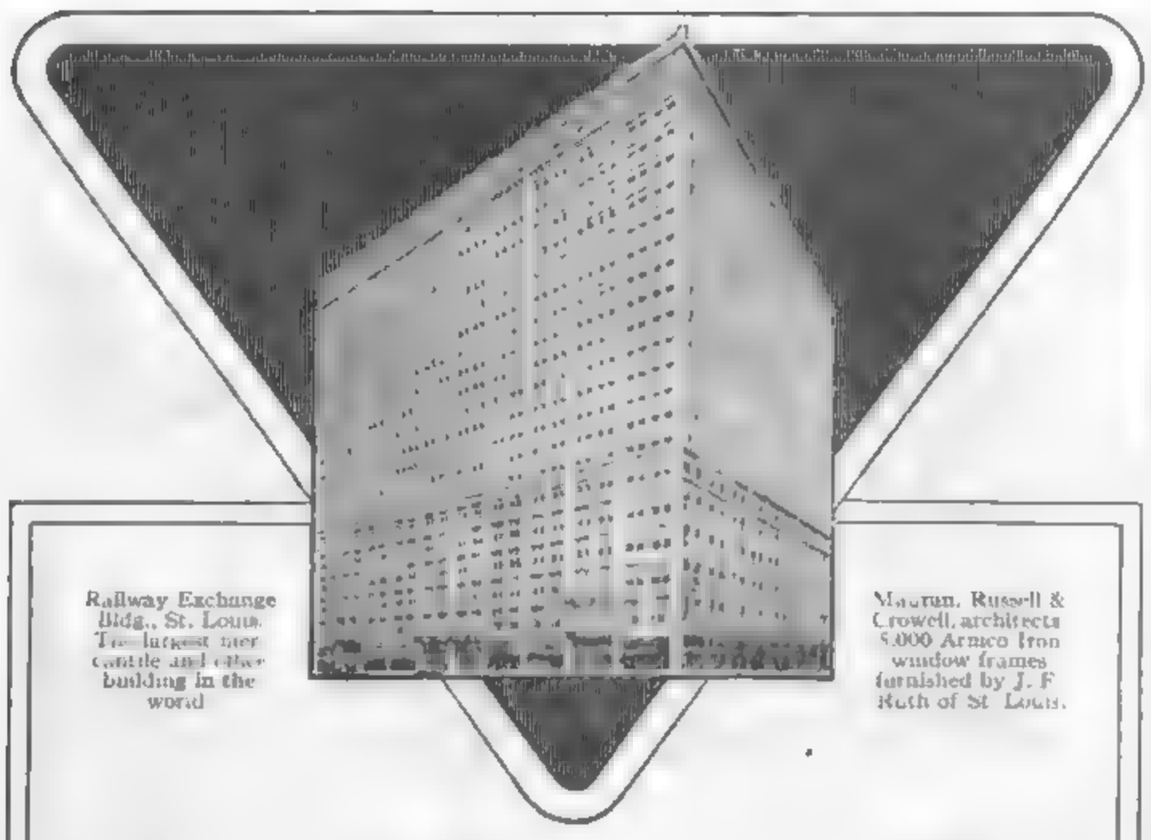
are sometimes called dear—but—when rightly estimated—they really are the cheapest.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Our Young Men's Dress Suit

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Wholesale Tailors

MAKERS OF SMART CLOTHES
READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES



Railway Exchange Bldg., St. Louis. The largest inter cattle and other building in the world

Mauran, Russell & Crowell, architects 5,000 Armco Iron window frames furnished by J. F Roth of St Louis.

These 5,000 Window Frames Were Made of Armco Pure Iron Because

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

Before placing this big order the architects made thorough investigations to prove the rust-resisting quality of Armco—American Ingot Iron. They knew that a metal that would resist rust and corrosion would cut out big upkeep costs. Armco Iron, because of its unequaled purity and evenness, was found to be that metal.

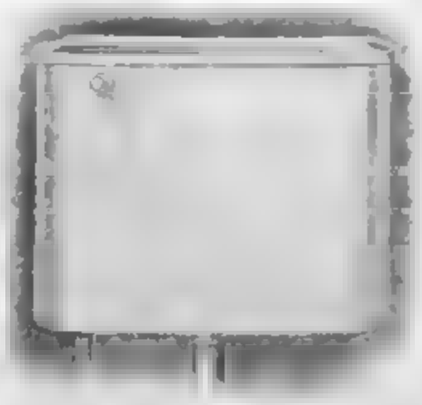
Armco Iron has stood the test of years, not only in our laboratory, but in actual use. Armco—American Ingot Iron—has withstood, far better than steel or any other iron, salt air, the fumes of brimstone and all kinds and conditions of weather.

Because of its purity, Armco Iron shows practically no dissolution when the zinc is applied in the process of galvanizing; therefore the galvanized coating is purer and will last many times longer than that on steel or ordinary iron.

Armco Iron Lath resists rust. It is being used in some of the largest buildings of the country, such as Woolworth Building in New York. Armco lath, either in the Herringbone pattern as made by The General Fireproofing Co., or the Imperial Spiral Lath and several other styles made in our factory, results in better, more lasting plaster work.

The Enameled Tank Co., of Kalamazoo, Mich., has adopted Armco Iron for enameled tanks in spite of its higher cost, because of its superior durability, welding qualities and unequaled enameling properties. This higher cost is more than balanced by the small number of tanks damaged in manufacture because of imperfect enameling. Enamel on a base of Armco Iron is free from pin holes and defects, because of the even texture of and freedom from gas bubbles in the iron. Armco Iron has already been adopted very largely by makers of refrigerators and other enameled products for the same reason.

New Use for Armco Iron



The trademark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity invested with its [illegible] and hence can be depended upon [illegible] largest degree the [illegible] for it

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THRIFT LESSONS FROM THE PRESENT WAR

Increasing Your Income by Not Wasting It

By A. C. LAUT

WHEN the tumult and the shouting die the present war is likely to be remembered as the greatest thrift lesson ever forced on a joy-riding world. Armies may march on Paris and armies retreat from Paris, and the heart of the world sicken at the spectacle of civilized man turned back to the ravening beast; but what immediately concerns the several hundred million people who are not on the firing line is a sudden scarcity of bread and butter. They have lost their jobs.

Uncle Sam, three thousand miles from the scene of conflict, thought he was secure in the neutrality of watchful waiting; and in the twinkling of an eye, with the exception of cereal and meat products, his enormous foreign trade of four billion dollars a year is thrown back on his hands. Cotton, the best and biggest crop the country has ever known, remains unsold. California citrus fruits must find a market in America or rot. The bottom has literally fallen out of the price of the apple barrel, because England and Germany were the great buyers of American apples. Apple dealers, in fact, will hardly quote foreign prices.

Exporting houses on the Atlantic have in some cases put up their shutters and closed shop. Fighters must have bread and meat, so wheat and meat shipments have gone forward in enormous quantities; but, if you want to know whether exports of manufactures are a myth or not, take a look at facts—not by and large and in general, but specifically as they touch the individual.

In a certain section of the Eastern States are some agricultural machine shops that annually export millions of dollars' worth of goods to Russia and Germany. Within a week of the declaration of war two-thirds of all hands were laid off. I had a friend go to live in that section. She needed some fine laundry work done. To her amazement the wife of the head bookkeeper in those works asked for the privilege of doing it for the winter! Yes—the farmers were commanding top prices for all they had to sell; but this woman did not happen to be the wife of a farmer.

I said "top prices for all they had to sell." There are two exceptions. Fruit, already mentioned, is one, because the foreign demand for fruit kept our market from being glutted. Milk is the other, because fewer people in town are buying milk.

When Father Loses His Job

In New York eight thousand stenographers are out of work. Round Wall Street and the exporting houses it is estimated seventy thousand man clerks have been laid off; and on the shipping front one hundred thousand men are idle. Take, for an example of the effects of war on the export trade, one widely ramified concern that manufactures a household necessity: It employs, all over the United States, eighty thousand people, and does an enormous export business to Germany, Russia and South America. South America is crippled by the war; it has no surplus money and cannot buy. Russia and Germany are cut off. That American concern was compelled to lay off ninety per cent of its men.

Or, take some other industries: Germany is one of the biggest buyers of copper, iron, nickel and armor plate in the world. I know Arizona and British Columbia and Alaska mines that were paying twelve million dollars in dividends last year on shipments to Germany; they have been closed down since a week after the declaration of war. I know shareholders in those mines, with monthly expenses of from five hundred to five thousand dollars, who have not had an income of five cents since war was declared. A professional man of note, whose office expenses ran three thousand dollars a month, told me he had been unable to collect five dollars a month since the war broke out. If that happens to the big people, what is happening to the small?

Take a look at the grown men and women who have suddenly taken to selling newspapers on the streets! A frail-looking elderly man was noticed selling papers on Winnipeg streets recently. Inquiry was made. He was a clergyman who had been a tutor. His employer could no longer afford a tutor. This was in a city of Canada. Yet Canada has taken such extraordinary steps to avert want for the winter that many poor people are likely to fare better than they ever have in their lives.

Uncle Sam feels himself so utterly detached that, with the exception of forming leagues to keep prices down, he is doing nothing. Yet it is a question whether anyone but the growers of wheat and meat will escape loss by the war. The curious feature is that the poorest are no poorer. It is the rich property owner, with heavy obligations, and the moderate-income man and woman, who are hardest hit. It may be said, Let them cut out expenses; but, as a matter of fact, when a rich property owner cuts out expenses it means dismissal of his employees and cutting out their bread and butter. He can hibernate like the bear and live on his own fat. They cannot.

Back to Grandmother's Cooking

That is where the thrift lesson of the present war comes in for the whole world. How are the millions not on the firing line, but in a battle of their own, going to weather this winter? I asked a woman who is an expert in economical nutritious food how she would meet the situation if her husband were thrown out of work, with one month's salary of one hundred dollars on hand and no prospect of work for six months.

"First," she said, "there is the question of food. We are going back to the simple economical cooking of our grandmothers.

"Did you ever walk through the city tenements in summer or drive past the farm-tenant houses in the country? What are the women doing? Sitting with idle hands, rocking and gossiping. You will not see one woman out of fifty with her hands busy over sewing, knitting or preparation of food. They buy clothes ready-made. They buy socks and mitts ready-made. They buy nearly all their food ready-made. And their men do not save one cent. Money is spent before it is earned.

"Let me show you exactly how cheaply a family can live nutritiously on homemade food. For a family of five you buy a quart of milk a day for eight cents; the cereal will cost ten cents a box and last a week—that is, the daily cost of cereal will be one and three-sevenths cents for the whole family. Divide the milk into three portions for the three meals, and it costs two and two-third cents a meal. Potatoes can be bought just now at twelve and a half cents a peck. Potatoes for one breakfast will cost half a cent. Bought bread will cost five cents for a small loaf; ten cents for a large one—big enough for a family of five. If a woman bakes her own bread that bread will cost three cents. Let me show you how this works out: Three pounds of flour make five pounds of bread. Now, a barrel of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, even at war prices, will not cost more than seven dollars and a half, or about four cents a pound—that is, twelve cents' worth of flour will make five loaves of bread—or cost, including yeast and fuel, three cents instead of ten paid at the store. Put down five cents for butter, coffee and sugar. Your breakfast of cereal, coffee, toast and fried potatoes totals, for five people, only a little over twelve cents. This is not a matter of theory. I have provided such meals hundreds of times.

"Handle a midday dinner in the same way. You have the same cost, plus soup and meat. If you buy a porterhouse steak, or a sirloin, or mock duck, that meat cost will send the price of a dinner up to a dollar; but do not buy expensive cuts. Let the housewife go to market and do her own marketing, and pick out a neck bone for soup, or a joint, or a boiling piece. A boiling piece costing forty cents will supply soup and meat for three dinners—or make

the dinner cost only thirteen cents higher than that of the breakfast.

"Nor, in hard times, do I believe in cutting down food. Unless the furnace is kept stoked up beneath the boiler there will not be any steam heat in the rooms upstairs; and unless the family stomach is stoked up there will be no courage and grit in the head. I should add a dessert always, in the hardest times.

"What do the average hard-up city tenement families do for dessert? They dash out to a delicatessen store and buy ready-made pastry or cake. Ten cents' worth of apples properly cooked with waste bread crumbs will supply a dessert for two days.

"You say people cannot eat boiling pieces at every dinner. To be sure they cannot; but on the day they buy liver or steak let them use carrots for the vegetable; and then you have both soup and meat at lower price than boiled meat. You ask me whether this is all theory—scientific cooking. Let me tell you: Hundreds of times I have served dinners of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert for four people that cost only fifteen cents each; and I defy you or anybody else to know it. At a restaurant the same meal would cost each person a dollar.

"Supper can be supplied at the same cost as breakfast; so your family of five can keep their living down to forty-eight cents for food a day—or less than fifteen dollars a month."

But how, I asked, is the hard-up family to pay for the extra gas to do this cooking?

The woman looked at me quietly. That is where this war is going to enforce thrift. When times are so hard there are multitudes of boys and girls out of a home who would gladly pay twenty dollars a month to board in the home of such a family. That would in many cases pay both rent and fuel. Is it any greater hardship than what I saw in Thirty-fourth Street yesterday? A woman who had been a forewoman in a factory was selling papers, and afraid to let her eyes wander an inch to the right or left for fear of being recognized!

Let us put our foolish pride in our pockets, resole our shoes and turn our dresses. When women like the Duchess of Sutherland roll up their sleeves and swash round in boiling soapsuds, helping in European hospitals, why should not our women—on another kind of firing line—be bucking right up to the necessities of this winter?

The trouble is, because Uncle Sam is so far from the war, he has not yet wakened to the urgency of the need that may prevail this winter. If he had, countless precautions could be taken now to provide for the necessities of the poor. These would not consist of a publicity campaign against the middleman, or a lot of sumptuary laws regulating prices and products; in fact, there never was a sumptuary law passed that did not play right into the hands of the middlemen, against producers and consumers. For instance, law has been piled on law in every state in the Union regulating the sale and grading of apples. The barrels must be of a certain size; the quality or grade must be set forth in some states.

Apples Enough for Everybody

What have been the results? Threefold results: A very much higher class product has come to the market; a price three hundred per cent higher has been paid by the consumer for the product; but, third—and please note the third—tons upon tons of apples that did not come up to the grade have been sold for cider at twenty cents a bushel or left to rot in the orchards. One year, when the West boasted that not a bushel of Western apples sold under two and a half dollars, I saw incredible quantities of apples rotting unsold in the orchards because they did not come up to first grade. Sold by the bulk, ungraded, these apples would have repaid the farmer at thirty cents a bushel, and would have saved the poor consumer the difference between ninety cents for three bushels and seven and a half dollars. The same may be said of potatoes.

More than in any other instance, however, do sumptuary laws put milk beyond the price possible for the poor. That is why sales of milk fell off on the declaration of war. No one on earth, sane and in his right mind, objects to laws guarding public health; but when to rigid cleanliness are added unnecessary requirements as to sealed and matched boarding for stables, running water, paved yards, milk of a composition requiring high-priced feeds—then, just in proportion as oppressive demands are made, do farmers go out of the milk business and the price to the consumer goes up.

We all remember the day when milk was four or five cents a quart; and the population survived, though an army of political harpies were not supported as inspectors. "Save the Babies' Lives!" has been used as a rallying cry—and milk to-day is from eight to ten cents a quart in the cities! You get it all Pasteurized and sterilized and the-cows-only-know-what, in hermetically sealed germproof jars; but the trouble is the price seals those jars to many babies altogether.

It is worth asking whether more babies died under the old system of ample cheap milk than die under the present system of scarce high-priced milk. The net results are: Farmers go out of the milk business and babies go without milk.

And so one could go on down the list of all the farmer has to sell. If the discarded produce of the farmer could be put on the city market at a discard price no household need go hungry in a war year. I know farmers who are feeding pure unskimmed milk to their hogs because it does not pay them to ship it to the city babies.

How to Live Without Income

Rent is probably going to be the most oppressive feature of war times this winter. According to endless tables of statistics, compiled all over the world, rent should represent just a sixth of income. Statistics do not state what proportion rent should bear when there is no income; but, according to economics, income should be divided into rent, food, clothes, savings, contingencies, fuel, and extras such as street-car fares. Where, in a big city, can a family of five find a decent roof for fifteen dollars—the amount allowed for food? In a big city one cannot find housing for such a figure—not from Seattle to Washington. It does not exist; so quarters at higher rent are taken and rooms are sublet.

And here again intervene more sumptuary laws, forbidding housing under this, that and the other condition. Yet all through the country—in deserted hamlets, on quiet country roads not a hundred miles from the man-stifled, room-straitened cities—are empty houses begging for tenants at four, five and six dollars a month, with free fuel in windfall. There are countless country and village homes where workers could live for their board.

Take a look at the long lines of the unemployed on Sixth Avenue, New York. Where are they going to house and hive for the winter? There are not sufficient charity funds available to meet the need. Canada has taken time by the forelock and is providing clothing and public work now. Uncle Sam is so sure he is far removed from the war that he is drifting along, with a happy optimism that it will all be over by Christmas.

There is no doubt that, when the war is over, there will be a new prosperity. Uncle Sam will manufacture for himself many things he formerly bought abroad. The hundreds of thousands of American tourists caught in Europe and stripped of all their belongings, even to the very things they carried in their hands, will undoubtedly practice that bromidic precept, "See America First"; and incidentally the three hundred million dollars annually squandered by American tourists in Europe will be spent at home. Railroads report an enormously increased travel westward since the declaration of war.

All that means future prosperity for East and West. Also the chances are that, by the time the war is over, Uncle Sam will have recaptured his own shipping. He will carry his four billion dollars of foreign commerce in his own ships, and will save the three hundred millions he annually pays European countries in gold for ocean freight. What with saving the spendings of American tourists abroad and the freight paid on American commerce abroad, this all means a tidy six hundred million dollars of new prosperity to Uncle Sam.

Better than tourist money and freight tolls saved will be the saving of armies of boys and girls, forced back to domestic life indoors and outdoors—forced by lack of work away from city joy-riding to the thrift that lives on what was aforetime waste.

Meantime the very thrift and ingenuity that must tide the out-of-work past war-time lays the surest foundation for a new prosperity. We are learning what France learned in 1871—only we shall not pay a huge indemnity. We shall put money in the bank against future want.

100 Per Cent Fine

You won't have to dodge the carving if you'll just make up your mind to have a Keen Kutter carving set. It will make the job easier and help put skill in your hand. The edge on a Keen Kutter carver stays on a long time, and it goes *through*. Yes, sir!

KEEN KUTTER
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are made with infinite pains from the finest of materials, by men who have gained rare skill through long experience. That's why they stand first in uncounted thousands of homes where nothing but first quality cutlery will do.

You ought to know Keen Kutter quality in *your* home. You ought to have this dependable table cutlery. Remember this, please: if you say, after you use it, that it isn't all we say, if it doesn't prove satisfactory, the dealer is authorized to return the money.

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St. Louis New York Philadelphia
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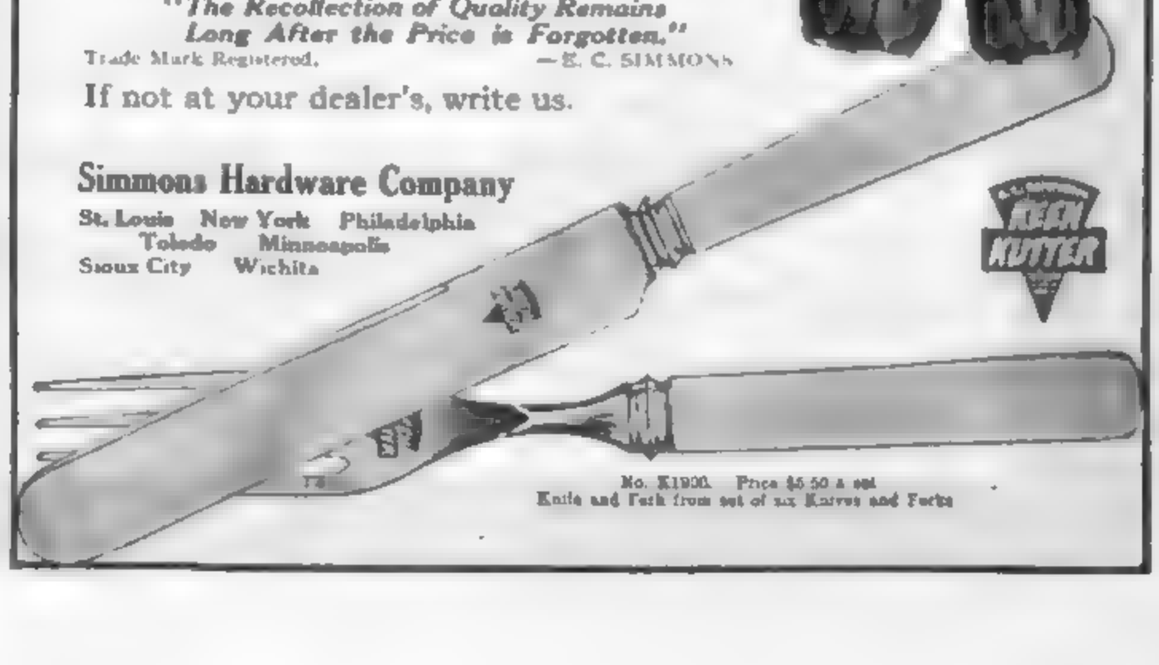
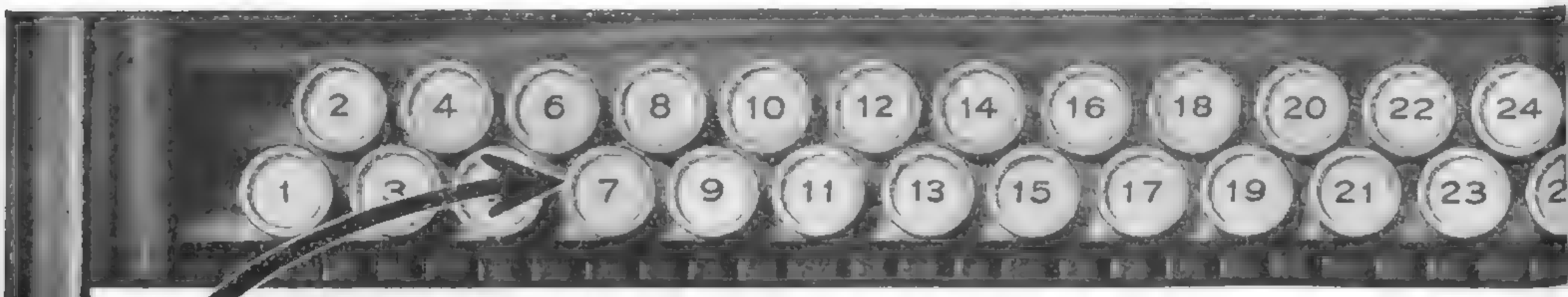
No. K1122. Price $3.00 a set. Carving Knife and Fork from set of Knife, Fork and Steel



No. K1900. Price $5.50 a set
Knife and Fork from set of six Knives and Forks



The new "Leader" C with an outfit of 2

New features
New price
New terms

Push the button — out comes the record

REFINEMENT in mechanical details and refinement in general design distinguish the "Leader." Nothing that could possibly add to its right to the place of honor in your home is missing. If you can figure out any way to secure more genuine, wholesome pleasure for the whole family, for so little money, all right. But if you have been waiting for the opportunity to buy a good instrument *sometime* at *your* price and on *your* terms, see your Columbia dealer now. Have him help you select your records. Make your first payment and open your home to "all the music of all the world."

Every Columbia dealer can show you larger and more expensively finished Columbia models at higher prices.

Columbia Grafonola

23 records for $100

This model without records $85.

At the Rate of $10 a Month

(and a fractional first payment) you obtain immediate possession of this incomparable musical instrument with a full record outfit of 46 selections (23 double-disc sixty-five-cent records or records at any other price up to $15 worth). We have arranged with our 8500 dealers, so that for just $100 you may own a complete, *more* than up-to-date, upright, cabineted Grafonola with a liberal equipment of double-disc records—instead of the $200 you may have had in mind as the price you would have had to pay for such an instrument *without* any records.

One Week's Use to Prove Satisfaction

Our guaranty covers this *offer* as well as the instrument itself. If you find the "Leader" not up to our claims for it—*or even not up to your expectations*—return it within one week and whatever money you have deposited as your first payment will be refunded.

Specifications

This "Leader" Columbia Grafonola embodies every one of the exclusive Columbia features found in no other make of "talking machine"—and several wholly new improvements for 1915.

Exclusive Columbia Features embodied in the "Leader"

Tone—full, round, clear, natural.

Tone Control—by means of the "tone-control" leaves which have taken the place of the old double-little-door idea.

Motor—Unit construction, mounted on metal plate. Three spring drive, non-varying, non-vibrant. One winding plays 4 records. Speed regulator operated on graduated dial combined with start and stop device.

Reproducer—New Columbia No. 6.

Tone-arm—New bayonet-joint tone-arm of one piece seamless drawn tapered tubing.

Tone-chamber—one continuous uninterrupted and insulated passage from diaphragm all the way out.

Exclusive Added Features for 1915 embodied in the "Leader"

Individual Record Ejector—Pressing the serially numbered push-button brings the record wanted forward far enough to be easily taken out, but without risk of falling

Plush-Lined Record Racks—The protective plush ribs hold the records snugly and dust proof, and act as a record cleaner by softly brushing the record surface when removing and replacing.

1915 Design—More distinctive and graceful than ever. Cabinet is 42 inches high, 19 inches wide and 21 inches deep. Your option of hand polished mahogany, quartered golden oak or satin walnut.

Columbia Graphophone Company

Box 478 Woolworth Building
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Prices in Canada Plus Duty

Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented.

Write for particulars.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

The only safety razor that gives a new sharp edge without changing the blade

It strops itself

Remember this—it is just as true of any safety razor as it is of the blade your Grandfather used:

You've Got to Strop Your Razor to Get a Perfect Shave

A razor that hasn't been freshly stropped isn't fit to put on your face.

Give your AutoStrop Safety Razor half a dozen licks on the strop. You don't have to remove the blade from the holder. It strops itself—and you'll appreciate what a perfect shave means.

If your beard is wiry, strop your razor during the shave, just as the head barber does when he gives you a cool, velvety shave.

—and consider the economy. You don't have to buy a package of new blades every month or so.

Write for Booklet

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company

345 Fifth Avenue, New York Toronto London

THE FAKE BROKER

(Concluded from Page 8)

One bright broker in New York could see no reason why he should divide fees with anyone; so he organized his own redemption company, with himself as treasurer and his stenographer as secretary. And he even did some business, though it is understood that he has since abandoned this plan.

A broker generally takes care of his clients and cleans up without resorting to the use of European concerns, which always means greatly lessened earnings for each of the conspirators. He does this by having a confederate pose as an investor and find such faults with the enterprise as will cause the broker to declare that the whole matter has been misrepresented to him; and consequently he "cannot see his way clear to jeopardize the reputation of his house by continuing as fiscal agent."

Realizing on Good Prospects

Oftentimes the prospect seems so easy that the broker feels it would be a waste of opportunity to divide what money his client has in his pockets with any guaranty concern; so a plan is used whereby all the money paid by the client comes to the broker. This is termed the circularization plan.

Voluminous lists of names are shown the prospect as being those of possible investors. In some cases they are exploited as being regular customers who have bought thousands of dollars' worth of securities from this particular broker.

It is necessary that the enterprise in question be laid before these investors by means of attractive literature including, of course, a properly written and attractively printed prospectus. The broker estimates that having the prospectus written by an "eminent financial writer," including the preparation and cost of postage, will require a certain stated amount, which, when paid, is turned into as much profit as possible.

A prospectus is hurriedly dictated in the broker's office; but it may never be printed, the excuse given being that it was deemed best to have it typewritten, though it cost the broker more. An old and many times used post-office receipt for postage is brought to light and the date changed.

In order to increase the air of legitimacy further, friends or confederates of the broker write to the client, ostensibly for more data than the prospectus gives; so that the client has absolute proof from these inquiries that the circularization is being carried on and is bringing forth fruit.

This long-looked-for and anxiously awaited fruit never seems to ripen and drop, however. The client after a while gets tired of waiting and looks for another broker; and the broker is ready for another sucker.

In order to increase the feeling of confidence in the mind of the prospect, and to make him understand the great interest the broker has taken in his project, oftentimes the broker agrees to advance a portion of the expense money if the client will supply the balance, the broker to be recompensed when the securities are sold.

This practice was carried out so elaborately, in a case where the guaranty fee was three thousand dollars, that the broker and his client visited the guaranty company with two thousand dollars of the client's money and one thousand dollars belonging to the broker. The contract was made and the broker and the victim departed. On reaching the street the broker found an excuse for returning to the office of the company, where he hurriedly received the return of his one thousand dollars and also got half of the two thousand dollars the victim had paid over.

The habits and methods of fake stock and bond salesmen have been exposed before, but a new plan now being used successfully is worthy of mention. By this plan the salesman brings in signed subscriptions for a few thousand dollars' worth of the stock, to be paid for at some future time or when some specified amount of capital has been raised, and demands his commission of, say, ten per cent thereon.

The victim, of course, refuses to pay it, on the ground that he has not received any money. This argument is met by the flat statement that if the salesman does not receive his commission he will advise his customers to withdraw their subscriptions; and the further fact that the commission is due when the sale is made and accepted by the principal, whether the stock is ever actually paid for or not, is forcibly presented to him.

Fear of a lawsuit—and, even more, of the loss of the subscriptions—generally causes the victim to pay the salesman at least a goodly percentage of this alleged commission. When he tries to deliver the stock sold and collect therefor, he actually finds the subscribers, but is informed that they have changed their minds, or for some reason have decided to do nothing further in the matter. So he has been victimized to the amount of the commissions paid.

To be successful in a game of this kind, it must be granted, a quality of brain and an ability far above the average are required. To converse intelligently regarding a different sort of project each hour of the day, and to show sufficient knowledge of it to make the other man think you have special knowledge of enterprises similar to his, require study and wide reading.

To be able to decide whether it is worth while to spend the necessary time to try to lead a victim to the end requires an ability to judge human nature that is secured only after long contact with and study of mankind. No average man can successfully conduct a scheme of this kind and remain out of jail; for in all his conversations he has to be careful not to go too far in his statements, and yet he must be emphatic and promise enough to induce his victim to part with his money.

Sometimes a promoter who has taken his share of the public's money falls a victim to these brokers. For instance, there came some time ago to a large Eastern city a man who was looking for some one to sell stock in a water-power company he had organized in a Western state.

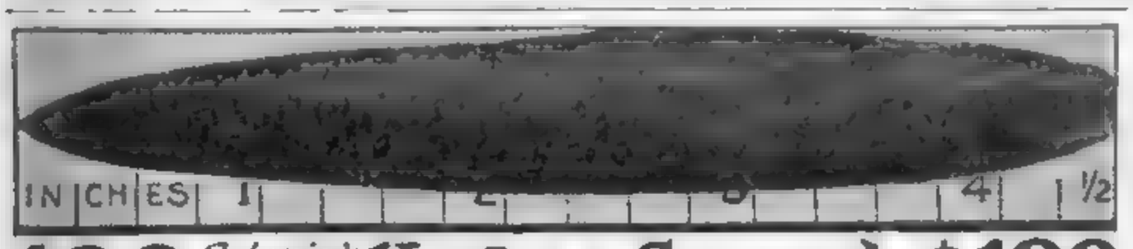
Selling and Getting Sold

This promoter had organized the company with a lot of dummy directors, and so had no trouble in purchasing from it three hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stock, par value, for ten cents on the dollar, giving his demand note in payment therefor. By his own efforts he had sold this stock to an amount equal to two hundred and ten thousand dollars, par value, getting for it an average of about twenty cents a share. Then, in an unfortunate moment, he met a broker, who "sold," after being guaranteed, the balance to a large London financial house.

After the promoter had paid all fees, the expenses of a trip to Europe for the broker and himself—for he was going to know with whom he was dealing, being too experienced to be taken in—and the examiner's fees and expenses from London to California, he found that he had parted with something over sixteen thousand dollars; but he could not enter a complaint, for his own hands were too badly soiled.

When the seeker after capital finds a supposed financial house that will agree to endeavor to raise money for him, or secure underwritings, with no more knowledge of his enterprise than what he tells them himself, he had better lose his check book and have some one else carry his carfare. No legitimate house is going to give any time to any project that will not stand examination, and particularly examination before the securities are sold—not afterward.

What real chance has the average honest man in the hands of a crowd so able and willing to take his money as these here described? The answer is—he has none.



100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90

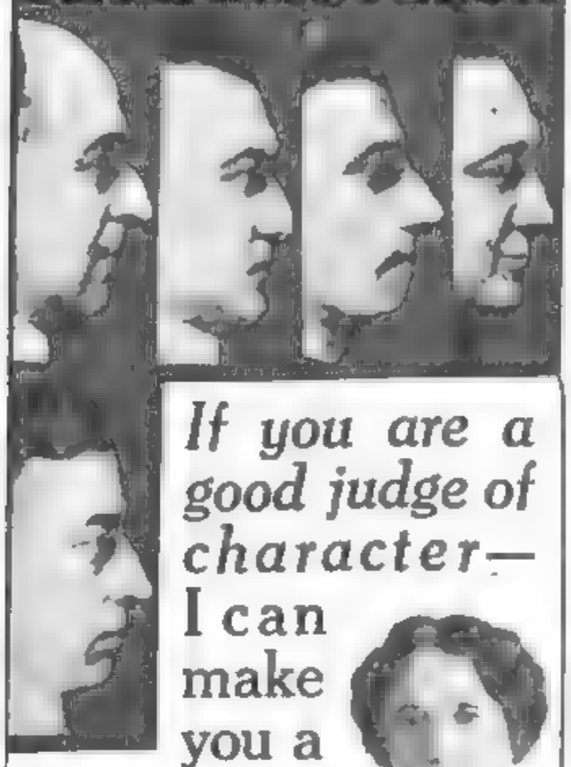
FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU BY EX. OR PARCEL POST

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our high-priced cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them Diamonds in the Rough. All 4½ inches long, some even longer. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. Money cheerfully refunded if you don't receive at least double value. Mention strength when ordering. Our references, Dun or Bradstreet's or any Bank

EDWIN CIGAR CO., INC., Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World

DEPT. NO. 1, 233B-235B THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK

Learn How to Read these Faces



If you are a good judge of character—

I can make you a better one

IN spite of your ability to judge men you have made many a mistake during the past year. These mistakes were costly, maybe. You could have avoided them. You will avoid them in the future if you learn from me the accurate

Science of Character Analysis

(Taught by Mail by Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford)

I HAVE saved large firms thousands of dollars in selecting men. I have trained assistants who are now earning large salaries as employment experts. For years letters by the thousands have come in demanding instruction.

At last the Review of Reviews Company suggested that I put the science in such form that you could study it by mail

I have put this Science through a most rigid test by analyzing over 100,000 people.

I do not teach you to measure a man's head, or employ any other method than that of looking at him. You do not ask him questions or in any way make known that you are gaining information about him.

There is no dictatorial laying down of rules, telling you that a wrinkled brow means concentration, full lips sensuousness, etc. You are taught *principles* and their application in such a way that you will not forget them.

The judging of people is not a gift, or a special talent of my own; it is a science based on facts that you can learn and apply with just as much success as I can

What You Learn from the Course

How to judge all people.
How to understand yourself, and what you are best fitted to do.
How to understand your customer.
How to judge the aptitudes of your children.
How to have social ease.
How to read the secrets that men reveal in eyes and face and hand.

I can teach you to judge your jury, your congregation, your employer, your employee, your guests, the people you meet casually, and the man, who, as your partner, may make a success or a failure of your business ventures.

Only a limited number of students can be taken. Send coupon for whole story FREE before the rolls are filled up.

INQUIRY BLANK

S. E. P.
11-14-14 **KATHERINE M. H. BLACKFORD**
Review of Reviews Company
30 Irving Place **New York**

Please send me full information regarding your Science of Character Analysis. The object for which I wish information is checked below

Put an X against the one of greatest interest to you

	To employ help.
	To select my own vocation.
	To decide my children's future.
	To help me socially.
	To sell goods.

Name

Address

PUNITIVES VERSUS PRIMITIVES

Continued from Page 15)

soldiers had three separate times hoisted white flags in token of submission and then had fired at close range on the German troops advancing to accept their surrender. Also, he went on, English soldiers, in trenches the Germans were about to take, smeared their faces with blood from dead companions and, counterfeiting death, lay quiet until the Germans had charged past them; then rose and fired into the backs of the Germans. Listen to him further:

"So now," he said, "our men are under orders to disregard the white flag unless the English come out into the open and throw down their guns and throw up their hands. Likewise we kill without mercy any uninjured man who is found behind an earthwork, pretending to be dead. We take no more chances with such treacherous scoundrels.

"Ah, but you should see our Bavarians going for them at close quarters! When the order is given to charge with fixed bayonets, each man pulls out a big knife and clamps it between his teeth. When he gets among the enemy he takes his rifle in both hands, holding it crosswise—so!—and, lifting it above his head, he brings it down with all his might on the other fellow's bayonet and beats it to the earth. Then he takes him by the throat and uses his knife—so!"

As I said before, in this war you can hear almost anything you have a mind to hear.

I am just as little inclined to believe the statement made by a wounded officer to a man who, in turn, told it to me. The first speaker said that, as he lay on the field at night, after being shot through the breast, he saw a French peasant robbing the bodies of the dead. According to this officer the ghoul cut off the swollen fingers of corpses for the sake of the rings on them, and hacked off the hand of a dead captain to get a gold bracelet which was chained fast about the stiffened wrist—most married men in Germany wear gold wedding rings, you know, and many of the unmarried men wear gold engagement bracelets, as women do in America.

The Story of the Doctor of Aix

The narrator wound up his ghastly story with a crowning touch of horror. From sheer deviltry, he said, the robber stuck his knife into the legs of a German who was still conscious, though helpless, and then sliced off a strip of his flesh bodily.

The day after I heard this I was told that the decapitated body of a German officer had just been brought from Belgium. It was believed he had been beheaded by assassins who found him wounded. I investigated straightway. True enough, the dead man had been found; but the facts robbed the tragedy of some of its more awful aspects. It developed that, as he drove in an automobile through the country at high speed in the night, a dangling strand of telegraph wire caught the poor devil across the throat and almost severed his neck.

It was significant of the state of mind into which war puts an ordinarily peaceful community that this thing created no more than a passing interest among the people. They spoke of it for a moment, shrugged their shoulders and then talked of something else. Where men are being slaughtered daily by the thousand the death of one man, even under circumstances so unusual and so horrifying, becomes of no consequence. There is one more name to be added to the sickening total—that's all!

I made a tour of half a dozen hospitals, seeking for victims of alleged atrocities. At the largest hospital of all I interviewed Doctor Lieven, a distinguished specialist of Aix, now enrolled in the service as a chief surgeon. He offered proof that on as early a date as September eighth an automobile flying the Red Cross flag and bearing nurses and physicians had been shot into by civilians in the town of Herve, directly across the frontier. A nurse was slightly wounded; the driver of the car came back with two bullet holes in his cap. But he could produce no men whose eyes had been gouged out.

"I believe these things have happened," he said. "I also believe that the number of such cases has been greatly exaggerated. You will understand, however, that when a man who has already been wounded is so

It's the brains of a Burroughs you buy

¶ Don't think of a Burroughs as a machine. No one wants a machine if he can get along as well without it. But every business needs Burroughs—the Brain. The machine itself is just a lot of wheels and levers. The Brain is a trained servant which renders profitable service every day and hour. Burroughs, the Brain, gives the bookkeeper's brain a real chance to work. It carries the burden of your figure work—more accurately than human brains—in a fraction of the time—and practically for nothing.

¶ We have trained a Burroughs Brain to do your kind of work. There are many different kinds of Burroughs, each especially adapted to a particular business need—of smallest merchant or biggest manufacturer. Let us study your business. We will recommend a Burroughs which will take hold of your work with the specialized intelligence of a highly trained clerk. This preliminary study of your needs is an important phase of Burroughs Service. We prove what a Burroughs Adding Machine will do before we try to sell you.

¶ We have a department of System Service which helps you work out better business methods. Thousands of business men are using this service.

¶ Our Invention Service Department keeps 97 men at work studying how to make the Burroughs more useful and less expensive. This department has succeeded in building into even our $175 machine several times the utility we were able at first to give in a $475 machine.

¶ And after you have purchased the right machine, Burroughs Service continues. There is a Burroughs Service Station within a few minutes' or an hour's reach of nearly every owner. If you damage a machine, we fix it immediately. We clean and oil every Burroughs for a year free.

¶ And back of these Service activities is a great factory and organization, which, in a sense, is an active partner to Business the world over. The Burroughs is but a machine—Burroughs Service is a big force you need in your business. Tell us just what are your business problems—leaks—dangers—and we will come back with practical ideas gleaned from hundreds in your own business.

¶ Will you talk this over with a Burroughs man?

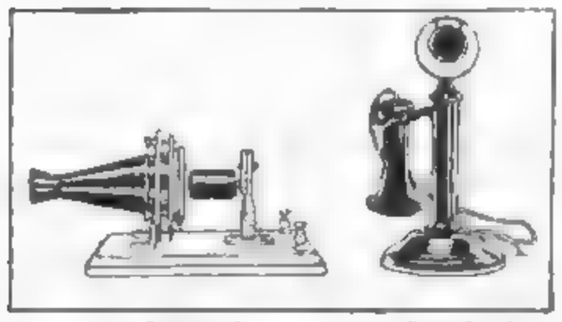
Burroughs Adding Machine Company
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
European Office, 76 Cannon St., London, E.C., Eng

Makers of adding and listing ultra thin bookkeeping machines listing and non-listing adding and calculating machines printing adding and calculating machines Sensitive models in 30 countries Duplicate Nature
$350 to $950 in U. S. Easy payments if desired

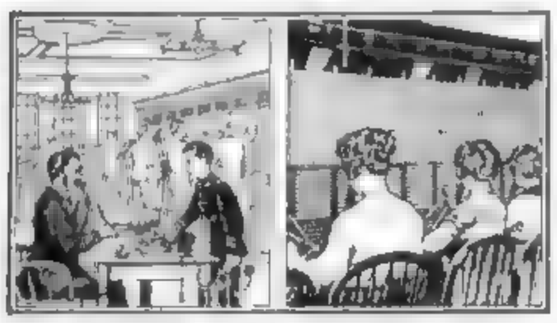
Burroughs Service

How the Public Profits By Telephone Improvements

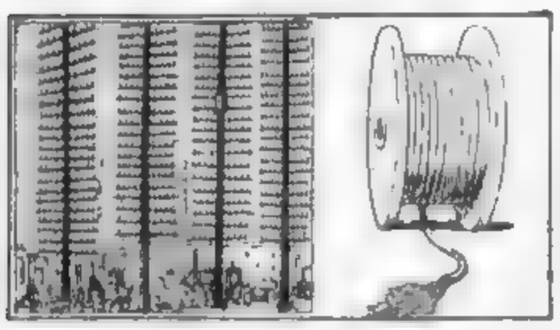
Here is a big fact in the telephone progress of this country:



Original Bell Telephone 1876 — Standard Bell Telephone To-day



Early Telephone Exchange — Typical Present-day Exchange



If City Wires Were Carried Overhead — 800 in Underground Cable

Hand in hand with inventions and developments which have improved the service many fold have come operating economies that have greatly cut its cost.

To appreciate these betterments and their resulting economies, consider a few examples:

Your present telephone instrument had seventy-two ancestors; it is better and cheaper than any of them.

Time was when a switchboard required a roomful of boys to handle the calls of a few hundred subscribers. Today, two or three girls will serve a greater number without confusion and very much more promptly.

A three-inch underground cable now carries as many as eight hundred wires. If strung in the old way, these would require four sets of poles, each with twenty cross arms—a congestion utterly prohibitive in city streets.

These are some of the familiar improvements. They have saved tens of millions of dollars.

But those which have had the most radical effect, resulting in the largest economies and putting the telephone within everyone's reach, are too technical to describe here. And their value can no more be estimated than can the value of the invention of the automobile.

This progress in economy, as well as in service, has given the United States the Bell System with about ten times as many telephones, proportionate to the population, as in all Europe.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

The Largest Club in America

卐 卐 卐 卐 卐 卐 卐

Comparatively few people know that the largest club in America is composed exclusively of girls. There are no dues and no entrance fee, and the only qualification for membership is a desire to make money.

In the ten years of its existence its members have earned almost three quarters of a million dollars through their membership alone. This year they earned $90,000. Most of these girls never earned a cent until they joined the club, the doings of which are chronicled each month in a department devoted to its interests in *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

And now, at the commencement of its eleventh year of existence, the scope of the organization has been enlarged so that every member may earn a regular monthly salary. Membership is open to any girl who wants to earn money. Just as many as have that desire will be included. Any girl may learn all about the organization and its benefits by addressing

THE GIRLS' CLUB

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

mutilated he is very apt to die on the spot. They do not bring him to a hospital. They give him burial. I have at present in this hospital but one patient who tells of mistreatment at the hands of a Belgian."

With that he called in a white, wasted lad of nineteen who carried his shattered right arm in a sling. The youth said his name was Wolfgang Koechler; that he was the son of a university professor at Magdeburg; and that on August fifth his company of the Seventy-fourth Infantry Regiment of Hanover, in which he was an ensign, went into action at Liège and was almost wiped out in the crossfire from two fortresses. With fourteen others, all badly wounded, he was captured and taken to a hospital in the city.

"The next day," he said, "the wife of the surgeon in charge of the hospital came into the room where we were lying and told us that if her brother, who was serving in the Belgian army, should be killed or injured she would poison all of us. We believed what she said, and we were so terrified by her threats that we feared to eat the food given us or to drink any water except that which we saw drawn from a tap in the room. I was almost dead from starvation when our soldiers captured the hospital, put us in automobiles and brought us here."

In all fairness I must say that this young Wolfgang Koechler was the only German soldier I found in Aix who could actually claim to have undergone hard usage in Belgian hands.

However, as I said at the beginning of this article, and as I say again at the finish of it, this war has taught me one thing, at least—to believe only what I see with my own eyes and to doubt most of what I hear from others. Certainly I have seen enough of horror and waste to sicken any normal-minded human creature with war, and to cure him forever of any delusion that war is a glorious thing, no matter in what cause it is waged.

Invisible Windows

GLARING reflections on the glass of a store window often make it difficult for passers-by to see the display inside the window; but a New York store has succeeded in applying the scientific principles of optics to the problem, so that its show window is no longer an exasperating mirror.

This store had a particularly useless window on a high-priced frontage. Anyone who took the trouble to stop in front of the glass and get the proper angle to avoid reflections, or to place his nose close to the glass, could see the window display; but show windows are designed to attract and hold the passing glances of people walking hurriedly by or riding past in an automobile, or even walking on the opposite side of the street—and to them it was nothing but a store front. There were many causes for the reflections in this particular window, one of the worst being a light-colored and so light-reflecting high building across the street.

Now the window is so free from glare and reflections that it instantly attracts attention; for, except on close examination, there does not appear to be any glass at all—simply a show window open to the air. The eyes of people passing are so accustomed to more or less reflection from show windows that they are caught by the complete absence of reflection, as a contrast. Every one almost instantly notices missing plate glass on the morning after a windstorm has blown in a show window.

The remedy for this window had to be worked out to suit the particular location, though the general principles apply to most cases. A curved plate-glass window was substituted for the ordinary flat glass—curved in such a way that the worst light reflections of that location would not reflect to the eye-level of pedestrians. This glass was placed in the show-window space some distance back, thus avoiding most of the reflections from up and down the street.

The window-space—floor, walls and ceiling—between the glass and the front of the building was painted a dull black. Black does not reflect light, but absorbs it. Thus any light falling just in front of the window would not reflect from the glass to the eye-level on the sidewalk. With ordinary show windows light from the sidewalk reflected from the glass often causes trouble.

The new window has been found to be safe from accidental damage, both because of its strength, due to its curve, and because it is far enough back from the sidewalk to be out of the way of most dangers.

Beasts of Prey

Is a cruel, lurking, murdering beast any less a beast because it is human? If your business takes you into bad or lonely neighborhoods, there is but one way to guard against the possibility of a crushed skull and a broken body—keep your distance and cow others into keeping theirs. You can get authority, from proper officials, to carry when you need it, an

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

At the crisis the Iver Johnson is instantly ready—nothing to adjust, or forget—it gets off the first shot.

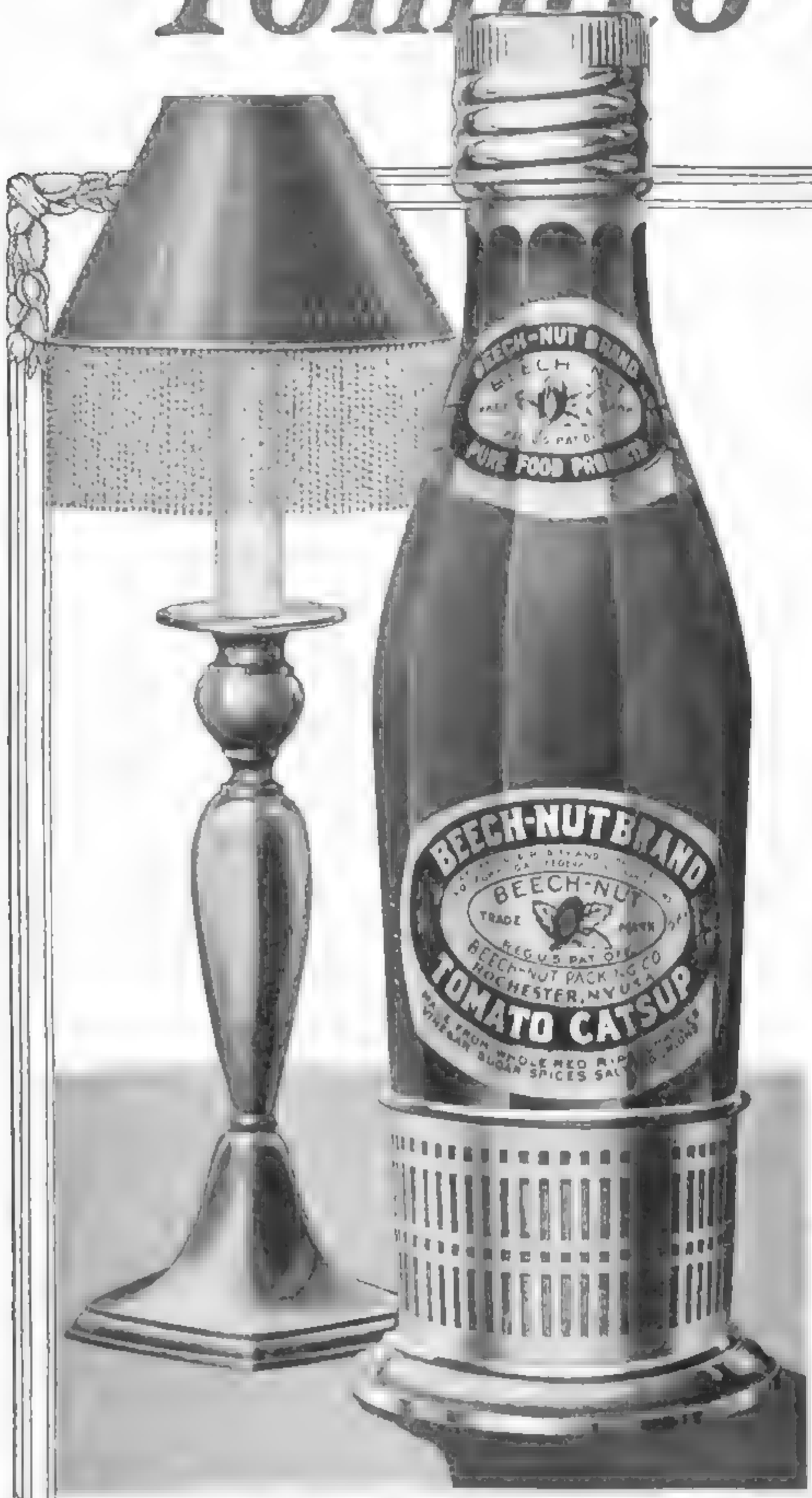
But, above all, it is *safe*. A blow on the pocket won't discharge it—you can drop it, throw it against a wall, do anything except the one thing necessary to fire it—a long pull on the trigger. You can Hammer the Hammer. It is equipped throughout with permanent tension, unbreakable wire springs.

$6—at Hardware or Sporting Goods Stores

Send for this 82-page Book, which tells all about Revolvers, Iver Johnson Champion Shotguns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York. 717 Market St., San Francisco

Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup



Charles Dudley Warner said: *"It takes more Brains to run a Grocery Store than to govern an island"*

YOUR Grocer knows a great deal about Catsup. In fact, your Grocer today is a food authority. If only he had time to tell each customer what he really thinks and knows about quality!

He does take time every day to tell what he knows to *some* customers—and it is not always his big charge customers either, or his automobile trade. He tells the *careful* buyers. Folks who are *interested*. No use talking to people who don't care.

Your Grocer knows why we began to make Catsup. And how, under Beech-Nut auspices, Catsup became a *delicacy*.

He knows that as a basis we began in the usual way. We bought tomatoes in the market: shipped them to the factory: made them into pulp, from which we made Catsup. We made good Catsup. But we did not stop there.

Your Grocer knows that we found just this: producing an entirely different and better Catsup in quality and flavor is simply the original Beech-Nut lesson over again—*care, patience and delicacy of treatment.*

We built a model plant in the heart of the finest tomato country in America. We get the tomatoes at their prime; take them *fresh from the vine.*

We do not use long-hauled tomatoes. We do not put down pulp. We do not re-cook our materials. Every step from selection of tomatoes to bottling is the untiring Beech-Nut process, the quest for taste and flavor; *making a thing good to eat.*

Your Grocer knows that the full-size bottle of this delicious Beech-Nut Catsup costs you no more than ordinary commercial Catsup. A bottle is 25 cents. There is more *real* Catsup in the bottle—more concentration, *less water!*

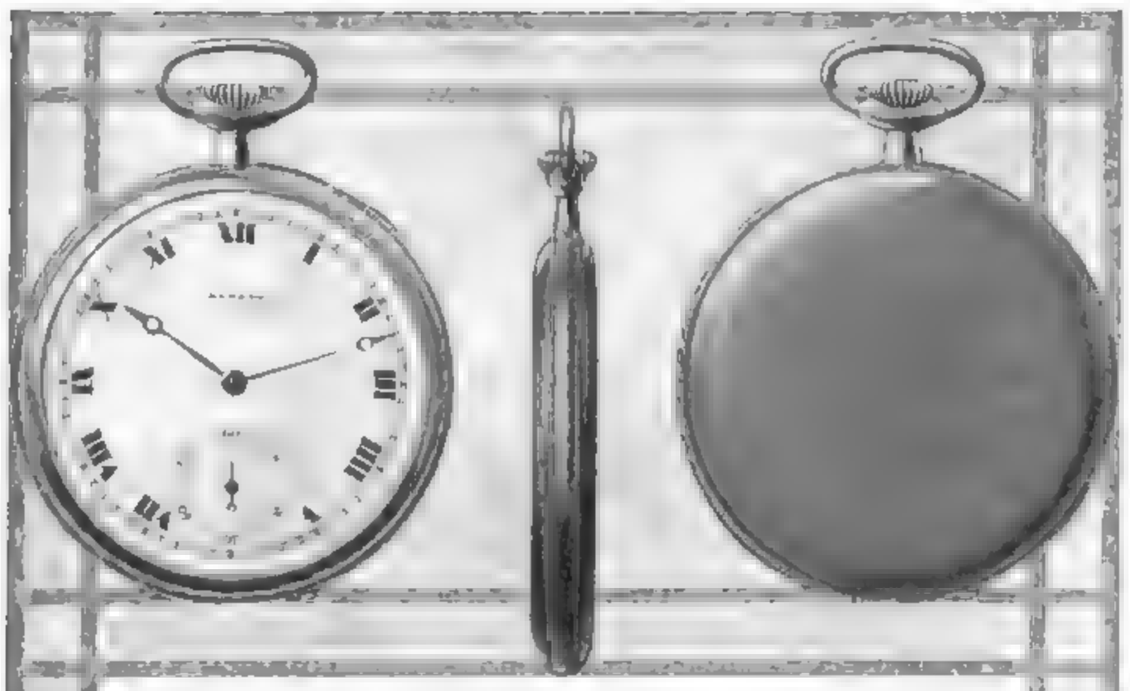
Another thing your Grocer knows is how the tendency toward economy and more careful buying is helping the sale of Beech-Nut Delicacies—simply because people are *thinking more about what they are getting for their money.*

Other famous Beech-Nut Delicacies are:

Beech-Nut Prepared Mustard
Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce
Beech-Nut Sliced Bacon
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter
Beech-Nut Beans
Beech-Nut Grape Jelly

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Catsup Plant at Rochester, N. Y.



The New Howard *Ionic*

The latest achievement of the HOWARD Watchmakers and one of the most beautiful Time-pieces ever designed.

The HOWARD Ionic—12-size, 17-jewel, extra-thin, open-face, the movement adjusted to three positions, temperature and isochronism, cased in a single-joint gold-filled case of special design, exceedingly flat and compact—price $40.

Owing to the extreme care given to the finish and adjustment of every HOWARD movement, only a small number of these new watches will be available this year.

The more enterprising jewelers will make a point of having a few to show, and we would strongly advise anyone who is interested to see the Ionic and make reservation at an early date.

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each Watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 21 jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD WATCH. The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Bldg., Toronto

SLIDEWELL *Arlo* COLLARS

—demonstrate conclusively that correct *style* and absolute *comfort* can be obtained in the same collar.

The only collars with the little time and temper saving devices that keep your tie from sticking.

Sold Everywhere—15c, 2 for 25c

If your dealer hasn't them, send 75c for six, or write for the Slidewell catalog.

Hall, Hartwell & Company, Troy, New York

"Push the Button-and Rest"

Over 1000 Styles Prices $12 to $100

Royal Easy Chairs

"THE PUSH BUTTON KIND"

Rest relax enjoy [illegible] one of these big style, luxurious [illegible] Push the Button and [illegible] any position [illegible] to you and HOLDS THAT POSITION [illegible] you change it

[illegible] Leathers, Tapestries and Velours of Leather

SOLD BY ALL BEST FURNITURE DEALERS

Don't buy unless you see the word "Royal" on the Push Button, like this

[illegible] name of one who does.

ROYAL CHAIR CO. Sturgis, Mich.

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 21)

"This is what I mean," he declared with the appearance of great frankness: "I am going to speak to you upon the absurd question of money. I have an income of which, even if I were boundlessly extravagant, I could not hope to spend half. A speculation the week before I left England brought me a profit of a million marks. But for the banking interests of my country and the feeling that I am the trustee for thousands of other people, it would weary me to look for investments. And you—you came in to-night looking worn out just because you had lost a handful or so of those wretched plaques. There, you see it is coming now! I should like permission to do more than call myself your friend. I should like permission to be also your banker."

She looked at him quietly and searchingly. His heart began to beat faster. At least she was in doubt. He had not wholly lost. His chance even was good.

"My friend," she said, "I believe that you are honest. I do, indeed, recognize your point of view. The thing is an absurdity, but you know all conventions, even the most foolish, have some human and natural right beneath them. I think that the convention that forbids a woman's accepting money from a man, however close a friend, is like that. Frankly, my first impulse a few minutes ago was to ask you to lend me a thousand pounds. Now I know that I cannot do it."

"Do you really mean that?" he asked in a tone of deep disappointment. "If you do I am hurt. It proves that the friendship that to me is so dear is to you a very slight thing."

"You mustn't think that," she pleaded. "And please, Mr. Draconmeyer, don't think that I don't appreciate all your kindness. Short of accepting your money I would do anything to prove it."

"There need be no question of a gift," he reminded her in a low tone. "If I were a perfect stranger I might still be your banker. You must have money from somewhere. Are you going to ask your husband?"

She bit her lip for a moment. If, indeed, he had known her actual position his hopes would have been higher still.

"I cannot possibly ask Henry for anything," she confessed. "I had made up my mind to ask him to authorize the lawyers to advance me my next quarter's allowance. After what has passed between us though, and considering everything, I don't feel that I can do it."

"Then may I ask how you really mean to get more money?" he went on gently.

She looked at him a little piteously.

"Honestly, I don't know," she admitted. "I shall be quite frank with you. Henry allows me two thousand five hundred a year. I brought nine hundred pounds out with me, and I have nothing more to come until June."

"And how much have you left of the nine hundred pounds?" he asked.

"Not enough to pay my hotel bill," she groaned.

He smiled.

"Circumstances are too strong for you," he declared. "You must go to a banker. I claim the right of being that banker. I shall draw up a promissory note—no, we needn't do that—two or three checks, perhaps, dated June, August and October. I shall charge you five per cent interest and I shall lend you a thousand pounds."

Her eyes sparkled. The thought of the money was wonderful to her. A thousand pounds that very night! She thought it all over rapidly. She would never run such risks again. She would play for small amounts each day—just enough to amuse herself. Then if she were lucky she would plunge, only she would choose the right moment. Very likely she would be able to pay the whole amount back in a day or two. If Henry minded—well, it was his own fault. He should have been different.

"You put it so kindly," she said gratefully, "that I am afraid I cannot refuse. You are very, very considerate, Mr. Draconmeyer. It certainly will be nicer to owe the money to you than to a stranger."

"I am only glad that you are going to be reasonable," he remarked—"glad really for both our sakes. And remember," he went on cheerfully, "that one isn't young and at Monte Carlo too many times in one's life. Make up your mind to enjoy yourself. If the luck goes against you for a little longer, come again. You are bound to win in the end. Now, if you like, we'll have our coffee outside. I'll go and fetch the money and you shall make out your checks."

He scribbled hastily on a piece of paper for a moment.

"These are the amounts," he pointed out. "I have charged you five per cent per annum interest. As I can deal with money at something under four I shall make quite a respectable profit—more than enough to pay for our dinner!"

She seemed suddenly years younger. The prospect of the evening before her was enchanting.

"You really are delightful!" she exclaimed. "You can't think how different I shall feel when I go into the club to-night. I am perfectly certain that it's having plenty of money that helps one to win."

He smiled.

"And plenty of courage," he added. "Don't waste your time trifling with small stakes. Bid up for the big things. It is the only way in gambling and in life."

He rose to his feet and their eyes met for a moment. Once more she felt vaguely troubled. She put that disturbing thought away from her however. It was foolish to think of drawing back now. If he admired her—well, so did most men!

XV

THE Villa Mimosa flamed with lights from the top story to the ground floor. The entrance gates stood wide open. All along the drive lamps flashed from unsuspected places beneath the yellow-flowering trees. One room only seemed shrouded in darkness and mystery, and round that one room was concentrated the tense life of the villa. Thick curtains had been drawn with careful hands. The heavy door had been securely closed. The French windows that led out on to the balcony had been almost barricaded. The four men who were seated round the table had certainly secured for themselves what seemed to be a complete and absolute isolation. Yet there was, nevertheless, a sense of uneasiness, an indescribable air of tension in the atmosphere. The quartet had somehow the appearance of conspirators who had not settled down to their work. It was the last arrival, the man who sat at Mr. Grex's right hand, who was responsible for the general unrest.

Mr. Grex moved a little nervously in the chair he had just drawn up to the table. He looked toward Draconmeyer as he opened the proceedings.

"Monsieur Douaille," he said, "has come to see us this evening at my own urgent request. Before we commence any sort of discussion he has asked me to make it distinctly understood to you both—to you, Mr. Draconmeyer, and to you, Herr Selingman—that this is not in any sense of the word a formal meeting or convention. We are all here, as it happens, by accident. Our friend Selingman, for instance, who is a past master in the arts of pleasant living, has not missed a season here for many years. Draconmeyer is also a habitué. I myself, it is true, have spent my winters elsewhere for various reasons and am comparatively a stranger, but my visit here was arranged many months ago. You yourself, Monsieur Douaille, are a good Parisian, and no good Parisian should miss his yearly pilgrimage to the Mecca of the pleasure seeker. We meet together this evening, therefore, purely as friends who have a common interest at heart."

The man from whom this atmosphere of nervousness radiated—a man of medium height, inclined toward corpulence, with a small gray imperial, a thin red ribbon in his buttonhole and slightly prominent features—promptly interposed. He had the air of a man wholly ill at ease. All the time Mr. Grex had been speaking he had been drumming upon the table with his forefinger.

"Precisely! Precisely!" he exclaimed. "Above all things that must be understood. Ours is a chance meeting. My visit in these parts is in no way connected with the correspondence I have had with one of our friends here. Further," Monsieur Douaille continued impressively, "it must be distinctly understood that any word I may be disposed to utter, either in the way of statement or criticism, is wholly and entirely unofficial. I do not even know what the subject of our discussion is to be. I approach it with the more hesitation because I gather, from some slight hint dropped by our friend here, that it deals with a

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scheme which, if ever it should be carried into effect, would be to the disadvantage of a nation with which we are at present on terms of the greatest friendship. My presence here, except on the terms I have stated," he concluded, his voice shaking a little, "would be an unpardonable offense to that country."

Monsieur Douaille's somewhat labored explanation did little to lighten the atmosphere. It was the genius of Herr Selingman that intervened. He leaned back in his chair and he patted his waistcoat thoughtfully.

"I have things to say," he declared, "but I cannot say them. I have nothing to smoke—no cigarette, no cigar. I arrive here choked with dust. As yet the circumstance seems to have escaped our host's notice. Ah, what is that I see?" he added, rising suddenly to his feet, his face covered with a broad smile. "My host, you are acquitted! I look round the table here at which I am invited to seat myself, and I perceive nothing but a few stumpy pens and unappetizing blotting paper. By chance I lift my eyes. I see the parting of the curtains yonder, and behold!"

He rose and crossed the room, throwing back a curtain at the farther end. In the recess stood a sideboard laden with all manner of wines, glasses of every size and shape, sandwiches, pasties and fruit. Herr Selingman stood on one side with outstretched hand in the manner of a showman. He himself was wrapped for a moment in admiration.

"For you others I cannot speak," he observed, surveying the label upon a bottle. "For myself here is nectar!"

With careful fingers he drew the cork. At a murmured word of invitation from Mr. Grex the others rose from their places and also helped themselves from the sideboard. Selingman took up his position in the center of the hearthrug, with a long tumbler in one hand and a sandwich in the other.

"For myself," he continued, taking a huge bite, "I wage war against all formality. I have been through this sort of thing in Berlin, I have been through it in Vienna, I have been through it in Rome. I have sat at long tables with politicians, have drawn little pictures upon the blotting paper and been bored to death. In wearisome fashion we have drafted agreements, we have quarreled and bickered, we have yawned and made of ourselves men of parchment. But to-night," he added, taking another huge bite from his sandwich—"to-night nothing of that sort is intended. Draconmeyer and I have an idea. Mr. Grex is favorably inclined toward it. That idea isn't a bit of good to ourselves or to anyone else unless Monsieur Douaille here shares our point of view. Here we are, then, all met together, let us hope, for a week or two's enjoyment. Little by little we must try to see what we can do toward instilling that idea into the mind of Monsieur Douaille. We may succeed, we may fail, but let us always remember that our conversations are the conversations of four friends met together upon what is nothing more nor less than a holiday. I hate the sight of those sheets of blotting paper and clean pens. Who wants to make notes, especially of what we are going to talk about! The man who cannot carry notes in his head is no statesman."

To all of this Monsieur Douaille beamed his approval. Much of his nervousness had departed.

"I agree," he declared. "I like well the attitude of our friend Selingman. There is something much too formal about this table. I am not here to talk treaties or to upset them. To exchange views, if you will, but no more. Meanwhile I appreciate this generous hospitality, and I remove myself to this easy-chair. If anyone would talk world politics, I am ready. Why not? Why should we pretend that there could be any more interesting subject to men like ourselves, in each of whom is placed the trust of his country?"

Mr. Grex nodded his head in assent to what both men had said.

"The fault is mine," he declared; "but, believe me, it was not intentional. It was never my wish to give too formal an air to our little meeting—in fact, I never intended to do more than dwell on the outside edge of great subjects to-night. Unfortunately, Monsieur Douaille, neither you nor I, whatever our power or influence may be, are directly responsible for the foreign affairs of our countries. We can, therefore, speak with entire frankness. Our countries—your country and mine—are to-day bound

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together by an alliance. You have something that almost approaches an alliance with another country. I am going to tell you in plain words what I think you have been given to understand indirectly many times during the last few years—that understanding is not approved of in St. Petersburg."

Monsieur Douaille knocked the ashes from his cigarette. He gazed thoughtfully into the fire of pine logs that was burning upon the open hearth.

"Mr. Grex," he said, "that is plainer speaking than we have ever received from any official source."

"I admit it," Mr. Grex replied. "Such a statement on my part may sound a little startling, but I make it advisedly. I know the feeling—you will grant that my position entitles me to know the feeling—of the men who count for anything in Russian politics. Perhaps I do not mean the titular heads of my government. There are others who have even more responsibilities, who count for more. I honestly and truthfully assure you that I speak for the powers that are behind the government of Russia when I tell you that the English dream of a triple alliance between Russia, England and France will never be accepted by my country."

Monsieur Douaille sipped his champagne.

"This is candor," he remarked; "absolute candor. One speaks quite plainly, I imagine, before our friend the enemy?" he added, smiling toward Selingman.

"Why not?" Selingman demanded. "Why not indeed? We are not fools here!"

"Then I would ask you, Mr. Grex," Monsieur Douaille continued, "where in the name of all that is equitable are you to find an alliance more likely to preserve the *status quo* in Europe? Both logically and geographically it absolutely dovetails. Russia is in a position to absorb the whole attention of Austria and even to invade the north coast of Germany. The hundred thousand troops or so upon which we could rely from Great Britain would be invaluable for many reasons—firstly, because a mixture of blood is always good; secondly, because the regular army, which perforce they would have to send us, is of very fine fighting material; and thirdly, because they could land—to give away a very open secret to you, my friend Selingman—in a westerly position, and would very likely succeed thereby in making an outflanking movement toward the north. I presume that at present the German fleet would not come out to battle, in which case the English would certainly be able to do great execution upon the northern coast of Germany. All this, of course, has been discussed and written about, and the next war mapped out in a dozen different ways. I must confess, however, that taking every known consideration into account I can find no other distribution of powers so reasonable or so favorable to my country."

Mr. Grex nodded.

"I find no fault with any word of what you have said," he declared, "except that yours is simply the superficial and obvious idea of the man in the street as to the course of the next probable war. Now let us go a little farther. I grant all the points you urge in favor of your suggested triple alliance. I will even admit that your forecast of a war taking place under such conditions is a fairly faithful one. We proceed, then: The war, if it came to pass, could never be decisive. An immense amount of blood would be shed, treasure recklessly poured out, Europe be rendered desolate, for the sake most largely of whom?—of Japan and America. That is the weakness of the whole thing. A war carried out on the lines you suggest would be playing the game of these two countries. Even the victors would be placed at a huge disadvantage with them, to say nothing of the losers, who must see slipping away from them forever their place under the sun. It is my opinion—and I have studied this matter most scientifically and with the help of the secret service of every country, not excepting your own, Herr Selingman—it is my opinion that this war must be indecisive. The German fleet would be crippled but not destroyed. The English fleet would retain its proportionate strength. No French advance into Germany would be successful; no German advance into France is likely. The war would languish for lack of funds, through sheer inanition it would flicker out, and the money of the world would flow into the treasuries of America. Russia would not be fighting for her living. With her it could be at best but a half-hearted war. She would do her duty to the alliance. Nothing more could be hoped from her. You could not expect, for instance, that she would call up all her reserves, leave the whole of her eastern frontier unprotected, and throw into mid-Europe such a force as would in time subjugate Germany. This could be done, but it will not be done. We all know that."

Monsieur Douaille smoked thoughtfully for several moments.

"Very well," he pronounced at last; "I am rather inclined to agree with all that you have said. Yet it seems to me that you evade the great point. The *status quo* is what we desire; peace is what the world wants. If, before such a war as you have spoken of is begun, people realize what the end of it must be, don't you think that that itself is the greatest help toward peace? My own opinion, I tell you frankly, is that at any rate for many years to come there will be no war."

Herr Selingman set down his glass and turned slowly round.

"Then let me tell you that you are mistaken," he declared solemnly. "Listen to me, my friend Douaille—my friend, mind, and not the statesman Douaille: I am a German citizen and you are a French one, and I tell you that if in three years' time your country does not make up its mind to strike a blow for Alsace and Lorraine, then in three years' time Germany will declare war upon you."

Monsieur Douaille had the expression of a man who doubts. Selingman frowned. He was suddenly immensely serious. He struck the palm of one hand a great blow with his clenched fist.

"Why is it that no one in the world understands," he cried, "what Germany wants? I tell you, Monsieur Douaille, that we don't hate your country. We love it. We crowd to Paris. We expand there. It is the holiday place of every good German. Who wants a ruined France? Not we! Yet unless there is a change in the international situation we shall go to war with you, and I will tell you why. There are no real secrets about this sort of thing. Every politician who is worth his salt knows them. The only difficulty is to know when a country is in earnest, and how far it will go. That is the value of our meeting. That is what I am here to say. We shall go to war with you, Monsieur Douaille, to get Calais, and when we've got Calais," Selingman almost reverently concluded, "then our solemn task will be begun."

"England!" Monsieur Douaille murmured.

There was a brief pause. Selingman had seemed for a moment to have passed into the clouds. There was a sort of gloomy rapture upon his face. He caught up Douaille's last word and repeated it:

"England! And through her —"

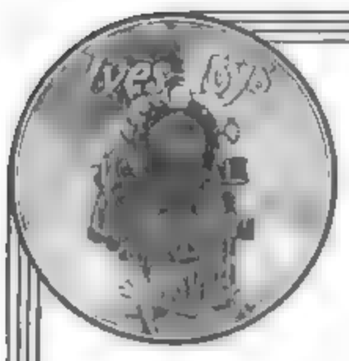
He moved to the sideboard and filled his glass. When he came back to his place his expression had lightened.

"Ah, well, dear Monsieur Douaille," he exclaimed, patting the other's shoulder in friendly fashion, "to-night we merely chatter. To-night we are here to make friends, to gain each the confidence of the other. To ourselves let us pretend that we are little boys playing the game of our nations—France, Germany and Russia. Germany and Russia, to be frank with you, are waiting for one last word from Germany's father, something splendid and definite to offer. What we would like France to do, while France loses its money at roulette and flirts with the pretty ladies at Ciro's, is to try to accustom itself, not to an alliance with Germany—no, nothing so utopian as that! The lion and the lamb may remain apart. They may agree to be friends, they may even wave paws at each other; but I do not suggest that they march side by side. What we ask of France is that she look the other way. It is very easy to look the other way. She might look, for instance—toward Egypt."

There was a sudden glitter in the eyes of Monsieur Douaille. Selingman saw it and pressed on.

"There are laurels to be won that will never fade," he continued, setting down his empty glass—"laurels to be won by that statesman of your country, the little boy France, who is big enough and strong enough to stand with his feet upon the earth and proclaim: 'I am for France and my own people, and my own people only, and I will make them great through all the centuries by seeing the truth and leading them toward it, single-purposed, single-minded.' But these things are not to be disposed of so

(Continued on Page 45)



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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

(Continued from Page 42

readily as is this wonderful repast provided by our generous host. For to-night I have said my say. I have whims, perhaps, but with me serious affairs are finished for the night. I go to the Sporting Club. Mademoiselle keeps my place at the baccarat table. I feel in the vein. It is a small place, Monte Carlo. Let us make no appointments. We shall drift together. And, monsieur," he concluded, laying his hand for a moment upon Douaille's shoulder, "let the thought sink into your brain. Wipe out that geographical and logical map of Europe from your mind. See things, if you can, in the new daylight. Then when the idea has been there for just a little time—well, we speak again. Come, Draconmeyer, I am relying upon your car to get me into Monte Carlo. My bounteous host, Mr. Grex, good night! I touch your hand with reverence. The man who possesses such wine and offers it to his friends is indeed a prince."

Mr. Grex rose a little unwillingly from his chair.

"It is of no use to protest," he remarked smiling. "I have discovered that our friend Selingman will have his way. Besides, as he reminded us, there is one last word to arrive. Come and breathe the odors of the Riviera, Monsieur Douaille. This is when I realize that I am not at my villa on the Black Sea."

They passed out into the hall and stood on the terrace while the cars drew up. The light outside seemed faintly violet. The perfume of mimosa and roses and oleander came to them in long waves, subtle and yet invigorating. Below them the lights of Monte Carlo, clear and brilliant, with no northern fog or mist to dull their radiance, shone like gems in the mantle of night. Selingman sighed as he stepped into the automobile.

"We are men who deserve well from history," he declared; "who in the midst of a present so wonderful can spare time to plan for the generations to come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHYLOCK SEMPLE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Then it's settled," says he. "Here; let's just make a list of these stocks before they get out of our hands. Gee-whack! Won't Petersen be s'prised when he sees me come in with the cash?"

They were counting and checking when we left, satisfied that all they'd have to do was to show the security and get the money.

"Pretty hard lines," says Long Tom, looking at me.

"Yes," says I; "but can they grab your property away from you on a deal of that kind? What's the law of the state on it?"

"You heard what John Wesley said," Long Tom looked back over his shoulder. "How do I know what the law of the state is? You're a Native Son—not me. . . . Hel-lo! Look at Baldy, horning in on the Mills family, will you? And talking to 'em like he'd known 'em for years! Say, Dutch, you don't reckon that hard-luck story has touched his heart, do you?"

"Heart—nothing!" I says. "He ain't got any heart; but what in thunder is he up to?"

It was a queer sight. In the first place there was Baldy, with his hat off, his bean shining like the dome of the Fresno courthouse. That was something that none of us had ever seen before. And anybody could see that he was trying to make a favorable impression on John Wesley and Ella. We were too far away to make out what they said, but Baldy did most of the talking and John Wesley looked at him with his mouth open.

By and by John Wesley moved over and Baldy put his hat on the table and sat down. The first thing he did was to look through the stuff in the envelope. I'll bet Baldy never saw a stock certificate before in his life, but he looked as wise as a flock of owls and kept nodding his head from time to time.

"Well, now, whadda you think of that?" says Long Tom, slapping his leg. "Baldy is coming to the rescue of the little home place! You wouldn't have thought he had that much milk of human kindness in him, Dutch!"

"Don't kid yourself!" says I. "He ain't going to rescue a thing but that hundred per cent. He wouldn't loan you a Canadian dime unless you left your right eye as security!"

"He's going to do it, as sure as you live!" says Long Tom. "Now they're writing up the agreement—Baldy ain't taking any chances. . . . See that? Even the woman has got to sign it! Oh, he's going to have 'em cinched, you bet!"

"The crook!" says I. "He ought to be pinched, taking advantage of that poor devil's hard luck!"

"Yes; but Baldy can say it was their own proposition," says Tom; "and it was. What are they sending that bell boy for? . . . Oh, yes. String and sealing wax. They're going to see that nobody has a peek inside. Good idea!"

After the brown envelope was tied and sealed in half a dozen different places they put it on the table in front of 'em and the proceedings came to a halt.

"John Wesley wants to see the money," says Tom. "I wonder has Baldy got it on him. It's a cinch he'd never leave it in his room! . . . Yes; there he goes into his hip pocket. . . . Oh, ain't he the cagey boy? He's got that two hundred and sixty-five right in his hand, but he won't give it to John Wesley till that envelope is in the safe! Hooray for you, Baldy! Don't you take any chances!"

The woman stayed at the table, squeezing her handkerchief between her hands, but Baldy and John started for the desk. John acted as if he was sort of nervous. He pulled out a big red bandanna and rubbed his face with it, and put the envelope back in his pocket by mistake. He took it right out again, though.

The two of 'em had a long confab with the night clerk, and he finally put the brown envelope into the safe and gave John Wesley a receipt for it. It wasn't till then that Baldy let go of his coin; and John Wesley went out of the door with his coattails flying.

"Well, if he finds Petersen the little home is safe," says I.

"Yeh," says Long Tom.

"Saved for one hundred per cent!" says I. "I'm going to bawl Semple out for that—I am so."

"Don't you do it!" says Tom. "Wait till later—until he actually collects from these poor rubes, and then we've got him with the goods. Let him collect first—and see how hot we'll make it for him!"

"Let's see what the hotel clerk knows," says I.

The clerk didn't know much. He was a new man.

"Those two fellows left an envelope in the safe," says he. "One or both of 'em will be here at eight o'clock to-morrow night to claim it. It's all written down in an agreement; but I don't know as I could show you that. Queer kind of a proposition; but we run up against all kinds of things in the hotel business. . . . Smoke, boys?"

"You've got the wrong number," says Long Tom. "Give your cigars to Boots Webber. He's got the passes to the ball games. We haven't."

IV

WHEN I got back to the hotel after the game next day there was Baldy planked down in a chair by the front door, where he could see every one who came in. By that I figured that John Wesley hadn't showed up yet.

At seven o'clock Baldy was sweating freely all over his forehead and smoking one cigar after another. He was too cheap to spend a quarter all in a chunk and get six of 'em, so he walked over to the cigar stand every time he ran out of cabbage. I never saw a man burn those Connecticut perfectos so fast in all my life; and every other puff he'd look at his watch.

He didn't even go to dinner, but stuck there with his eyes glued on the door. It was too good a show to miss and I didn't go to dinner either. At seven-thirty Baldy was pretty near a nervous wreck. He was sliding round in his chair as if the cushion was red-hot when Long Tom Hughes appeared.

"Kind of itchy, ain't he?" says Tom. "Now, what do you reckon he hopes the strongest? Does he want John Wesley to show up with the five hundred and thirty? Or does he want him to fall down so he can grab that three thousand dollars' worth of oil stock?"

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—*Proverb*

The proverb probably originated with a writer fellow who is likely the author of the slogan, "Shake well before using," but that was before the time of

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"I don't know," says I; "but he certainly is on the books for fair. He's pretty near looked the face off that dollar watch of his!"

I'll bet the last fifteen minutes seemed like fifteen years to Baldy. He was standing in front of the desk at seven-fifty-eight with his watch in his hand.

"You old fox!" says Long Tom. "One hundred per cent wasn't enough for you, eh? It's the oil stock that you're after! . . . There! He's got it from the clerk. Let's go!" And he stepped into an elevator.

"Go where?" I says, following him.

"Ask me no questions," says Tom. "Come on!"

He opened a door leading into a room, but he didn't switch on the electrics. I found the button and pushed it, but somebody else turned off the lights in a jiffy and left it dark again. There was just time for me to see that the room wasn't empty. Rube Ellis was there, and so was Charlie Chech and Jack Ryan.

"What's the idea?" says I. "What are you fellows up here in the dark for?"

"Shut up!" says Ryan. "Now, boys, easy with that table; and, whatever you do, don't fall off and crab the act."

"Come on!" whispers Long Tom to me. "We're getting the evidence on Baldy. His room is next door and some of the other boys have got the room on the other side of that. We want to catch him with the stock in his hands. We're going to peek through the transom at him."

The five of us finally got balanced on the table, with our eyes on a level with the crack in the transom.

"S-s-sh!" whispers Jack Ryan. "The loan shark approaches!"

A key rattled in the lock, the door creaked, the switch snapped and the lights came on. From where I was I had a pretty general view of everything in the room, but I didn't see Baldy when he first came in. He was in a corner hanging up his hat and coat.

When he did come into sight he was pushing a table into the middle of the room where the light was best. Then he sat down and lit a fresh cigar—a real one this time. I was beginning to wonder whether we'd have to stand there all night when Baldy brought out his brown envelope. It had been in the inside pocket of his vest. He held it in his hands and looked at it—gloated over it, I suppose a writing guy would say. He turned it over a couple of times, and once I thought he was going to kiss it. The way he fooled with that envelope reminded me of the way a kid will play with a piece of cake before he eats it.

By and by he went down into his jeans and brought out a knife. He opened it as deliberately as if every bit of him wasn't aching to get on the inside of that parcel; and then he cut the strings, one at a time. That wasn't enough, and he had to take more time to cut under the flap and scrape the sealing wax away. When he'd fooled with it just as long as he could he reached into the envelope and pulled out a bunch of papers.

I couldn't see them, because Baldy bent over to look and got in my way; but I did see his ears and the back of his neck. Did you know the back of a man's neck could turn blue? I wouldn't have believed it myself. Baldy let a big grunt out of him that was partly surprise and partly something else—like the noise a man makes when he gets a good jab in the pit of the stomach that he isn't expecting. He pushed himself back in his chair, and at the same time his fingers opened and a handful of papers fell on the floor in plain sight.

I don't know why I didn't faint or yell or fall off the table, because I felt like doing all those things at once. The papers on the floor were blue, and I'd seen too many of 'em pinned to my salary check not to know what they were. Baldy had fished out of that brown envelope the receipts for all the fines he had handed out since the beginning of the season!

"But why leave me out of it?" says I to Long Tom.

"We didn't want everybody wise," says he, "for fear they'd stick round to watch John and Ella work, and queer it. And then you're a Native Son, too, and we didn't know but what you'd tip him off—— Ow! Leggo my ear!"

"John and Ella!" says I. "Who are those people anyway?"

"John Wesley Mills," says Jack Ryan, "is a friend of a good friend of mine, and he and that lady have pulled that stunt in every city in the country. It's a dandy, ain't it? It had to be a dandy to get Baldy's money, didn't it?"

I admitted that it was a dandy. I don't mind going further and owning up that when Ella began to bear down on that old-homestead stuff she had me going too. And I was looking right at John Wesley when he switched those envelopes and didn't tumble even then!

"But hold on, Jack," says I. "Those receipts—suppose Baldy finds out that you had 'em?"

"'Had 'em' is right!" says Ryan. "It's queer, Dutch, but the same thought occurred to me. If you will look downstairs by the clerk's desk you will see a notice that has been on the board since Wednesday noon. Get that? Wednesday noon. The notice reads that one John Ryan lost his pocketbook in this house some time Tuesday night—a pocketbook containing no money, but private papers. Those receipts"—and here Jack winked his left eye—"those receipts were in the pocketbook, Dutch. If they fell into the hands of wicked people I can't help that, can I? Anything more?"

"Yes," says I, hesitating a bit; for I knew already what sort of an answer I would get. "Why the two hundred and sixty-five, Jack?"

"Because," says Jack Ryan, "there was just two hundred and sixty-five dollars' worth of receipts in that bunch—mostly in fives."

"Well," says I, "in that case I think John Wesley might have split the dough with us."

"That's what I told him," says Jack; "but he wouldn't listen to it. Didn't I tell you he was a friend of a good friend of mine? He and his wife ain't doing the old-home stunt any more, having cleaned up enough to last 'em the rest of their lives. They've reformed, but they were willing to do this to oblige a friend. John said that the two hundred and sixty-five was only chicken feed anyway, and he wasn't going to degenerate into a petty larcenist to oblige anybody; so he turned the dough over to me. Let's see, Dutch—you had six fines, I believe, at five a smash. Six times five is thirty." Jack lugged out a roll of bills and peeled off a twenty and a ten. "If you take this, Dutch," says he, "you are running the risk of being pinched for receiving stolen goods."

"Give it to me," says I. "It was stole from me in the first place!"

Maybe Baldy went to the chief of police with his story. That's about the sort of thing he'd do, and if he did maybe it didn't do him any good. The chief is a fan and a friend of Ryan's, so it might be that Baldy's news was stale. And maybe the chief told Baldy about the law that says you can't charge one hundred per cent interest in California and stay out of jail. I say maybe. I don't know. I'm only guessing.

We haven't heard a word out of Baldy yet, and if he is waiting for us to say something first he'll wait a long time. He can't make a move without absolute proof, and he'll never get it. One thing worth mentioning is that he's quit fining ball players now and is learning to point to the clubhouse instead.

Long Tom calls him Shylock once in a while; but Baldy never reads anything but his press notices, and it's likely he thinks that Tom is kidding him about his bald head.

New Office Frills

A NEW device for washstands has appeared in the workrooms and lavatories of a new office building for doctors. Hot and cold water flow into the washbowl through one spigot, and brass pedals on the floor—one for hot water and another for cold—control the flow. Thus both hands are free for washing operations, and at the same time, by means of the pedals, the flow of water can be started or stopped; and the temperature can be varied from cold to the hottest available.

The same building has a novel arrangement for doctors' offices. From half a dozen to a dozen offices are grouped together, with one main reception room. An attendant in the reception room answers inquiries and ushers patients one by one into the office of the doctor selected; and the same attendant answers telephone calls for all the doctors and switches calls to each of them when necessary.

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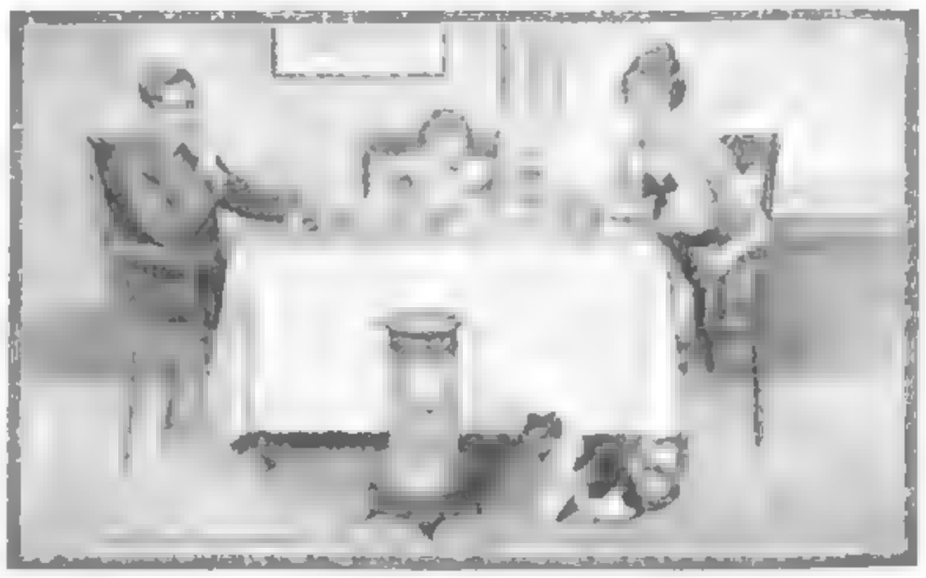

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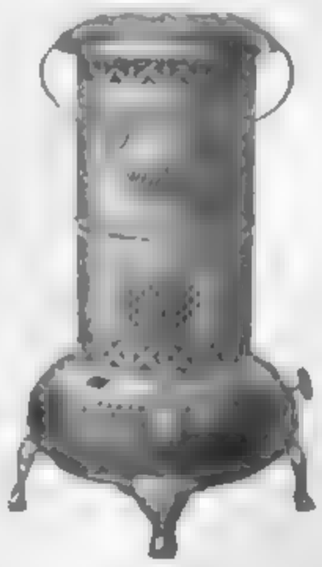
Like all good things, PERFECTION HEATERS are imitated. Our booklet, "Warmth for Cold Corners," tells you why you should get the real thing. Look for the TRIANGLE TRADE MARK.



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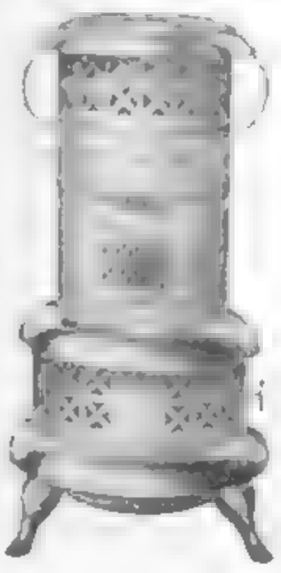

BOOKED THROUGH FOR THE EMPIRE

(Continued from Page 23)

some foreign coins.' I can't mention to what nation the coins belonged. He said to this person—it might have been another man 'You take these coins and get drunk with them as soon as you can; treat all your friends, too, for by the time you're sober all the coins in the whole world will be restamped, and the head on them will be the head of William the Greatest.'"

One was not surprised when presently the conductor became eloquent on the subject of spies. "I feel sorry for anyone who is not really a lady spy but who might be suspected," he said.

Then it seemed to occur to him that after all there might be something agreeable and worth talking of to other passengers about his association with an innocent lady suspected of being a German spy.

So he added: "The men in the immigration sheds have had everything to do with the transports that go down the St. Lawrence. I'm afraid if you asked them questions they'd think it was queer and telephone up to the military headquarters. Not that anyone would harm a lady who was not really a spy; they would just detain her till they had made sure—and maybe they'd shadow her a little after that."

It seemed more considerate to all concerned to get whatever information one wanted first and go to military headquarters afterward. So one visited Valcartier camp and the Exhibition Grounds. Then one went to the Quebec military headquarters, a place where the business of war is being carried on most intensely. An officer of the regulars who looked competent listened to one's questions.

"I don't believe I could find anyone just now," he said, "who would tell you what you want to know. Could you put the questions in writing?"

The impossibility of that was pointed out.

"Perhaps," one suggested, "you could give me a pass to Valcartier camp and to the Exhibition Grounds."

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that. You see, at Valcartier there's not much to see, and at the Exhibition Grounds there are just twelve hundred horses and a few rough men, and some officers to take care of the men."

This officer made no attempt to tell one the story of the German prisoner and the coins. One smiled at the thought—and those three smiles over the coins were the only smiles one had in Canada. There are tears, and there is a serious and noble sort of exhilaration, but deep down in the heart there can be no smiles.

One means to obey the Canadian rule of silence, though one has learned some facts and many rumors about Canada's future preparations that a German spy would be glad to know. Sympathy is a better gleaner of facts than enmity. At best too much information seeps the way of the spies. Yet the attitude of the Canadians is admirable—not only their willingness not to tell but, what is more, their willingness not to know.

Facts the Papers Must Not Print

The newspapers set a good example. All along the censorship has been rigid enough, but during the past few weeks it has been more than severe, and no Canadian war news of importance has been printed. This withholding is the more admirable because the papers have not been commanded not to print; they have merely been asked not to do so. The duties of the Canadian press in time of war, as pointed out to them from the highest powers, are to suppress telegraphic dispatches that seem contrary to public interest; to conceal all movements of troops, except when local contingents of troops leave their own centers for service; to be silent when troops pass through a town; not to mention purchases and shipments of horses, hay, oats, clothes, munitions, and so on; not to refer to any unusual activity in arsenals; to say nothing about fixed defenses, ignoring their very existence; not to refer to aircraft or to the movements of British warships. If temporary technical difficulties appear the press is not to refer to them; if prices of staple articles rise the press is to be cautious about announcing the fact. It must be cautious about publishing letters from soldiers serving at the front. It must say nothing of temporary difficulties in enrollment, training, movement and dispatch of troops. In general it is supposed to confine itself to the emotional and patriotic side of military affairs.

The best test of the silence of both press and people exhibited itself in the sailing forth of the Canadian Overseas Expedition, trained in Valcartier camp—that magnificent picked body of thirty-three thousand men, including nineteen infantry battalions, two cavalry regiments, three field-artillery brigades, and the various units of engineers, army service corps and army medical corps, the last-named including two hundred Canadian nurses. The soldiers themselves did not know when they were going, nor did the press correspondents.

During the fourth week in September the soldiers suspected that they must soon move, because they were ordered to begin testing out live shells in practice, and the camp thundered with incessant cannonading. Then, too, the soldiers were urged to take their final inoculations against typhoid fever. Yet not a word was put in the papers. Presently troops of soldiers began to march into Quebec, two or three hundred at a time, by day and by night. No man on the street was sure whence they came or where they were going. One large contingent marched during a heavy rain from midnight till past dawn. All these men went to the wharves and breakwaters, and disappeared. And one by one transports left the shore and moved down the river to an anchorage previously agreed on. Some troops were moved from camp by train, but even that invitation to publicity did not raise the voices of the newspapers or of the people in the streets. For eight days they moved—men and guns, eight thousand horses, artillery and transport wagons—leaving a ruined road behind them.

A People Kept in the Dark

There was a strict military guard about the wharves; no one could reach them without a pass, and passes were given only for military reasons. By ones and twos the transports went to anchorage. Then one afternoon there was a great crowd of people on the terrace. They were looking down at the water, in plain enough sight of eight ships pulling up anchor. The band of the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery came out in their service uniforms, and played on the terrace Tipperary, O Canada, and Auld Lang Syne. Most of the people accepted the tunes as a pleasant attention. But there were a few tearful women and men—wives, sweethearts, daughters and old parents—who knew that this music, like their own tears, was a farewell to the troops. They were too far away to distress the men on the ships, who sailed off in good spirits to join the transports farther along in the channel. So they went—thirty-one vessels of men and guns, horses and supplies, escorted by a fleet of eleven war vessels. It was the largest and most important movement ever effected on the Atlantic; yet the ships went away without cheers, with no advertisement whatever, and with no comment from the people or the press.

The next day a newspaper correspondent saw the fleet in full war rig at Rimouski, the last port of call in the St. Lawrence. He wrote an account of it, guarded enough, which appeared in one newspaper. Others refused to print it, and a good deal of disapproval was felt that any paper should have permitted its appearance, though once the expedition was well under way some of the spies must have seen it and sent word to their masters.

When the personnel of the Canadian Overseas Expedition is analyzed various facts appear that on the surface are striking. For example, about seventy-five per cent of the soldiers were born in the British Isles. That fact, however, does not show any lack of loyalty on the part of the Canadian-born; it means merely that there has been such a surprising amount of immigration to Canada from the Motherland in the last few years that a large percentage of the eight million population is English-born.

Naturally, the English would first hurry to the call of England's war. Another fact is that the French-Canadians have not responded to the call so rapidly as it was hoped they would. In the South African war most of the people in the Province of

MEMORIES

When I'm smokin' in th' twilight
All th' world just fades away,
While Time goes turnin' backward
To th' scenes of yesterday;
An' I lis'en to th' voices
Of the fren's I uster know
Till I hear one voice a-callin'—
Sof'ly callin', "Little Joe."

Oh, thar's golden dreams aplenty
Of those days that uster be,
In th' fragrant smoke of Velvet,
But the sweetest one to me
Is to see my mother smilin'
Like she uster long ago,
At a round cheeked little rascal
That she called her "Little Joe."

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A Man Who Knows Boys

writes of his own boyhood experience

COMMANDANT F. P. KEHEW of Company D, 11th Massachusetts Infantry, United Boys' Brigade of America, used to sell *The Saturday Evening Post*. In a recent letter he says:

> "Although selling *The Saturday Evening Post* was great fun for me, and I considered myself quite a business man, now I realize it was really an education in business for me. This was my first experience in handling other people's money. I had to get used to the feeling of carrying around with me money that I could not spend because it wasn't mine, and for this reason I soon found that I could carry my own money around with the same safety. I know of boys today who have bank accounts larger than some business men because they, too, have learned this lesson in the same school.
>
> "In my judgment, parents do well in urging their boys to take up the work of selling the Curtis publications for these reasons, and because it is easy, out-of-doors work, profitable according to the effort expended."

Fifty thousand American boys, largely the sons of well-to-do parents, are now selling the Curtis publications. These boys go to school, but in their leisure hours they enjoy the same "business play" that taught Commandant Kehew his first lessons of money-responsibility. The experience will be of inestimable value to them in later life.

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Quebec and in Eastern Ontario were opposed to Canada's sending soldiers and spending money. A good many more are favorable to this war on account of France being involved and because many of them are half Belgian. Again, some of the French-Canadians have felt that their best men and officers have been ignored. But now a French-Canadian unit is being drilled and made ready for the front. It will be commanded by its own officers. Its men are to be the flower of the French-Canadians, and they are ready to show that the soldiers of Montcalm and of Lévis have not degenerated. It is a saying in Canada that the farther west you go the more loyal the Canadians are. Perhaps the fairest way to state it is to say that all Canadians love the Empire, but some love it more than others.

It is said by some frank people that the rapid enlistment of the soldiers in the Canadian Overseas Expedition was due to the fact that times have been bad in Canada, and that a Canadian soldier's pay is good. It is more than an English soldier's pay, being about a dollar a day. Besides, a married soldier goes away, sure that his wife and children will be, at least in a measure, provided for. The government pays a man's wife or mother twenty dollars a month. It may be that the man's late employer will see that the wife gets something, but if he does not, or if the man was out of work at the time of enlisting, the Canadian Patriotic Fund will be called on to aid the woman. Suppose she has three children; then she will receive, including the government allowance, forty-five dollars a month. It may be true that some men went to war more for the sake of their families than for the sake of the Empire, but a man big enough to pay such a price for the one ideal would also have the other in his heart.

Acts Speak Louder Than Songs

Another contingent must go over, as even the German spies know, and so the enlisting goes on steadily but surely. Writers in the newspapers are urging the Canadian-born to enlist, and there is no doubt they will; they will not have to be conscripted. As a writer in one Canadian newspaper pointed out, war is something that comes to the Continental Europeans, but it is something the Canadians go to. The Canadians constitutionally incapable of fighting stay home; while the poor Europeans, unnerved—not necessarily unwilling but mentally and physically unfitted—must fight. Even croakers know that Canada can and will send enough fit soldiers—a quarter of a million men if need be. But these latent soldiers are not being allowed to forget what is expected of them, and press and people remind them.

"Have you enlisted?" asked a clergyman of a young man who was emotionally caroling that Britons never would be slaves.

"No, sir."

"Well, then, leave the singing to those who have. If you don't intend to do your duty by your country you'd better not be showing any hypocritical patriotism."

Not that the Canadians are in need of being reminded, for the war spirit is alive and growing everywhere. Even people who could not possibly fight are practicing rifle shooting. Veterans, and men prevented by age and by other reasons from joining the army, are forming themselves into a guard for home defense. The other day the Duke of Connaught reviewed the battalion at McGill University which will be ready for the front if it is called on. Here, side by side, were drilling callow students and noted men like the pathologist, Dr. J. G. Adami, and Doctor Ludlow. More than one seventeen-year-old boy, who yet hopes to go to the front, has this verse pinned to the big Union Jack in his bedroom:

It's only an old piece of bunting,
It's only an old colored rag,
But thousands have died for its honor,
And shed their best blood for the flag.

The Canadians do not talk much about the English flag, either in mediocre verse or well-chosen prose periods, but they love it. Some symbols are meager and bodiless, others melodramatic and sentimental; a few are adapted to the ideals they stand for, and are suggestive and alive. Such is the Union Jack. To Canadians it stands for ideals of liberty and fair play which they respect and even revere, and for which, when the Empire calls, men and women both are ready to pay, whether the price be life or youth, health or hope or happiness.

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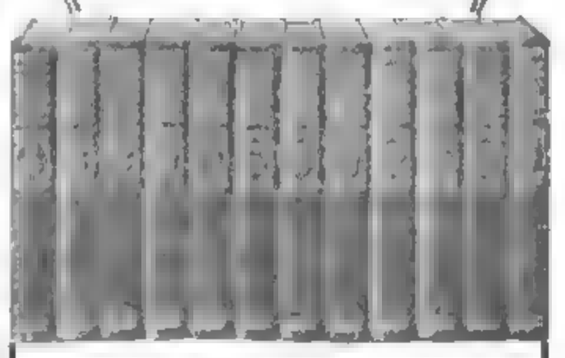

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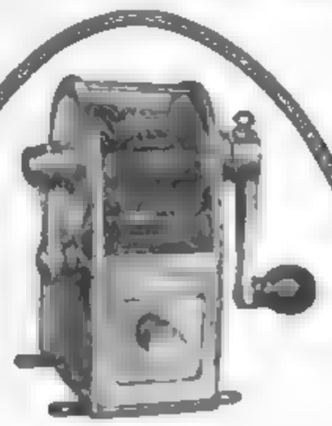


Point your pencils with this—the Stewart Junior. Its cobalt alloy steel cutters (double) won't break the lead—and won't get dull. A truly wonderful sharpener—four inches high—and attractively nickeled. Saves time—dirt—mistakes. Get one at your dealer's—today, or direct from J. K. Stewart Mfg. Co., 320 Wells Street, Chicago. Price—with clamp—only

$2.00

An Advertisement of an Advertisement

This is the advertisement·Read the story behind it.

Milk, the most important single article of food in the world, is very susceptible to contamination. It is difficult to keep it clean. It is very perishable. Yet it must frequently be used at times and places where it cannot be obtained fresh.

The tremendous importance of these facts impressed an earnest young pioneer named Gail Borden. Being of a studious nature, he found out what was necessary to make milk "keep." Being of an inventive nature, he devised methods for accomplishing this. The result was

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Gail Borden's invention laid the foundations of Borden's Condensed Milk Co., one of the largest organizations engaged in handling milk. It has revolutionized the milk business of the world.

Farmers have been taught how to feed and care for their cows so that they will give richer milk. They have conditions imposed upon them which will insure the cleanness of the milk. Every known process of eliminating the danger of contamination is utilized.

These steps and others, religiously followed year after year for sixty years, have made Gail Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the best known, the most widely sold, the most highly endorsed and the most frequently used of any preserved milk.

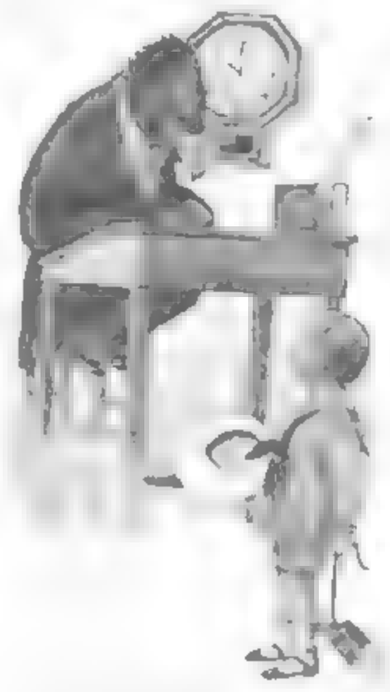
Reproduced upon this page is an advertisement of Gail Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It presents only one of the uses of this product. But that one use is the most important one. This advertisement was printed in publications reaching women, because it is intended only for mothers. If this Condensed Milk is pure enough for feeding babies it is pure enough and good enough for all the purposes of condensed milk. No condensed milk made from a supply less pure and less wholesome than the milk used in all Borden's milk products can ever be as safe and sound as this milk.

Borden's Milk is sold in various forms—Condensed, Evaporated, Malted, Fluid and Cultured. The name "Borden's" stands always for heightened quality and unvarying cleanliness.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

New York



A dollar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar—
"What makes you come so?"
"My mother gives me Borden's milk
At morning, night and noon."

No mother intends to take chances with her baby's food.

She doesn't wish to guess as to its cleanliness and purity

She wants to *know*.

Such a mother, when for any reason she is unable to nurse her baby, should turn unhesitatingly to—

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

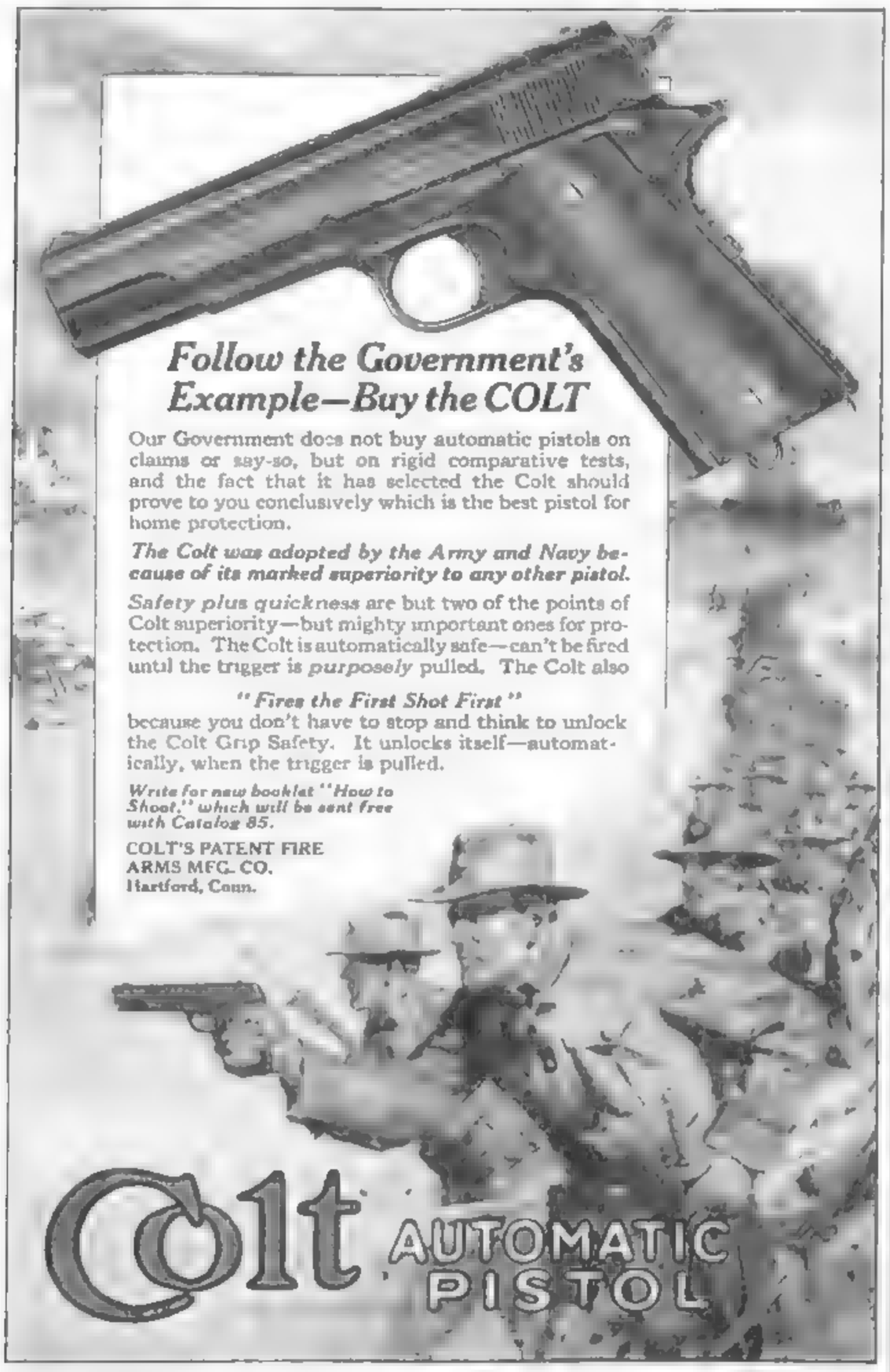
We want all mothers to know that three generations of physicians and mothers have found it the safest and most satisfactory substitute for mother's milk. We want them to know that more babies are fed on it today than on any other prepared infants' food. We want them to know that its cleanliness and purity have never been questioned.

No mother needs to guess.

She can *know*.

Send for booklets.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York


Follow the Government's Example—Buy the COLT
Our Government does not buy automatic pistols on claims or say-so, but on rigid comparative tests, and the fact that it has selected the Colt should prove to you conclusively which is the best pistol for home protection.
The Colt was adopted by the Army and Navy because of its marked superiority to any other pistol.
Safety plus quickness are but two of the points of Colt superiority—but mighty important ones for protection. The Colt is automatically safe—can't be fired until the trigger is purposely pulled. The Colt also
"Fires the First Shot First"
because you don't have to stop and think to unlock the Colt Grip Safety. It unlocks itself—automatically, when the trigger is pulled.
Write for new booklet "How to Shoot," which will be sent free with Catalog 85.
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.
Colt AUTOMATIC PISTOL

Do You Want More Money Next Year?

If you do, we would like to tell you how to get it.

EVERY town of any size in the United States contains people who are already subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Every town of any size contains other people who will for the first time subscribe during the next thirty days. Over 400,000 subscriptions for these periodicals will expire between now and the first of the year alone and must be renewed.

We want to appoint representatives in every part of the country to look after this business for us—to forward the renewals and to send the new orders. For this work we will pay liberally in commission and salary. We do not require a person's entire time, though the more time devoted to it the greater will be the amount earned. We would like to have you try it and to have you start at once, for just now there is that great mass of renewals to be forwarded.

There will be no expense to you and you cannot help increasing your income even if you have only an occasional leisure hour.

Write at once and we will send you full information and everything necessary for trying an experiment which must at least, give you more money than you have now. *Agency Division, Box 671,*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

DARBY AND JOAN, LIMITED

Continued from Page 18)

"Why, what do you mean? Do you want her to go up in the air? Do you enjoy Kate Edgewater's scoldings and complaints about her husband? When you consider your point of view about wives dining without their husbands —"

"Exactly! But nobody else seems to consider it," said Bob.

The words were more pointed than his smile; he was very fond of Betty Girard and one of the few men her husband liked.

"My dear fellow! What do you mean? Do you seriously think Phyl should have stayed at home because you were too lazy to shave? And, of course, it's a mere detail," she went on airily, "but she had let Hilda and the cook go out for the evening, and there wasn't any dinner."

"So I discovered," he said, with a Fellowes-pursed lip.

"Oh, bosh! You're too absurd! It served you right, then!" Betty flared out at him. "Look here, Bob; as a matter of interest, do I understand that you *do* think Phyl should have stayed home and grouched with you?"

"Oh, no," he answered absently, his eyes glancing down at his book.

"Then all I've got to say is, you've no business to take the attitude you do," she said definitely. "Either be a good old New England tyrant, and be proud of it, or don't act injured when Phyl takes it for granted that you're not one! So there!" And Betty clapped his book together like a saucy child and ran away.

Bob had tried to be vexed, but had not been able to succeed very well. When Mrs. Walter Girard chose to exercise her very real charms; when those curious, flecked hazel eyes met yours, and you felt that you had known her always—and only just discovered her!—then, if you were a man, you laid down your arms and surrendered.

That she knew this was not the least of her weapons; and to-day, when Phyllis left her, to sit with the children at their nursery tea, she sat for a while alone, thoughtful, flicking at her high tan riding boots with her little wicker-handled crop. Her eyes grew somber, darkened, and seemed to see pictures that were not in the room; her merry mouth drooped at the corners; she looked, for once, her age. Once she scowled, shrugged her shoulders and slanted her eyes.

"It's no affair of mine," she muttered to the riding crop.

Then, as her glance fell on a little pastel sketch she had made of Phyllis and Felicia four years before—Phyl in the lavender and black she had seen her in that first time, a little pensive, her eyes repeated, tint for tint, in the six-year-old face so close to her own—Betty's eyes softened.

"That's a darn good picture," she murmured—"a darn good picture! Well, I might as well get it over with. Come on, Betty Naldreth Girard, let's make a fool of ourselves!"

And she crossed to the library, where Bob lay stretched with his book.

"Will you walk over with me, Bob, and lead Haidee? My arm's tired and the saddle slips a bit," she said abruptly.

"Why, certainly," he said, and got up. "Or shall I send the boy round with her and take you over in the car?"

"Lazy!" she mocked; and then: "Why, yes; I don't mind. Come along."

"It's two miles, you know, and you're going to dance to-night," he suggested as she took her seat beside him.

"I know. This is all right. It was really a talk with you I wanted."

They rounded the gatepost.

"With me? Delighted, I'm sure."

"No; you won't be delighted a bit, Bobby dear. You'll probably throw me out of the car before we're through. Because I want to talk about Phyl."

"About Phyllis?"

"Yes, about Phyllis; and you can't scare me a bit, you know, looking that way. I'm as old as you—and that's ten years older. And we're both of us older than Phyl."

She paused; but he sat silent, guiding the little car easily, his eyes straight before him. He was going to make it very hard.

"Bob," she said suddenly, "you used to play about with my Cousin Hattie when you were at Yale, didn't you?"

He smiled in spite of himself.

"I haven't thought of Harriet Naldreth for twenty years!" he said slowly. "And she was your cousin, was she? Good Lord! Oh, yes, we were all crazy about her! Will was almost engaged to her once—he was a senior when I was a freshman, you know—and I sneaked in under his nose and took her to a dance. He nearly killed me!"

"She was a great dancer, wasn't she?"

"Best in New Haven!" he replied emphatically; "she taught me to waltz." He smiled reminiscently. "Her mother used to tell us to turn back the drugget in the dining room they had an enormous dining room—and we'd lift away the table; and Mrs. Naldreth would play waltzes for us all night. She certainly was a good sport, Mother Naldreth. They had a darky cook, and about ten o'clock she'd bring in ice cream and fruit cake and raspberry punch—they certainly knew how to take care of boys! I never liked any parties better."

"Oh, well, I don't suppose there were very many big balls," Betty suggested tolerantly.

"I don't know about that, either!" he shot back. "Didn't Harriet ever tell you about Judge Witherbee's New Year's ball? He gave one every year for the girls—they had Lander's Orchestra from New York. I went to four of 'em, by George, and took Harriet to two! Then the Cadets gave a big hop at Hartford in the spring; we used to go up, a carload of us. And then young Leydendecker was in our class for two years and he got six of us invites for the big Leydendecker ball in New York, the two years he was with '90. He took me because his great chum was my roommate. I never saw so much champagne in my life, before or since—honestly, Betty! We rode home four of us—in a hansom at five o'clock, and swam in the Athletic Club pool, and ate ham and eggs and buckwheat cakes, and took the eight-o'clock express back to New Haven, because Leydendecker had used up all his cuts."

He rounded Hairpin Curve and sighed comfortably.

"Oh, well, you're only young once!" he said. "Heavens, how my pumps hurt that morning! And I didn't mind ——"

"No," Betty said softly; "one doesn't mind. Bob, do you happen to know that last year, at the tennis tournament dance, Phyllis was going to her first ball?"

"Oh, hardly so bad as that!" he said, still softened by his reminiscences. "That's putting it rather strong, isn't it?"

"It happens to be the literal truth," said she. "That little informal dance, with three pieces of music and perhaps a hundred people on the floor, and half the men in white flannels, was her first ball—and she's in her thirties!"

"But Phyl knows how to dance ——"

"Certainly she does. She danced at dancing school. And there were about four little boys to twelve little girls. And she was at boarding school a year and danced with the girls there. And she visited one of her school friends one summer and danced on the veranda with some boys younger than she while the grown-ups enjoyed their hops inside. Exciting, wasn't it?"

"But ——"

"But nothing at all! I tell you the girl never went to a party! And lots of American girls never did! You know yourself how they lived—every comfort; nice clothes; books; flowers; piano; embroidery and long walks. Her mother couldn't go anywhere and her father was awfully afraid she'd know vulgar people; and he couldn't tag round with her, after all. He took her on little trips for treats—the Profile House; Montreal; Boston. I don't mean to say for a minute that she was a suffering martyr—she had a good time, of course. And he knew interesting people; but they were all older than Phyl."

"That's true enough," he said briefly.

"Don't you know—you can remember, Bob—people in those comfortable little New England towns fifteen or twenty years ago? They didn't go in for sport, you know. The rich people had tennis courts—there weren't any country clubs; there weren't casinos, except in the big watering places. They went on beach picnics and took dinners. Why, Bob, if Phyl had ever known anything like those Naldreth dances in New Haven, even!"

They had come to the entrance of Foxden, the Girards' place; but he gave the car a twist and they went by, up the ridge road. She talked on breathlessly.

"You didn't honestly think, Bob, that such a pretty woman as Phyllis would go on

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED *A New Package of*

Whitman's

An enticing assortment—*all nuts, chocolate covered.* The selected whole meat nuts, gathered from all the world and handled with scrupulous care, are worthy of the rich coating of exquisite super-extra chocolate. These centers are walnuts, double walnuts, cream walnuts, pecans, cream pecans, pecan caramels, filbert clusters, almonds, white nougat, hard nougat, amaracenes, peanut chips and Brazil nuts.

Substantially packed in an elaborate two-tray box. One dollar the package in pound size only (more in extreme west and Canada). If no Whitman agent near you, send us $1.00 for package by mail. Write for booklet.

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Satin-lined Military Collar

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Signal Flannel Shirt for cold weather

Take a look at this dressy and comfortable flannel shirt, today. Made of quality tested flannels, carefully and stylishly cut by our skilled, expert workmen—it fits perfectly and gives good service. Your shirt money is well invested when you buy

SIGNAL FLANNEL COATSHIRTS

Wear [illegible] can button [illegible] breast plait to [illegible] $1 50 up. Signal flannel shirts are also made closed style in a large variety of styles and patterns.

Flannel Shirt Given

Go to your dealer and ask for Signal Flannel Shirts. If he does not carry them, send us his name and if we get [illegible] to order we will send you a $1 50 flannel shirt with our compliments. See your dealer today.

SIGNAL SHIRT

Hilker-Wiechers Mfg. Co.
1260 Mound Ave., Racine, Wis.

[illegible]

The "Safety First" sign in shirt buying

forever, knowing just you and the children, and ordering the meals? It seems all right to you, because your family apparently don't want or need people—you meet them in a business way, and you smoke and chat with a few men on the train, and then you come home."

"It seems a reasonable ending to the day," he said dryly.

"Ah, yes—but Phyl is home all day—according to you, that is. Of course, since she's learned to play tennis and golf, and goes about with women of her own age, that makes a lot of difference; but she doesn't see any men unless she goes out in the evening, does she?"

"I'm not aware that it's necessary ——"

"Oh, Bob, try not to talk like Jonathan Edwards! If you have any sense you are aware that the human race is gregarious, aren't you? Healthy men and women like to see each other. I judge, from what Hattie used to write us about the Fellowes boys, that you occasionally wasted a few hours yourself."

"My dear Betty, any fellow at college ——"

"My dear Bob, Phyllis was never even a girl at college! The sort of thing that Jess Turkington has had, ever since she came out, your wife has never known in her life. Don't get the idea that, because she did without it for ten years, she didn't want it, Bob! Even though she didn't know it, probably. But don't make any mistake about it now, Bobby—she's going to have it!"

"So it seems."

"And you can thank your stars she's getting it among such decent, sensible people as this set is, on the whole!" she pressed on, a little irritated at his obstinacy. "Let me tell you there are places where a pretty young woman like Phyllis—as eager for a good time as she is, so easily satisfied, so simple-minded and so good-hearted ——"

"I'm quite aware of Phyllis' virtues, Betty."

"Oh, you are!"

She shot him a peculiar side glance.

"Perhaps, then, you're aware, also, of the temptations to which such virtues expose her if she goes about entirely alone! Perhaps you realize that the new people who've come here this year don't know whether you exist or not—have never seen you? Perhaps you're aware that Turkey and Billy Edgewater already consider you as one of Father Turkington's contemporaries, and that you've been placed with Mrs. Ponderby at the golf dinner? Perhaps you're aware that Victor Winquist said there was no use in urging you even for the scratch doubles, because you weren't up to it—in his opinion?"

"I have already warned Phyllis ——"

"Oh, warned her! What earthly good is that? Warned her that if she goes alone the results will be thus and so—and then leave her to go alone! Honestly, Bob, I see what Grace Fellowes meant ——"

"Grace? My sister-in-law?"

"Exactly—your sister-in-law. Why, I knew her in Paris, long before your brother married her. I had a studio next hers one year. He would have her and, of course, he bullied her into it; but I can tell you it was only her concert tours that kept her from getting a divorce the first three years. I will say for you, Bob, you're more human than he used to be. Why, he wanted poor Grace to spend all her summers on a lonely island off Mount Desert! But he got jealous of that absurd barytone, and that brought him to reason."

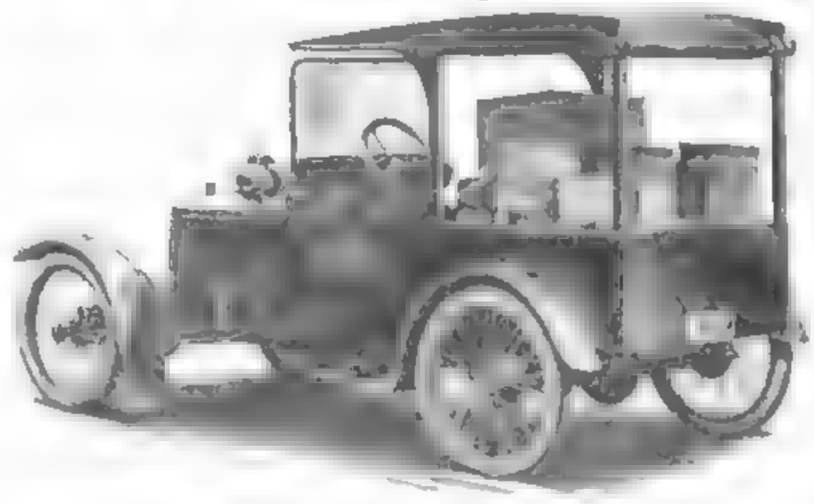
He had forgotten Betty's terrible habit of knowing everybody! Was there no privacy possible with her? She battered down one's dignity like a steam roller.

He turned the car; and from the curve of the road they saw the gray-shingled eaves of Foxden. She watched him warily and struck her final blow:

"Of course, if you don't like all these crazy dances, that's a different matter. It's not going to last, and everybody admits it's being run into the ground. I don't know that I blame Lenny Edgewater for marching Kate out of the Jardin de Danse—that's a point of view; everybody has a right to it. But why on earth you want to sit round and get fat, and smoke yourself stupid, and act so superior, when you're only reading because it requires less exertion—you don't really think there's any virtue in reading Thackeray, do you?—passes my comprehension!"

He smiled a little shakily. They turned into the Foxden drive. Betty Girard sighed elaborately.

SAXON Delivery Car $395



A Dependable Delivery Car Your Business Can Afford

The Saxon delivery car, $395, costs less to buy than any other delivery car made; costs less to operate; costs less to maintain, and does its work as efficiently as the more expensive vehicles.

Here is a delivery car of 400 pounds capacity (besides driver's weight), with powerful four-cylinder motor, sliding gear transmission, dry plate clutch, shaft drive, standard tread, and other features of standard design. It is powerful and constructed of thoroughly high grade materials. The Saxon is not a cycle car. There is nothing freakish about any of its features.

With the Saxon delivery car your delivery radius is increased. 20 miles is a big day's work for a horse. 80 miles is an *average* day's work for the Saxon. Thus the Saxon brings new business by making four times as many deliveries possible in the same time.

The Saxon delivery car contains no experimental features. More than 8500 Saxons have entered service and are making good by actual performance over all sorts of roads and under all conditions. A Saxon made a run across the continent from New York to San Francisco—3389 miles in 30 days. On another occasion more than 100 Saxons in as many cities ran 200 miles without stop and averaged 34.53 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Saxon owners average 27 to 36 miles per gallon of gasoline and 75 to 100 miles on a pint of oil. Tire mileage is large, because the car is well designed and the weight properly distributed. And a new tire costs only $13. Operation cost is low for the Saxon. And maintenance cost is almost negligible.

The Saxon is just the delivery car for those who have quick deliveries of goods to make—speedy, simple, and safe to drive, easy for unloading and loading goods (the platform is low) and, by reason of storm curtains, it is the vehicle for all kinds of weather.

Now is a particularly good time to consider the advantages of the Saxon delivery car. The holiday season will soon be here. Quick deliveries will mean much to you, and will be of increasing importance all the time.

Write us for literature describing the new Saxon delivery car—also for name of the nearest dealer. Address Dept. 1.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

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3-in-One works out gummy deposits left by poor oil; sweetens and cleans the bearings; makes them almost frictionless.

3-in-One Oil

is light yet possesses great viscosity. Reaches every hidden friction point, stays in the bearings and wears and wears. 3-in-One will neither gum, dry out nor gather dust. Free of grease and acid. Nothing in it injurious to fabric or hands. A splendid polish for the wooden case, too. Keeps tarnish and rust away completely.

Sold in hardware, drug, grocery, housefurnishing and general stores: 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.), 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz. 25c. If your dealer does not carry these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.

FREE—Sample and Dictionary of uses

Three-in-One Oil Co.
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3-IN-ONE OIL

Whenever you enter a store, look for the Sunshine Biscuit Rack. Its appetizing display affords easy selection, while the biscuits are protected absolutely against dust, moisture and handling. These "Quality Biscuits of America" include Sugar Wafers, English Style Biscuits and Biscuit Bonbons. They are different, both in kind and quality—many exclusive with us, others made by no one else in this country.
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Biscuits
Look for the rack! It is the sign of the up-to-date intelligent grocer. Its presence insures you high-quality goods, appetizing display, dependability.
The different varieties of Sunshine Biscuits shown here are but a few of the many which satisfy every taste and every occasion. Sold by the pound or in air-tight packages
That you may know how tempting these biscuits are, we'll send you our
Sunshine Revelation Box
containing 14 kinds, if you pay the cost of postage and packing. Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) with your name and address, and your dealer's name, too, please.
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722 Thompson Ave., L.I.C.
NEW YORK
SUNSHINE
BISCUIT BON BONS
Look for this Sunshine Biscuit Rack

"But there! What's the use?" she said. "If the Felloweses all settle down at forty—why, they do; that's all! When they called Doctor Stanchon up to consult about your father, he told Phyllis how he used to be the best all-round athlete at Yale; and that if he'd kept up the slightest exercise he wouldn't have weakened his heart so when he ran for that car in the rain. He warned him that he couldn't keep his wind reading Buckle's History of Civilization!"

Bob gasped. How could one escape the woman? He put on the brake. Betty stepped out of the car, twisting herself supplely on the step.

"Good-by, you pompous, cross thing!" she said. "And remember, this Darby-and-Joan business is a great thing—but it has its limits!" She leaned nearer to him. "Bow nicely to the lady!" she commanded, smiling. And putting one smooth hand against each of his cheeks, she bent his head solemnly three times, looking deep into his unwilling eyes. He could not resent her, reading what he read there.

Late that night—early the next morning, in fact—he stood smoking a final cigar under the dying lanterns of the club veranda. The last waltzers bent and swayed to the last bars of a Viennese melody that beat like their own flagging pulses.

Bob buttoned his white waistcoat remorselessly—there was no doubt in the world it had shrunk, for it pinched him!—and stepped to one side as two shadowy figures danced out on the veranda and sat down near him.

"Oh, Turkey, I hate to stop!" Phyllis cried, soft and breathless.

"It's been a great dance, hasn't it?"

"The best I ever had!" she said solemnly. "Betty's been fussing about the floor; but I think it's been perfect!"

Turkey drew a long breath. "By gad, but it's a pleasure to see you enjoy yourself, Phyl!" he said. "To think that this is the best —— You poor little thing! I wish ——"

Bob tossed his cigar away. "Hello, Turkey!" he said. "How's it going?"

"Fine! Thanks, old man. Has she got to go?"

"She has, if she expects me to take her over to that—that soup *dansant* at Ridgefield to-morrow—I mean to-day!" said Bob.

"Oh, Bob! will you, really? Good-night, Turkey. It was lovely. I'll get my cape."

She slipped her hand under her husband's arm.

"I—I didn't think you could get off," she began, her absurd little gurgling laugh breaking through the eager words. "I told them we couldn't possibly ——"

"Oh, I can get off—if I have to!" said Bob Fellowes.

Falling Cages

AIR tanks at the bottom of the elevator shafts of skyscrapers have proved to be the simplest and surest safety devices; so that an elevator may fall the full length of the shaft and the passengers escape without injury. The elevator shaft in the lower stories has walls of steel and concrete, which are air-tight and able to stand great pressure. Doors at the various stories fit snugly and are extremely sturdy. The walls of the shaft near the bottom are of extra-strong steel and concrete, and narrow so that there is only about the space of one-quarter of an inch between them and any elevator cage that may drop.

When an elevator cage drops it compresses the air, because all the air in the shaft below cannot escape past the descending cage; and this compressed air retards the fall. Near the bottom of the shaft, where the clearance space is less, this air-compression is very marked; so that a cage cannot drop suddenly to the bottom without first blowing out the concrete and steel walls; and the walls are built to withstand great pressure. Valves at the bottom permit air to come into the shaft, but not to go out, in order that there shall be no hindrance to a rising elevator cage. This air-cushion protection is additional to the protection afforded by various patent stopping devices. An elevator was purposely dropped in such a shaft from the forty-fifth story of the Woolworth Building, in the city of New York. Most of the drop was made with a rush, but in the last fifty feet it began to slow up; and it came to rest at the bottom of the shaft without a jar of sufficient force to injure anybody if there had been passengers aboard.

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You need them both **now**, when you are planning your trip, just as the foreign traveler needs a Baedeker, to learn about hotel and restaurant rates and accommodations and other necessary expenses, as well as for the pleasure of seeing new pictures and learning fresh facts about these wonderful events.

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By Using Standard Steel Needles and
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Shock-Absorbing, Resilient, Detachable Needle Holder
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An ideal Xmas gift
COSTS ONLY ONE DOLLAR
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The book is printed in colors. It tells how California's sun-made raisins are produced and why you should eat more of them.

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Give them to the little folk as sweetmeats in place of rich candies that you know nothing about. They can eat all *the raisins* they want without any ill effects.

Here is "Nature's Candy"—here is the sugar they need, developed in pure grapes by California's golden sun alone. No adulteration. No artificial methods—just the *purest* sugar, produced in Nature's inimitable way.

These are California raisins—the finest raisins the world affords. The grapes from which they are made are so sweet, tender, and delicate that they cannot be shipped fresh to distant markets. So they are cured in the vineyards in California's wonderful sunshine and shipped to your dealers' stores as *raisins*.

A Big Christmas Package Sent Prepaid for $1

We will send to any address in the United States a large package (near the size of a tailor's suit box) containing 7½ pounds of California's sun-made raisins in three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted), Seedless (made from small seedless grapes), and Layer (loose and in clusters to serve with nuts).

Send for this package. It provides enough raisins for Christmas. See how good California's sun-made raisins are.

Just send us $1. We'll send the Christmas Package by express, prepaid.

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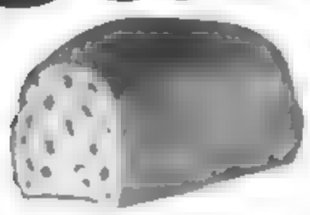
One pound of these raisins equals in food value:

1½ pounds of beef.	1 pound of bread.
2 pounds of eggs.	4 pounds of milk.
4⅝ pounds of fish.	4½ pounds of potatoes.

California's Sun-Made Raisins



Order California Raisin Bread From Your Baker

Your baker has probably received from us a prize recipe for raisin bread, and is now baking some delicious loaves for you. This bread should be served at every meal with the white bread.

No other food on the table is better for children or grown-ups than bread like this filled with these sun-made raisins.

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This is the Day of the Electric —and Every Third One is a Detroit

98 per cent of all automobile trips are within easy radius for the electric (60 to 70 miles at a speed of 20 to 25 miles per hour).

Men and women who own electrics and know their convenience, comfort, cleanliness and economy prefer the electric to any other car.

The Detroit offers all these advantages in superlative degree, *plus* an unequalled style, a number of exclusive features and a thoroughly individual elegance.

For these reasons more people than ever before are buying and using electrics. And the Detroit outsells all others. Every third electric sold is a Detroit.

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Get a dollar's worth of value for every dollar spent, is the wise policy of successful men and women—whether their expenditures are large or small.

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Greater Utility of the Electric Appeals to Wise Buyers

Recently in an Eastern city, two men of national reputation in the business world sold their two limousines, dispensed with their chauffeurs, and each purchased a Detroit Electric.

Their action was prompted neither by a lack of funds nor a need to retrench. Rather was it a conviction that in actual utility, in real service for the money expended, the electric car would serve the family far better than the limousine.

Nor is the action of these gentlemen exceptional. Everywhere men and women have come to appreciate that the Detroit Electric will meet their every requirement for business or pleasure, by day or at night, more conveniently, more efficiently, and more economically than any other type of car.

The Real Reasons for the Supremacy of the Detroit

The larger battery and the over-sized motor connected directly to the driving shaft give from 15% to 20% more power. The worm gear at the axle runs continuously in a bath of oil. Friction is practically unknown and wear on parts is at a minimum.

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The full aluminum body of the Detroit Electric assures permanency. The deep Turkish upholstery is luxurious and elegant. The efficient automatic safety devices render the Detroit Electric a car which any member of your family can drive in perfect security even through congested traffic. The rain-vision front window gives you clear view ahead at all times. The fenders are full aluminum of the oval crown design.

There are six handsome body styles of the Detroit Electric this year in new and beautiful color combinations. We invite you to inspect these cars at our dealers'. Catalog on request.

Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit

Builders of the Detroit Electric

World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Pleasure Vehicles

Our Cabriolet Model is Proving Especially Popular with Men. 132 Detroit Electrics of this Model Alone Have Been Bought by Men Since September First

THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 5

both report the same thing. Wait a minute! He says Moscow has wired that at eight o'clock last evening a tremendous aurora of bright yellow light was seen to the northwest, and that their spectroscopes showed the helium line only. He wants to know if we have any explanation to offer ——"

"Explanation!" gasped Evarts. "Tell Paris that we had earthquake shocks here together with violent seismic movements, sudden rise in barometer, followed by fall, statics and erratic variation in magnetic needle."

"What does it all mean?" murmured Thornton, staring blankly at the younger man.

The key rattled and the rotary spark whined into a shriek. Then silence.

"Paris says that the same manifestations have been observed in Russia, Algeria, Italy, London and Paris," called out Williams. "Ah! What's that? Nauen's calling." Again he sent the blue flame crackling between the coils. "Nauen reports an error of five minutes in their meridian observations according to the official clocks. And hello! He says Berlin has capitulated and that the Russians began marching through at daylight—that is about two hours ago. He says he is about to turn the station over to the Allied Commissioners, who will at once assume charge."

Evarts whistled.

"How about it?" he asked of Thornton.

The latter shook his head gravely.

"It may be—explainable, or," he added hoarsely, "it may mean the end of the world."

Williams staggered from his chair and confronted Thornton.

"What do you mean?" he almost shrieked.

"Perhaps the universe is running down!" said Evarts soothingly. "At any rate keep it to yourself, old chap. If the jig is up there's no use scaring people to death a month or so too soon!"

Thornton grasped an arm of each.

"Not a word of this to anybody!" he ground out through violet lips. "Absolute silence, or hell will break loose on earth!"

IV

FREE translation of the Official Report of the Imperial Commission of the Berlin Academy of Science to the Imperial German Commissioners of the Federated States, at Mainz, August 1, 1915:

"The unprecedented cosmic phenomena which occurred during the month of July in the present year, and which were felt over the entire surface of the globe, have left a permanent effect of such magnitude on the position of the earth's axis in space and the duration of the period of the rotation that it is impossible to predict at the present time the ultimate changes or modifications in the climatic conditions which may follow. This commission has considered most carefully the possible causes that may have been responsible for this catastrophe—*Weltunfall*—and, by eliminating every hypothesis that was incapable of explaining all of the various disturbances, is now in a position to present two theories, either one of which appears to be capable of explaining the recent disturbances.

"The phenomena in question may be briefly summarized as follows:

"1. THE YELLOW AURORA. In Northern Europe this appeared suddenly on the night of July 22 as a broad, faint sheaf—*Lichtbündel*—of clear yellow light in the western sky. Reports from America show that at Washington it appeared in the north as a narrow shaft of light, inclined at an angle of about thirty degrees with the horizon, and shooting off to the east. Near the horizon it was extremely brilliant, and the spectroscope showed that the light was due to glowing helium gas.

"The Potsdam Observatory reported that the presence of sodium has been detected in the aurora; but this appears to have been a mistake due to the faintness of the light and the circumstance that no comparison spectrum was impressed on the plate. On the photograph made at the Washington Observatory the helium line is certain, as a second exposure was made with a sodium flame; and the two lines are shown distinctly separated.

"2. THE NEGATIVE ACCELERATION. This phenomenon was observed to a greater or less extent all over the globe. It was especially marked near the equator, but in Northern Europe it was noted by only a few observers, though many clocks were stopped and other instruments deranged. There appears to be no doubt that a force of terrific magnitude was applied in a tangential direction to the surface of the earth, in such a relation as to oppose its axial rotation, with the result that surface velocity was diminished by about one part in three hundred, resulting in a lengthening of the day by five minutes, thirteen and a half seconds.

"The application of this brake—*Bremselkraft*, as we may term it—caused acceleration phenomena to manifest themselves, precisely as on a railroad train when being brought to a stop. The change in the surface speed of the earth at the equator has amounted to about 6.4 kilometers an hour; and various observations show that this change of velocity was brought about by the operation of the unknown force for a period of time of less than three minutes. The negative acceleration thus represented would certainly be too small to produce any marked physiological sensations, and yet the reports from various places indicate that they were certainly observed. The sensations felt are usually described as similar to those experienced in a moving automobile when the brake is very gently applied.

"Moreover, certain destructive actions are reported from localities near the equator—chimneys fell and tall buildings swayed; while from New York comes the report that the obelisk in Central Park was thrown from its pedestal. It appears that these effects were due to the circumstance that the alteration of velocity was propagated through the earth as a wave similar to an earthquake wave, and that the effects were cumulative at certain points—a theory that is substantiated by reports that at certain localities, even near the equator, no effects were noted.

"3. TIDAL WAVES. These were observed everywhere and were very destructive in many places. In the Panama Canal, which is near the equator and which runs nearly east and west, the sweep of the water was so great that it flowed over the Gatun Lock. On the eastern coasts of the various continents there was a recession of the sea, the fall of the tide being from three to five meters below the low-water mark. On the western coasts there was a corresponding rise, which in some cases reached a level of over twelve meters.

"That the tidal phenomena were not more marked and more destructive is a matter of great surprise, and has been considered as evidence that the retarding force was not applied at a single spot on the earth's surface, but was a distributed force, which acted on the water as well as on the land, though to a less extent. It is difficult, however, to conceive of a force capable of acting in such a way; and Björnson's theory of the magnetic vortex in the ether has been rejected by this commission.

"4. ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCES. Some time after the appearance of the yellow aurora a sudden rise in atmospheric pressure, followed by a gradual fall considerably below the normal pressure, was recorded over the entire surface of the globe. Calculations based on the time of arrival of this disturbance at widely separated points show that it proceeded with the velocity of sound from a point situated probably in Northern Labrador. The maximum rise of pressure recorded was registered at Halifax, the self-recording barographs showing that the pressure rose over six centimeters in less than five minutes.

"5. SHIFT IN DIRECTION OF THE EARTH'S AXIS. The axis of the earth has been shifted in space by the disturbance and now points almost exactly toward the double star Delta Ursae Minoris. This change appears to have resulted from the circumstance that the force was applied to the surface of the globe in a direction not quite parallel to the direction of rotation, the result being the development of a new axis and a shift in the positions of the poles, which it will now be necessary to rediscover.

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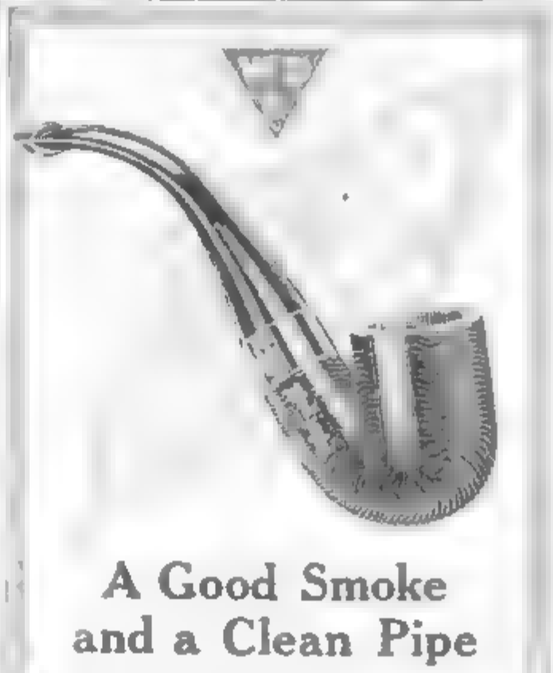

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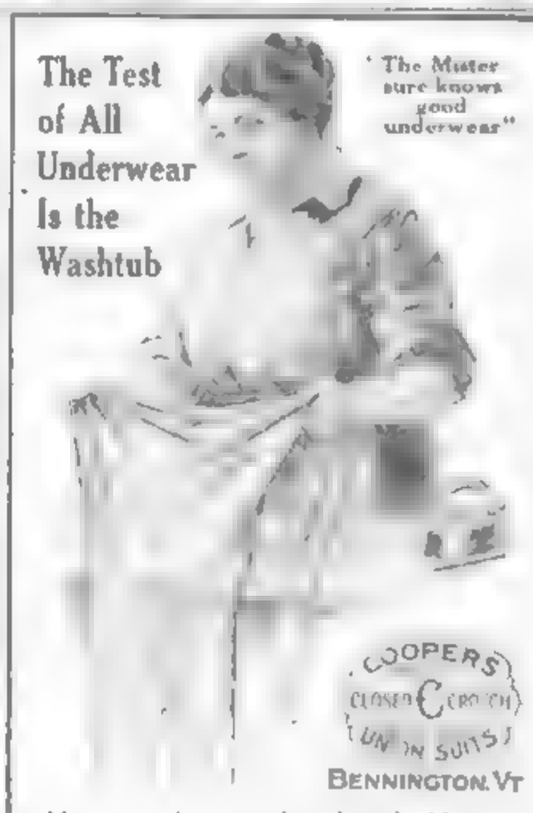

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Write me for my free book, in two bright colors, filled with pictures. If you send me your toy dealer's name and address, I'll also give a sample copy of [illegible] containing photos of boys who build the best models, tells how to do magic tricks, etc. Write me today.

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"It appears that these most remarkable cosmic phenomena can be explained in either of two ways: they may have resulted from an explosive or volcanic discharge from the surface of the earth, or from the oblique impact of a meteoric stream moving at a very high velocity. It seems unlikely that sufficient energy to bring about the observed changes could have been developed by a volcanic disturbance of the ordinary type; but if radioactive forces are allowed to come into play the amount of energy available is practically unlimited.

"It is difficult, however, to conceive of any way in which a sudden liberation of atomic energy could have been brought about by any terrestrial agency; so that the first theory, though able to account for the facts, seems to be the less tenable of the two. The meteoric theory offers no special difficulty. The energy delivered by a comparatively small mass of finely divided matter, moving at a velocity of several hundred kilometers a second—and such a velocity is by no means unknown—would be amply sufficient to alter the velocity of rotation by the small amount observed.

"Moreover, the impact of such a meteoric stream may have developed a temperature sufficiently high to bring about radioactive changes, the effect of which would be to expel helium and other disintegration products at cathode-ray velocity—*Kathoden-Strahlen-Fortpflanzung-Geschwindigkeit*—from the surface of the earth; and the recoil exerted by this expulsion would add itself to the force of the meteoric impact.

"The presence of helium makes this latter hypothesis not altogether improbable, while the atmospheric wave of pressure would result at once from the disruption of the air by the passage of the meteor stream through it. Exploration of the region in which it seems probable that the disturbance took place will undoubtedly furnish the data necessary for the complete solution of the problem." [Pp. 17–19.]

V

SIX days later an extraordinary conference occurred at the White House, probably the most extraordinary ever held there or elsewhere. At the long table at which the cabinet meetings took place sat six gentlemen in dress suits, each trying to appear unconcerned if not amused. At the head of the table sat the President of the United States; next to him Count von Koenitz, the German Ambassador, representing the Imperial German Commissioners, who had taken over the reins of the German Government after the abdication of the Kaiser; and on the opposite side Monsieur Emil Liban, Prince Rostoloff and Sir John Smith, the respective ambassadors of France, Russia and Great Britain. The sixth person was Thornton, the astronomer.

"With great respect, Your Excellency," said Count von Koenitz, "the matter is preposterous—as much so as a fairy tale by Grimm! This wireless operator of whom you speak is lying about these messages. If he received them at all—a fact which hangs solely upon his word—he received them after and not before the phenomena recorded."

"That might hold true of the first message—the one received July twenty-first, but the second message, foretelling the lengthening of July twenty-seventh, was delivered on that day, and was in my hands before the disturbances occurred. And yesterday the day was lengthened as you know by ten full minutes."

Von Koenitz fingered his mustache and shrugged his shoulders. It was clear that he regarded the whole affair as absurd, undignified.

Monsieur Liban turned impatiently from him.

"Your Excellency," he said, addressing the President, "I cannot share the views of Count von Koenitz. I regard this affair as of the most stupendous importance. Messages or no messages, extraordinary natural phenomena are occurring which may shortly end in the extinction of human life upon the planet. A power which can control the length of the day can annihilate the globe."

"You cannot change the facts," remarked Prince Rostoloff sternly to the German Ambassador. "The earth has changed its orbit. Professor Vaskofsky, of the Imperial College, has so declared. There is some cause. Be it God or devil, there is a cause. Are we to sit still and do nothing while the globe's crust freezes and our armies congeal into corpses?" He trembled with agitation.

(Continued on Page 60)

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with the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac the motorist experiences less fatigue on long journeys.

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with the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac every enjoyment of motoring is intensified.

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the Eight-Cylinder V-type principle, with the absence of vibration and steady application of power, coupled with Cadillac ideals and Cadillac methods of execution, lends itself to long life and enduring service.

Because
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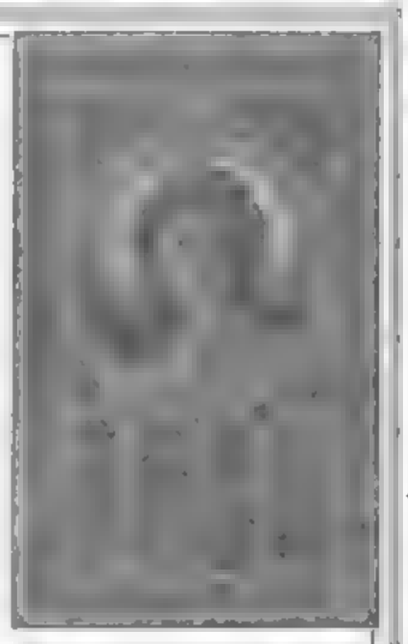

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Penna.

(Continued from Page 58)

"Calm yourself, *mon cher* Prince!" said Monsieur Liban. "So far we have gained fifteen minutes and have lost nothing! But as you say, whether or not the sender of these messages is responsible, there is a cause, and we must find it."

"But how? That is the question," exclaimed the President almost apologetically, for he felt, as did Count von Koenitz, that somehow an explanation would shortly be forthcoming that would make this conference seem the height of the ridiculous. "I have already," he added hastily, "instructed the entire force of the National Academy of Sciences to direct its energies toward the solution of these phenomena. Undoubtedly Great Britain, Russia, Germany and France are doing the same. The scientists report that the yellow aurora seen in the north, the earthquakes, the variation of the compass and the eccentricities of the barometer are probably all connected more or less directly with the change in the earth's orbit. But they offer no explanation. They do not suggest what the aurora is nor why its appearance should have this effect. It therefore seems to me clearly my duty to lay before you all the facts so far as they are known to me. Among these facts are the mysterious messages received by wireless at the Naval Observatory immediately preceding these events."

"*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc!*" half sneered Von Koenitz.

The President smiled wearily.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, glancing round the table. "Shall we remain inactive? Shall we wait and see what may happen?"

"No! No!" shouted Rostoloff, jumping to his feet. "Another week and we may all be plunged into eternity. It is suicidal not to regard this matter seriously. We are sick from war. And perhaps Count von Koenitz, in view of the fall of Berlin, would welcome something of the sort as an honorable way out of his country's difficulties."

"Sir!" cried the count, leaping to his feet. "Have a care! It has cost Russia three hundred thousand men to reach Berlin. When we have taken Paris we shall recapture Berlin and commence the march of our victorious eagles toward Moscow and the Winter Palace."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Be seated, I implore you!" exclaimed the President.

The Russian and German ambassadors somewhat ungraciously resumed their former places, casting at each other glances of undisguised fury.

"As I see the matter," continued the President, "there are two distinct propositions before you: The first relates to how far the extraordinary events of the past week are of such a character as to demand joint investigation and action by the Powers. The second involves the cause of these events and their connection with and relation to the sender of the messages signed Pax. I shall ask you to signify your opinions as to each of these questions."

"I believe that some action should be taken, based on the assumption that they are manifestations of one and the same power or cause," said Monsieur Liban emphatically.

"I agree with the French Ambassador," growled Rostoloff.

"I am of opinion that the phenomena should be the subject of proper scientific investigation," remarked Count von Koenitz more calmly. "But so far as these messages are concerned they are, if I may be pardoned for saying so, a foolish joke. It is undignified to take any cognizance of them."

"What do you think, Sir John?" asked the President, turning to the English Ambassador.

"Before making up my mind," returned the latter quietly, "I should like to see the operator who received them."

"By all means!" exclaimed Von Koenitz.

The President pressed a button and his secretary entered.

"I had anticipated such a desire on the part of all of you," he announced, "and arranged to have him here. He is waiting outside. Shall I have him brought in?"

"Yes! Yes!" answered Rostoloff. And the others nodded.

The door opened and Bill Hood, wearing his best new blue suit and nervously twisting a faded bicycle cap between his fingers, stumbled awkwardly into the room. His face was bright red with embarrassment and one of his cheeks exhibited a marked protuberance. He blinked in the glare of the electric light.

"Mr. Hood," the President addressed him courteously, "I have sent for you to explain to these gentlemen, who are the ambassadors of the great European Powers, the circumstances under which you received the wireless messages from the unknown person describing himself as 'Pax.'"

Hood shifted from his right to his left foot and pressed his lips together. Von Koenitz fingered the waxed ends of his mustache and regarded Hood whimsically.

"In the first place," went on the President, "we desire to know whether the messages which you have reported were received under ordinary or under unusual conditions. In a word, could you form any opinion as to the whereabouts of the sender?"

Hood scratched the side of his nose in a manner politely doubtful.

"Sure thing, your honor," he answered at last. "Sure the conditions was unusual. That feller has some juice and no mistake."

"Juice?" inquired Von Koenitz.

"Yare—current. Whines like a steel top. Fifty kilowatts sure, and maybe more! And a twelve-thousand-meter wave."

"I do not fully understand," interjected Rostoloff. "Please explain, sir."

"Ain't nothin' to explain," returned Hood. "He's just got a hell of a wave length, that's all. Biggest on earth. We're only tuned for a three-thousand-meter wave. At first I could hardly hear him at all. I had to throw in our new Henderson ballast coils before I could hear properly. I reckon there ain't another station in Christendom can get him."

"Ah," remarked Von Koenitz. "One of your millionaire amateurs, I suppose."

"Yare," agreed Hood. "I thought sure he was a bug."

"A what?" interrupted Sir John Smith.

"A bug," answered Hood. "A crank, so to speak."

"Ah, 'krank'!" nodded the German. "Exactly—a lunatic! That is precisely what I say!"

"But I don't think it's a bug now," countered Hood valiantly. "If he is a bug he's the biggest bug in all creation, that's all I can say. He's got the goods, that's what he's got. He'll do some damage before he gets through."

"Are these messages addressed to anybody in particular?" inquired Sir John, who was studying Hood intently.

"Well, they are and they ain't. Pax—that's what he calls himself—signals NAA, our number, you understand, and then says what he has to say to the whole world, care of the United States. That first message I thought was a joke and stuck it in a book I was reading, Silas Snooks——"

"What?" ejaculated Von Koenitz impatiently.

"Snooks—man's name—nothing to do with this business," explained the operator. "I forgot all about it. But after the earthquake and all the rest of the fuss I dug it out and gave it to Mr. Thornton. Then on the twenty-seventh came the next one, saying that Pax was getting tired of waiting for us and was going to start something. That came at one o'clock in the afternoon, and the fun began at three sharp. The whole observatory went on the blink. Say, there ain't any doubt in your minds that it's him, is there?"

Von Koenitz looked cynically round the room.

"There is not!" exclaimed Rostoloff and Liban in the same breath.

The German laughed.

"Speak for yourselves, excellencies," he sneered. His tone nettled the wireless representative of the Sovereign American People.

"Do you think I'm a liar?" he demanded, clenching his jaw and glaring at Von Koenitz.

The German Ambassador shrugged his shoulders again. Such things were impossible in a civilized country—at Potsdam—but what could you expect

"Steady, Hood!" whispered Thornton.

"Remember, Mr. Hood, that you are here to answer our questions," said the President sternly. "You must not address His Excellency Baron von Koenitz in this fashion."

"But the man was making a monkey of me!" muttered Hood. "All I say is, look out. This Pax is on his job and means business. I just got another call before I came over here—at nine o'clock."

"What was its purport?" inquired the President.

"Why, it said Pax was getting tired of nothing being done and wanted action of some sort. Said that men were dying like flies and he proposed to put an end to it at any cost. And—and ——"

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"Yes! Yes!" ejaculated Liban breathlessly.

"And he would give further evidence of his control over the forces of Nature tonight."

"Ha! Ha!" Von Koenitz leaned back in amusement. "My friend," he chuckled, "you are—the bug!"

What form Hood's resentment might have taken is problematical; but as the German's words left his mouth the electric lights in the room suddenly went out and the windows rattled ominously. At the same moment each occupant of the room felt himself sway slightly toward the south wall, on which appeared a bright yellow glow. Instinctively they all turned to the windows which faced the north. The whole sky was flooded with an orange-yellow aurora that rivaled the sunlight in intensity.

"What'd I tell you!" mumbled Hood.

The Executive Mansion quivered, and even in that yellow light the faces of the ambassadors seemed pale with fear. And then as the glow slowly faded in the north there floated down across the aperture of the window something soft and fluffy like feathers. Thicker and faster it came until the lawn of the White House was covered with it. The air in the room turned cold. Through the window a large flake circled and lit on the back of Rostoloff's hand.

"Snow!" he cried. "A snowstorm—in July!"

The President arose and closed the window. Almost immediately the electric lights burned up again.

"Now are you satisfied?" cried Liban to the German.

"Satisfied?" growled Von Koenitz. "I have seen plenty of snowstorms in July. They have them daily in the Alps. You ask me if I am satisfied. Of what? That earthquakes, the aurora borealis, electrical disturbances, snowstorms exist—yes. That a mysterious bugaboo is responsible for these things—No!"

"What then do you require?" gasped Liban.

"More than a snowstorm!" retorted the German. "When I was a boy at the gymnasium we had a thunderstorm with fishes in it. They were everywhere one stepped, all over the ground. But we did not conclude that Jonah was giving us a demonstration of his power over the whale."

He faced the others defiantly; in his voice was mockery.

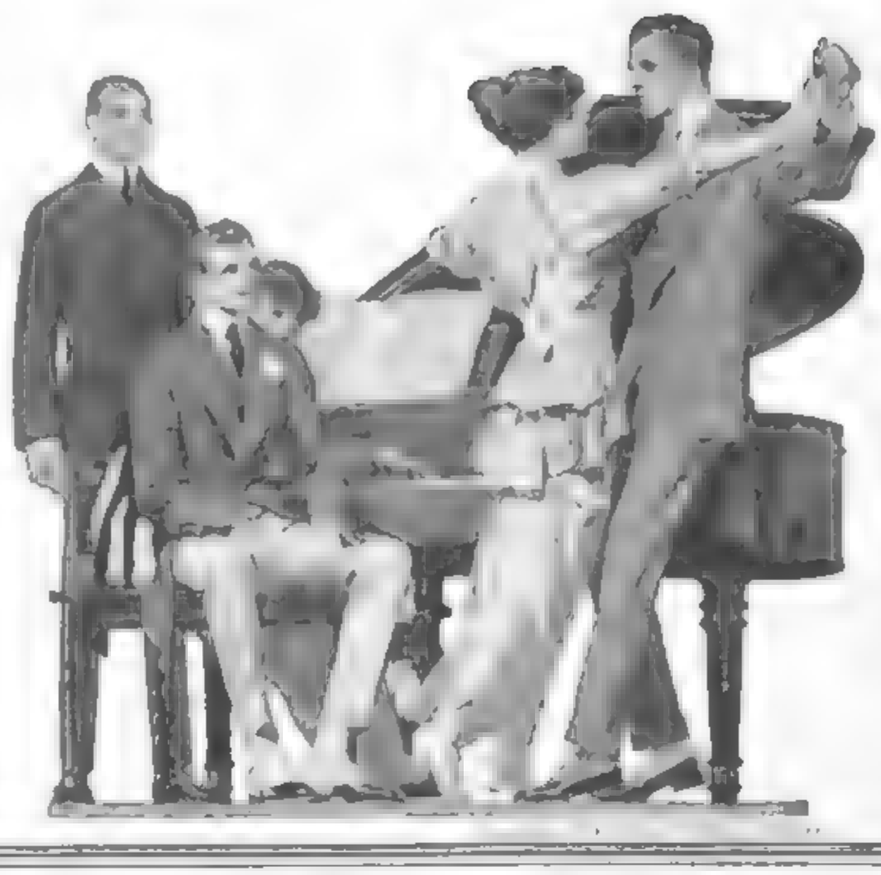
"You may retire, Mr. Hood," said the President. "But you will kindly wait outside."

"That is an honest man if ever I saw one, Mr. President," announced Sir John, after the operator had gone out. "I am satisfied that we are in communication with a human being of practically supernatural powers."

"What then shall be done?" inquired Rostoloff anxiously. "The world will be annihilated!"

"Your Excellencies"—Von Koenitz arose and took up a graceful position at the end of the table—"I must protest against what seems to me to be an extraordinary credulity upon the part of all of you. I speak to you as a rational human being, not as an ambassador. Something has occurred to affect the earth's orbit. It may result in a calamity. None can foretell. This planet may be drawn off into space by the attraction of some wandering world that has not yet come within observation. But one thing we know: No power on or of the earth can possibly derange its relation to the other celestial bodies. That would be, as you say here, 'Lifting oneself by one's own bootstraps.' I do not doubt the accuracy of your clocks and scientific instruments. Those of my own country are in harmony with yours. But to say that the cause of all this is a man is preposterous. If the mysterious Pax makes the heavens fall they will tumble on his own head. Is he going to send himself to eternity along with the rest of us? Hardly! This Hood is a monstrous liar or a dangerous lunatic. Even if he has received these messages, they are the emanations of a crank, as he says he himself first suspected. Let us master this hysteria born of the strain of constant war. In a word, let us go to bed."

"Count von Koenitz," replied Sir John after a pause, "you speak forcefully, even persuasively. But your argument is based upon a proposition that is scientifically fallacious. An atom of gunpowder can disintegrate itself, 'lift itself by its own bootstraps'! Why not the earth? Have we as yet begun to solve all the mysteries of Nature? Is it inconceivable that there should be an undiscovered explosive capable of



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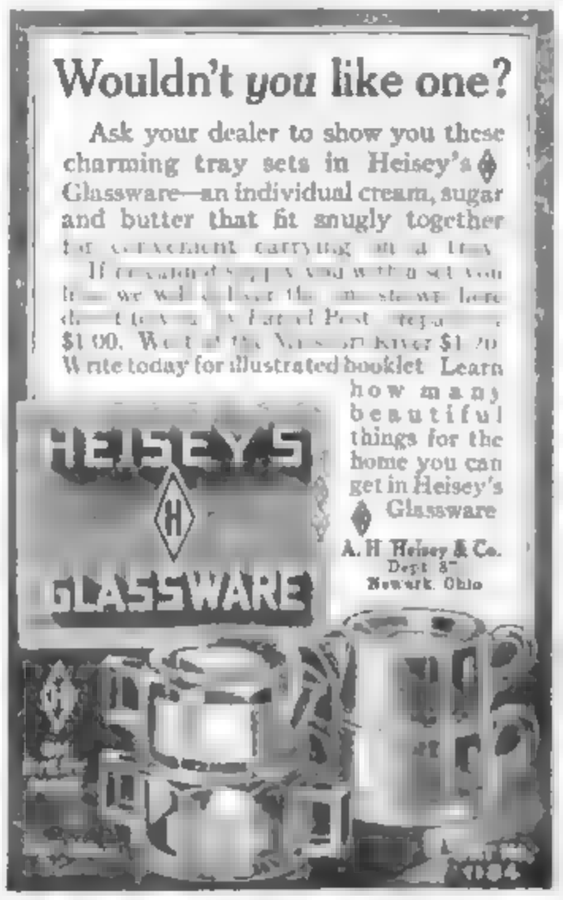
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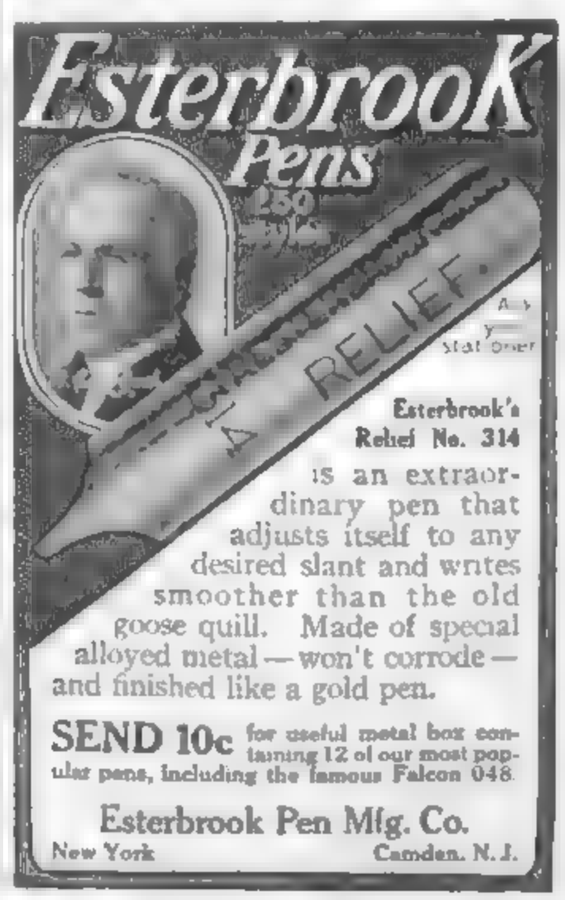
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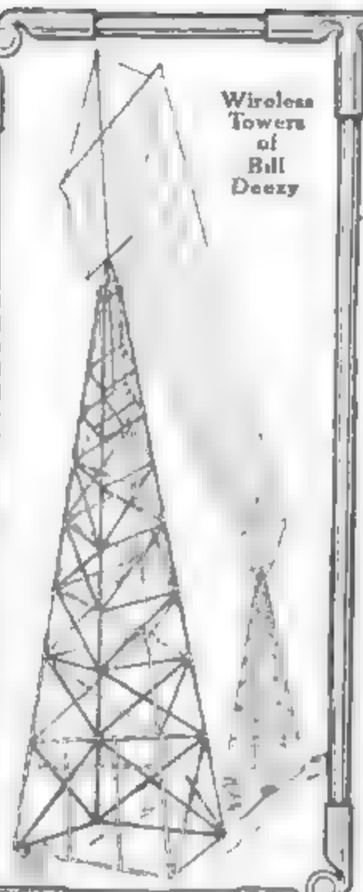

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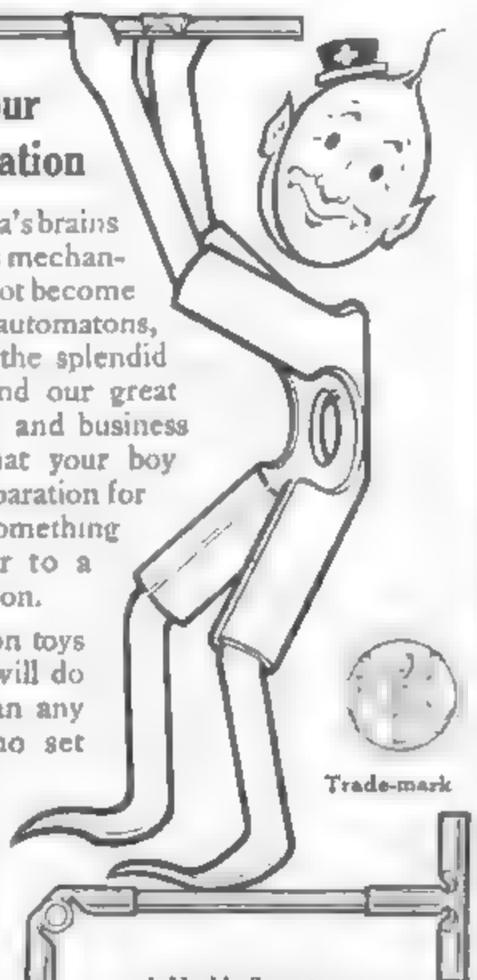

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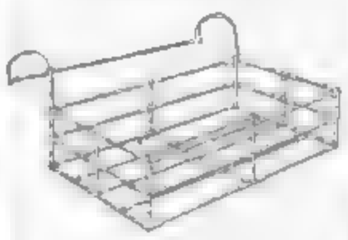

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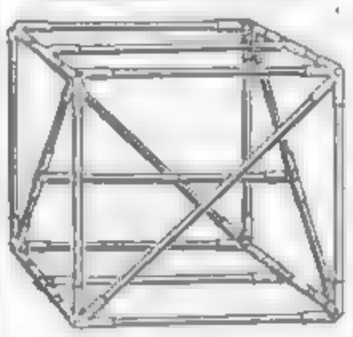

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The Wolf at the Stockman's Door

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disrupting the globe! We have earthquakes. Is it beyond imagination that the forces which produce them can be controlled?"

"My dear Sir John," returned Von Koenitz courteously, "my ultimate answer is that we have no adequate reason to connect the phenomena which have disturbed the earth's rotation with any human agency."

"That," interposed the President, "is something upon which individuals may well differ. I suppose that under other conditions you would be open to conviction?"

"Assuredly," answered Von Koenitz. "Should the sender of these messages prophesy the performance of some miracle that could not be explained by natural causes I would be forced to admit my error."

Monsieur Liban had also arisen and was walking nervously up and down the room. Suddenly he turned to Von Koenitz and in a voice quivering with emotion cried: "Let us then invite Pax to give us a sign that will satisfy you."

"Monsieur Liban," replied Von Koenitz stiffly, "I refuse to place myself in the position of communicating with a lunatic."

"Very well," shouted the Frenchman, "I will take the responsibility of making myself ridiculous. I will request the President of the United States to act as the agent of France for this purpose."

He drew a notebook and a fountain pen from his pocket and carefully wrote out a message which he handed to the President. The latter read it aloud:

"*Pax:* The Ambassador of the French Republic requests me to communicate to you the fact that he desires some further evidence of your power to control the movements of the earth and the destinies of mankind, such phenomena to be preferably of a harmless character, but inexplicable by any theory of natural causation. I await your reply.

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Send for Hood," ordered the President to the secretary who answered the bell. "Gentlemen, I suggest that we ourselves go to the Naval Observatory and superintend the sending of this message."

Half an hour later Bill Hood sat in his customary chair in the wireless operating room at the observatory, surrounded by the President of the United States, the ambassadors of France, Germany, Great Britain and Russia, and Professor Thornton. The faces of all wore expressions of the utmost seriousness, except that of Von Koenitz, who looked as if he were participating in an elaborate hoax. Several of these distinguished gentlemen had never seen a wireless apparatus before, and showed some excitement as Hood made ready to send the most famous message ever transmitted through the ether. At last he threw over his rheostat and the whine of the rotary spark rose into its staccato song. Hood sent out a few V's and then began calling:

"PAX—PAX—PAX."

Breathlessly the group waited while he listened for a reply. Again he called:

"PAX—PAX—PAX."

He had already thrown in his Henderson ballast coils and was ready for the now familiar wave. He closed his eyes, straining his ears for that faint metallic note that came no one knew whence. The others in the group also listened intently, as if by so doing they too might hear the answer if any there should be. Suddenly Hood stiffened.

"There he is!" he whispered. The President handed him the message and Hood's fingers played over the key while the spark sent its singing note through the ether.

"Such phenomena to be preferably of a harmless character, but inexplicable by any theory of natural causation," he concluded.

An uncanny dread seized on Thornton, who had withdrawn himself into the background. What was this strange communion? Who was this mysterious Pax? Were these real men or creatures of a grotesque dream? Was he not drowsing over his eyepiece in the meridian-circle room? Then a simultaneous movement upon the part of those gathered round the operator convinced him of the reality of what was taking place. Hood was laboriously writing upon a sheet of yellow pad paper, and the ambassadors were unceremoniously crowding each other in their eagerness to read.

"To the President of the United States," wrote Hood: "In reply to your message requesting further evidence of my power to compel the cessation of hostilities within twenty-four hours, I"—there was a pause of nearly a minute, during which the ticking of the big clock sounded to Thornton like revolver shots—"I will excavate a channel

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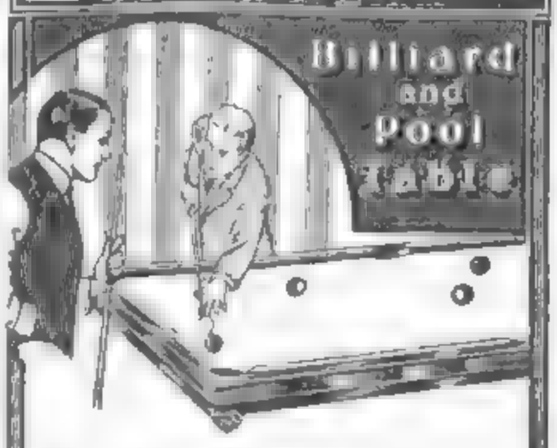

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through the Atlas Mountains and divert the Mediterranean into the Sahara Desert.

"PAX."

Silence followed the final transcription of the message from the unknown—a silence broken only by Bill Hood's tremulous, half whispered: "He'll do it all right!"

Then the German Ambassador laughed.

"And save your ingenious nation a vast amount of trouble, Monsieur Liban," said he.

VI

A TRIPOLITAN fisherman, Mohammed Ben Ali el Bad, a holy man nearly seventy years of age, who had twice made the journey to Mecca and who now in his declining years occupied himself with reading the Koran and instructing his grandsons in the profession of fishing for mullet along the reefs of the Gulf of Cabes, had anchored for the night off the Tunisian coast, about midway between Sfax and Lesser Syrtis. The mullet had been running thick and he was well satisfied, for by the next evening he would surely complete his load and be able to return home to the house of his daughter Fatima, the wife of Abbas, the confectioner. Her youngest son Abdullah, a lithe lad of seventeen, was at that moment engaged in folding their prayer rugs, which had been spread in the bow of the falukah in order that they might have a clearer view as they knelt toward the Holy City. Chud, their slave, was cleaning mullet in the waist and chanting some weird song of his native land.

His master, Mohammed Ben Ali el Bad, was sitting cross-legged in the stern, smoking a hookah and watching the full moon sail slowly up above the Atlas Range to the southeast. The wind had died down and the sea was calm, heaving slowly with great orange-purple swells resembling watered silk. In the west still lingered the fast fading afterglow, above which the stars glimmered faintly. Along the coast lights twinkled in scattered coves. Half a mile astern the Italian cruiser Fiala lay motionless, save that as she swung at anchor her lights showed now red, now green. From the forecastle came the smell of fried mullet. Mohammed Ben Ali was at peace with himself and with the world, including even the irritating Chud. The west darkened and the stars burned more brilliantly. With the hookah gurgling softly at his feet Mohammed leaned back his head and gazed in silent appreciation at the wonders of the heavens. There was Turka Kabar, the crocodile; and Menish el Tabir, the sleeping beauty; and Rook Hamana, the leopard; and there—up there to the far north—was a shooting star. How gracefully it shot across the sky, leaving its wake of yellow light behind it. It was the season for shooting stars, he recollected. In an instant it would be gone—like a man's life! Saddened, he looked down at his hookah. When he should look up again—if in only an instant—the star would be gone. Presently he did look up again. But the star was still there, coming his way! He rubbed his old eyes, keen as they were from habituation to the blinding light of the desert. Yes, the star was coming—coming fast.

"Abdullah!" he called in his high-pitched voice. "Chud! Come, see the star!"

Together they watched it sweep onward.

"By Allah! That is no star!" suddenly cried Abdullah. "It is an air-flying fire chariot! I can see it with my eyes—black, and spouting flames from behind."

"Black," echoed Chud gutturally. "Black and round! Oh, Allah!" He fell on his knees and knocked his head against the deck.

The star, or be it what it was, swung in a wide circle toward the coast, and Mohammed and Abdullah now saw that what they had taken to be a trail of fire behind was in fact a broad beam of yellow light that pointed diagonally earthward. It swept nearer and nearer, illuminating the whole sky and casting a shimmering reflection upon the waves.

A shrill whistle trilled across the water, accompanied by the sound of footsteps running along the decks of the cruiser. Lights flashed. Muffled orders were shouted.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" cried Mohammed Ali. "Something is going to happen!"

The small black object from which the incandescent beam descended passed at that moment athwart the face of the moon, and Abdullah saw that it was round and flat like a ring. The ray of light came from a point directly above it, passing through its aperture downward to the sea.

"Boom!" The fishing boat shook to the thunder of the Fiala's eight-inch gun and a blinding spurt of flame leaped from the cruiser's bows. With a whining shriek a shell rose toward the moon. There was a quick flash followed by a dull concussion. The shell had not reached a tenth of the distance to the flying machine.

And then everything happened at once. Mohammed described afterward to a gaping multitude of dirty villagers, while he sat enthroned upon his daughter's threshold, how the star-ship had sailed across the face of the moon and come to a standstill above the mountains, with its beam of yellow light pointing directly downward so that the coast could be seen bright as day from Sfax to Cabes. He saw, he said, genii climbing up and down on the beam. Be that as it may, he swears upon the beard of the Prophet that a second ray of light—of a lavender color, like the eye of a long dead mullet—flashed down alongside the yellow beam. Instantly the earth blew up like a cannon—up into the air, a thousand miles up. It was as light as noonday. Deafened by titanic concussions he fell half dead. The sea boiled and gave off thick clouds of steam through which flashed dazzling discharges of lightning, accompanied by a thundering, grinding sound like a million mills. The ocean heaved spasmodically and the air shook with a rending, ripping noise, as if Nature were bent upon destroying her own handiwork. The glare was so dazzling that sight was impossible. The falukah was tossed this way and that, as if caught in a simoom, and he was rolled hither and yon in the company of Chud, Abdullah and the headless mullet. This ear-splitting racket continued, he says, without interruption for two days. Abdullah says it was several hours, the official report of the Fiala gives it as six minutes. And then it began to rain in torrents until he was almost drowned. A great wind arose and lashed the ocean, and a whirlpool seized the falukah and whirled it round and round. Darkness descended upon the earth, and in the general mess Mohammed hit his head a terrific blow against the mast. He was sure it was but a question of seconds before they would be dashed to pieces by the waves. The falukah spun like a marine top with a swift sideways motion. Something was dragging them along, sucking them in. The Fiala went careening by, her fighting masts hanging in shreds. The air was full of falling rocks, trees, splinters and thick clouds of dust that turned the water yellow in the lightning flashes. The mast went crashing over and a lemon tree descended to take its place. Great streams of lava poured down out of the air, and masses of opaque matter plunged into the sea all about the falukah. Scalding mud, stones, hail, fell upon the deck. And still the fishing boat, gyrating like a leaf, remained afloat with its crew of half-crazed Arabs. Suffocated, stunned, nauseated, scalded, petrified with fear, they lay among the mullet while the falukah raced along in its wild dance with death. Mohammed recalls seeing what he thought to be a great cliff rush by close beside them. The falukah plunged over a waterfall and was almost submerged, was caught again in a maelstrom and went twirling on in the blackness. They all were deathly sick, but were too terrified to move. And then the nearer roaring ceased. The air was less congested. They were still showered with sand, clods of earth, twigs and pebbles, it is true, but the genii had stopped hurling mountains at each other. The darkness became less opaque; the water smoother. Soon they could see the moon through the clouds of settling dust, and gradually they could discern the stars. The falukah was rocking gently upon a broad expanse of muddy ocean, surrounded by a yellow scum broken here and there by a floating tree. The Fiala had vanished. No light shone upon the face of the waters. But death had not overtaken them. Overcome by exhaustion and terror Mohammed lay among the mullet, his legs entangled in the lemon tree. Did he dream it? He cannot tell. But as he lost consciousness he thinks he saw a star shooting toward the north.

When he awoke the falukah lay motionless upon a boundless ocher sea. They were beyond sight of land. Out of a sky slightly dim the sun burned pitilessly down, sending warmth into their bodies and courage to their hearts. All about them upon the water floated the evidences of the cataclysm of the preceding night—trees, shrubs, dead birds and the distorted corpse of a camel. Kneeling without their prayer rugs among the mullet they raised their voices in praise of Allah and his Prophet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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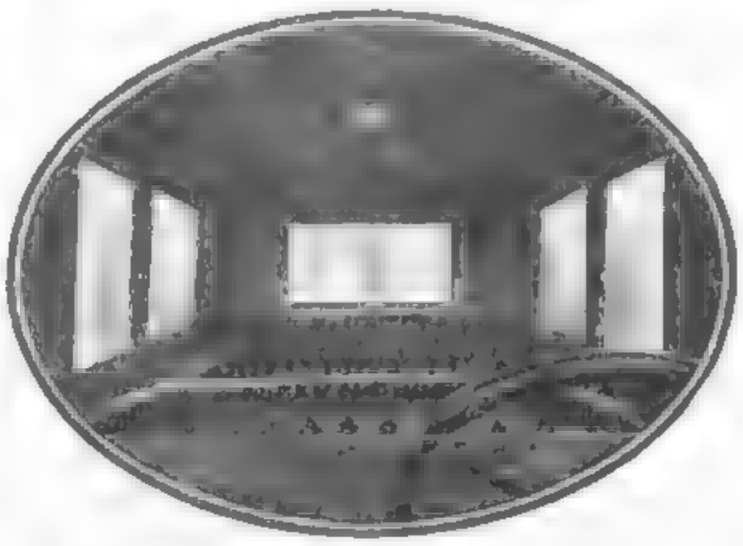

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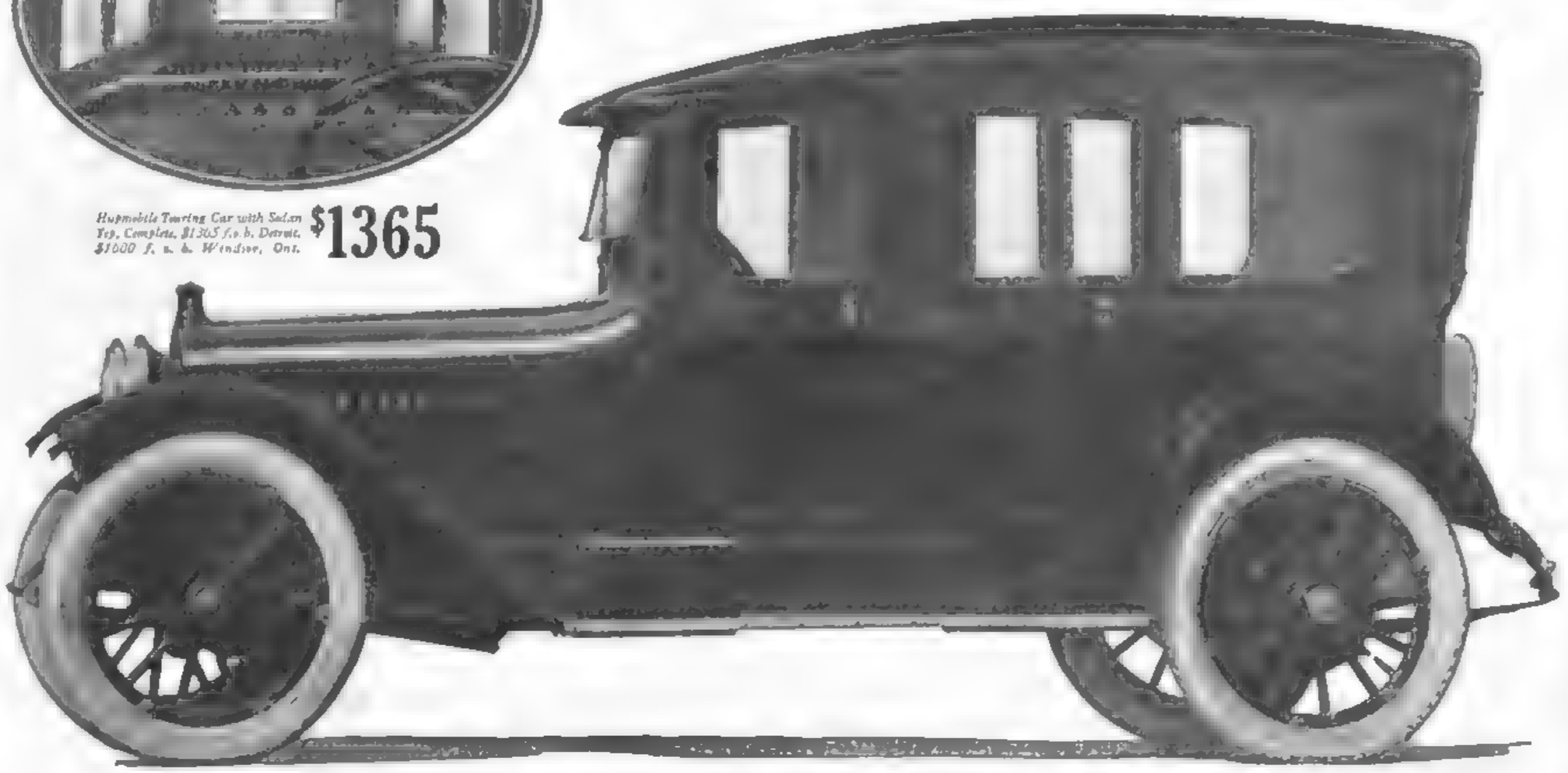

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VANITIES

(Continued from Page 13)

puffing steam through a layer of froth—streamers of smoke that rose lazily in the dead air and merged themselves into a fantastically striated cloud, which hung like a fog over the sea of heads.

The orchestra was blaring and chattering discordantly, the little leader, with the antics of a monkey, plunging from one side of the pit to the other. Girls circled about incessantly between the features with merchandise to sell; there appeared to be an intimate understanding between many of the performers and persons in the gallery, who kept up a constant stream of banter. It was so cheap and tawdry! And Holbard had wanted Anne to prostitute her talent before such as these. Yet, as Liscomb's eye roved over the crowd beneath, which surged in densely after nine, he recognized people of the fashionable and official set. He smiled as he remembered that the Varieties was becoming a vogue. New York was copying London.

The intermission was over. The male members of the audience, who had left their seats to promenade behind the rail and lay in fresh supplies of tobacco, were resuming their places. The hard-working musicians, who at a wink from the footlights had picked up their implements and disappeared in a cave below stage, were replaced now by a quartet, consisting of two violins, a 'cello and a harp.

The plink-plink of strings whispering to each other in plaintive fifths was in the air, as two call boys deposited cards at each side of the proscenium, plain white cards, on which was printed the single word—Vanities. Liscomb remembered having read that this Verzain frequently came on unannounced, sometimes out of her turn—it was one of her little foibles—and went into the throes of temperament if her audience failed to recognize her.

The song of the four strings began to rise as gently and softly as the smoke in the air. The musty curtain laboriously ascended and showed a bare stage—such a stage as Liscomb, sitting late after the play, talking with Holbard, had seen many a time. The back wall, of uncompromising brick and mortar, relieved by no other object than a battery of steam pipes, faced the audience. On each side was a jumble of scenery butts and rope rigging. A chill bank of air descended and fell on the house, making it shiver.

After an unusual wait three stage hands came on—four, because a woman joined them later. They dragged out some broken-down furniture from the region behind the flies—an old deal table that leaned dejectedly on one leg; a plain mirror, with a corner missing; a chair, on which was set a common white bowl, which they filled with water from a pitcher; a three-legged stool in front of the table, and some nondescript articles of cheap china and stage make-up. Then, a screen; and this scene they boxed in with stage walls on three sides, making an interior—a theatrical dressing room. Outside they laid a canvas, dragged out a tree or two, lowered a drop, which instantly became a street at dusk, with gas lamps burning and reflecting the pavement and the dull fronts of the ramshackle buildings.

During the course of the action there occurred some banter between the lay actors in the balcony and the stage hands, one of whom was addressed as Percy by a friend beyond the footlights; the three stage hands finally stalked off into the wings with an assumption of ease peculiar to their class.

Their woman companion started to follow them, but stopped irresolutely at the flies, against which she leaned wearily. The air was filled with a fine hum of the exquisite harmonies of the strings in the pit, as the woman turned and crossed the street to the door, entered, and lighted a lamp on the rickety table. Then she sat down on the stool, kicked off her shoes and began peeling off her stockings. With the point of a heel poised on one knee and a stocking rolled into a bunch at the ankle, she suddenly became abstracted by the sight of a hole through which one toe peeped. A hole in one's stocking is such a tragedy when one must pursue art through the portals of a scrubby little boulevard theater such as this!

The audience caught itself with a gasp. It emitted a weird sound, the spontaneous cry from a thousand throats—then a roar of applause that thundered from pit to gallery in wave on wave, amid wild cries of Verzain! Verzain! Then suddenly, as though hushed by some smothering hand, the house became still.

Liscomb raised his glasses and studied the face. It was not the face of Verzain as he had seen it in passing that memorable afternoon at Anne's. It had evidently been touched up for the street on that occasion. This face was flat and lacked individuality. Little by little the lights had crept up, and the effect of the footlights, into which she was staring, was to render it ghastly white.

Liscomb's glass revealed no trace of make-up. The eyebrows, of an indeterminate color and texture, threw the features out of relief; the eyes themselves were dull; and in the searching glare the face showed pouches under the lids. Her dress was of the mode, or rather, after the mode—such a pathetically cheap copy of it as one finds in the little shops on the side streets patronized by factory girls who know the latest from Paris.

She flung aside her outer attire with the incomprehensible swiftness of the lightning-change artiste, drew on a pair of thin silk stockings and pushed her feet into fancy slippers—thrusting them out before her approvingly. The chill of the air seemed to affect her; she threw a shawl about her bare shoulders and sat down before the mirror. She seemed unconscious of her audience, weighed down only by the weariness of it all.

The house followed her, fascinated. That peculiar effect of levitation, by which a great artiste raises her audience above and beyond the mere physical conditions, was in the air. This woman, in her tawdry petticoat, was unquestionably an artiste. Every movement was superb. She studied herself in the glass for some time. Then suddenly, as though recalled to the present, she pulled out the pins that held her little knot of hair.

The effect was ludicrous. The hair was short, barely reaching to the shoulders, roughened and burned by the acids that had robbed it of its luster, the ends pitifully broken. She shook it out with a quick jerk of her head, ran a comb through it, and, with one turn of her hand, coiled and fastened it in a tight little wad on the crown of her head. This done she began to touch her eyebrows and eyelids with a tiny pencil; her rapid fingers moved incessantly among the china things lying on the table; they seemed to be everywhere about her features at once.

Now and again she stopped to take the effect, in profile and full face, with a small hand glass. As she applied a stroke here, a vigorous massage there, reddened the lobe of an ear, lengthened the line of an eye, heightened the pout of a lip, lessened the hollow of a cheek—she seemed to emerge from her chrysalis of commonplace ugliness. Her spirits rose correspondingly; she was humming a merry little tune and her pretty foot was tapping the floor, keeping time.

Suddenly, as though startled by some sound, she turned her face full on the audience. The change was magical. The faded creature who had come in so wearily from the dusk of the street to the shabbiness of this little theatrical dressing room was gone. Her face was transformed, ravishingly beautiful, with some vague haunting familiarity of outline—so Liscomb told himself—except for the hair!

As she turned again to the mirror some pleasing thought seemed to come to her. She smiled, showing a set of flashing teeth, at which Liscomb—still with his glass trained on her—started involuntarily. There was a movement behind him and he turned to look into the eyes of Holbard. As the manager, obviously agitated, seated himself he clutched the rail with his hands and stared fixedly at the stage. When he turned again Liscomb replied to his mute question:

"No! No! It is impossible!"

The woman at the mirror had reached a new phase. From a bag at her feet she tossed out a brown bundle, which broke under her fingers into fragments of tresses—tresses of a marvelous bronze! From these she selected, one by one, the miraculous aids to the coiffure that was the fad of the hour, anchoring each to the wad of her own hair. First, a wavy band, which, when its ends were made fast, she tossed forward

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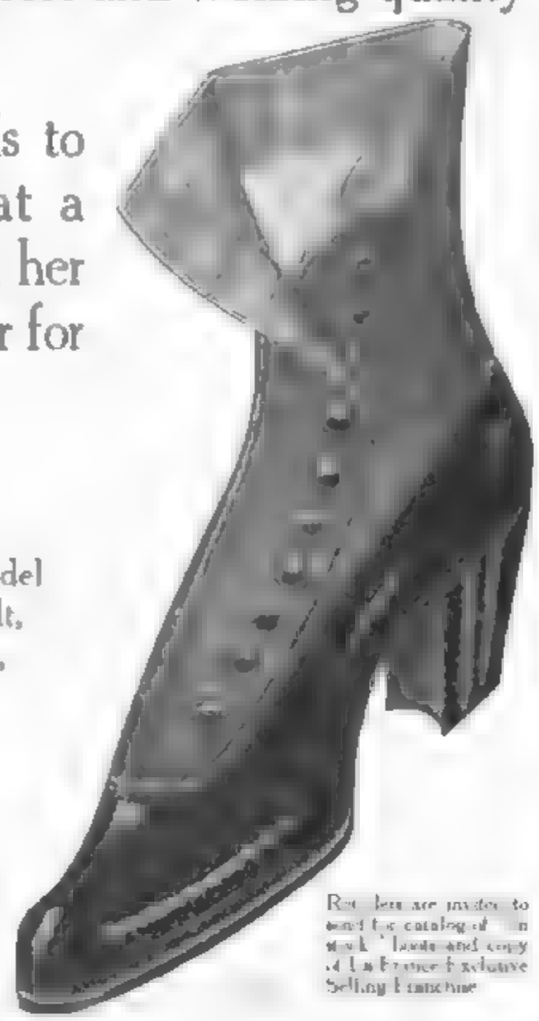

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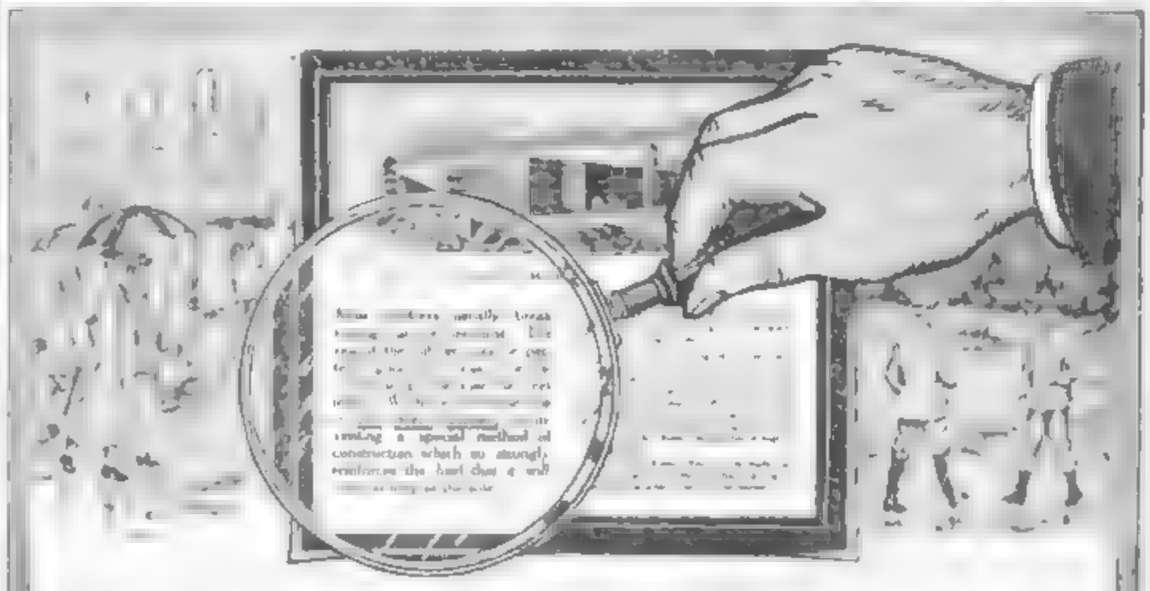

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and then back, so that it fell like a soft cloud over her head, to be securely caught with myriad pins. The foundation established, she began to build up the superstructure. With deft fingers she pulled out puffs, tacking them here and there where they were most becoming, tilting her head on this side and that with each new addition. A stray curl was pinned against the nuque, and the whiteness of the neck now for the first time stood out sharply in contrast. Holbard snatched a furtive look as he heard Liscomb's sharp indrawn breath.

The task was at length completed. The woman on the stage had slipped behind the screen. In a moment she reappeared in a costume of black satin and spangles. As she faced the house a second time, tugging at her hooks and laces, there was a second's interval of intense silence—then the entire assemblage seemed to rise with the deafening shout it gave forth. Cries of "Erskine! Anne Erskine!" rent the air. A scene of indescribable confusion resulted. Every one was on his feet. Men and women crushed into the aisles; the entire house seemed to be moving in masses toward the stage. They were talking to each other, wildly gesticulating, pointing at her, crying aloud again and again: "It's Erskine! It's Anne Erskine!"

It was the Erskine—their Erskine, for so many years their idol and their ideal—this creature of pieces, who had so calmly put herself together before them! She had come back to them as herself—pitilessly revealed herself a plain, jaded woman, almost old, shorn of every lovely illusion, of every endearing adornment—and with magnificent audacity, in the full glare of the lights, she had built up for them, with photographic detail, through the sordid accouterments of her craft, the beauty they adored.

There she stood now, lovely beyond belief—deaf to the acclaim of her art that was rising in salvo on salvo. She turned a fearful look toward the door of the little dressing room; and the house, realizing that the play was but begun, became hushed. A man was entering. He slouched against the wall, looking at the woman hatefully. It was Julien, the man who played opposite in De Gar's Vanities—for this was the great scene in De Gar's Vanities when, to save him from himself, she was willing to sacrifice everything. Her words came crisp, sharp, decisive; her very soul was on her lips, struggling for utterance. The strings in the orchestra were weaving their wonderful melodies in and out through the scene, as though hurrying on the stress of human emotion.

Liscomb and Holbard climbed down a short flight of steps as steep as a ladder and found themselves in a dusty back corner of the stage, through the lumber of which they made their way to the wings. Then came the rustle of the descending curtain. First a deadly calm; then the storm broke afresh. The house, now that the spell was broken, had gone mad. The sound came to the listeners here as the far-away cry of an ocean beating itself to pieces against the rocks.

A woman was running through the wings. Old Heinemann, waddling after her, caught her—held her at arm's length—then roughly thrust her ahead of him, dragged aside the curtain and pushed her out. The tumult redoubled in volume. Again and again he thrust her out to face the audience, barring her escape. Now she was frightened; she raised her hands feebly in protest; she pressed against the proscenium, shrinking from the violence that fairly overwhelmed her.

Holbard was plucking at Heinemann's sleeve with trembling fingers. Heinemann turned his eyes, now strangely bright, on Holbard.

"It is sacrilege!" cried Holbard fiercely.

"Sacrilege?" Heinemann answered, his coarse face growing purple. "You! You speak of sacrilege! You—who vorship nothing bud beauty! You—who see art only through your eyes! You—who turn down the lights! I—I—Heinemann"—and he beat himself fiercely on the chest—"I—Heinemann—I turn up all the lights. And see!"

He dragged aside the curtain. It was the answer. Holbard turned away beaten. A handful of dramatic critics who had come in at the last minute—for the sensation of Anne Erskine's return was already in the street—crowded about Holbard; but he brushed them aside savagely.

Shortly the four were sitting in her dressing room. Anne was studying them with her deep eyes. She had defied all the canons of the theater this night and had the world at her feet. Finally her gaze came back to Liscomb.

"Unblushing realism is the vanity of vanities, Anne," he said, with a tremulous smile, attempting to mask his agitation with his wit.

Just then Heinemann's son came in and whispered in his father's ear.

"Verzain!" repeated the old man with a laugh. Then: "What the teufel iss that to me? *Hein!* Led her go outside if she hass a fit—if she thinks the Erskine hass stolen her act!"

The son accepted the responsibility of this message rather dubiously. Mademoiselle Verzain, the ugliest woman in the world at two thousand a week, had refused to go on after Vanities had knocked her house cold; and a physician was hastily summoned. Heinemann went forward to placate the house, and he took Holbard with him. Anne and Liscomb sat for several seconds in silence. She picked up a mirror, and he watched her soft fingers as they played with her beautiful tresses. With a smile she disengaged a fragment—the curl that gave her neck its alabaster whiteness.

"Here is the little lovelock," she said, "to which you wrote that sonnet." She laughed as she handed the precious thing to him. "It is yours, my good friend, as a memento of your dead loves, Francesca and Isabella."

As they seated themselves in her limousine some time later she said to him:

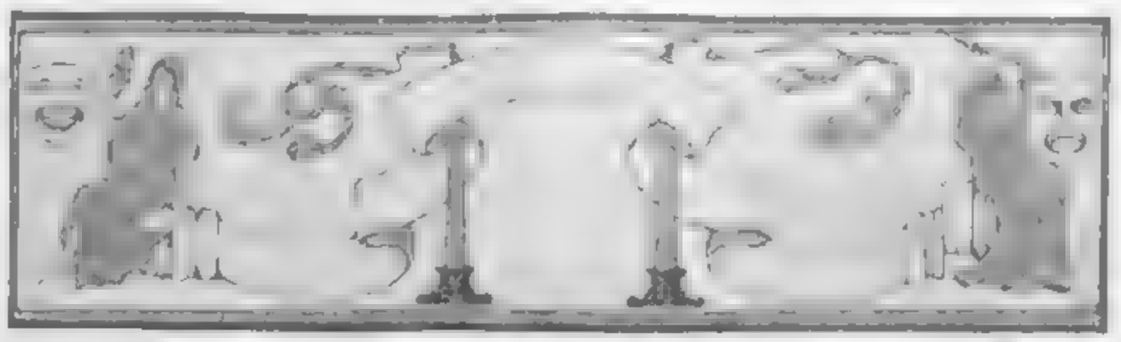
"I have given Elsie the secret of my skin—which Piretti coveted. She is to be a raving, tearing beauty for the rest of her life."

Cooling by Flame

IT IS hard to appreciate that fire has widely different degrees of heat, for every burning blaze seems to have the extreme heat of fire; yet the flame of burning alcohol is actually used for cooling purposes in a new searchlight, because the alcohol flame is not nearly so hot as the point of fire at the center of the searchlight.

A good searchlight needs to have its lamp as small as possible; and the nearer it is to just a point of light, though still having intense light, the farther can its beams be thrown. The only way to concentrate the light is to raise the degree of heat of the light source, such as an electric arc; but intense heat is likely to result in melting the whole apparatus.

This new searchlight succeeds in highly concentrating the light source; and then, to prevent this concentrated light from melting everything near it, alcohol vapor is fed round it. The alcohol vapor burns, of course; but, as it naturally burns at a temperature far lower than that of the electric arc, it acts something like the water jacket of an automobile engine, and prevents the metal and glass of the searchlight from becoming excessively hot.



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(This test was made by mechanical engineers at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. There are six main points in a car where friction reduces power. Most cars lose more than 15% in the friction of the tires on the road alone. The Franklin delivers all but 15.6 of the power developed.)

When the experience of owners of this same car shows from 400 to 900 miles per gallon of lubricating oil—

(Even in the low gear run, under extreme and abnormal conditions, the average consumption for 100 miles by 116 cars was only 1.2 gallons. The average work done by the engine was equivalent to 336 miles at a speed of 42 miles per hour.)

When five such feats—any one of them remarkable in itself—are all performed by the *same* car, the *significance of the performance* to you, as a car buyer, is this:

The Franklin is an all-round car—proved at every point—power, efficiency, economy, etc.

The Franklin is presented to you on its performance—not on assertion or description—but on performance.

And the whole record goes back to the fundamental principles on which the Franklin organization has been at work for thirteen years—scientific light weight built around the direct-air-cooled engine. The basic advantages of direct-air-cooling are: (1) nothing to overheat in the hardest running, (2) nothing to freeze in winter, (3) the elimination of more than 100 unnecessary parts, (4) sheer engine efficiency and power.

Light Weight

With no water, pump, radiator, piping, etc., weight is greatly reduced, not only in the engine but in the supporting parts as well. This brings economy in use of fuel and in wear on tires. Combined with this light weight is flexibility—resilient instead of jarring—which is not only the secret of riding comfort but also plays its part in economy by reducing road shocks.

The Franklin Six-Thirty, Five Passenger Sedan, 3045 Pounds, is $3000 [The Franklin Six-Thirty, Six Passenger Berlin, 3242 Pounds, is $3200 and the Six-Thirty, Two Passenger Coupé, 2890 Pounds, is $2600]

There is only one Franklin chassis. But there are five styles of body including three enclosed types. Direct-air-cooling makes it practicable to run the Franklin, even in the coldest winter or the hottest summer weather, without the slightest cooling trouble. The enclosed Franklin cars therefore, with their double ventilation control, are particularly adapted for all-year-round use. In every particular of power, economy and efficiency they are identical with the open cars. The appointments are complete and designed for the discriminating.

Style and Comfort

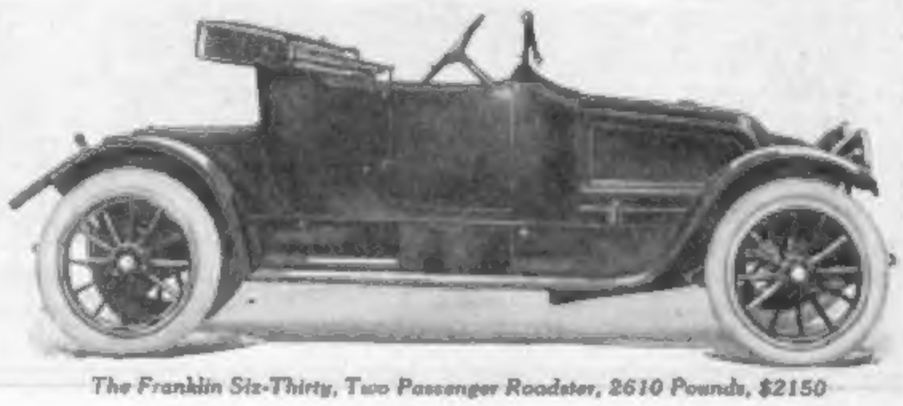
The style and comfort of the Franklin can be demonstrated by performance quite as well as the mechanical efficiency and economy. Simply ask the dealer in your city to show you the car. Then ask him to take you out on the roughest roads in your neighborhood. Then turn back once more to the written record of efficiency, power and economy. You will appreciate then that the sum total of the *performances* of this car has an important *significance* for you.

The Franklin Six-Thirty, Five Passenger Touring Car, 2750 Pounds, $2150

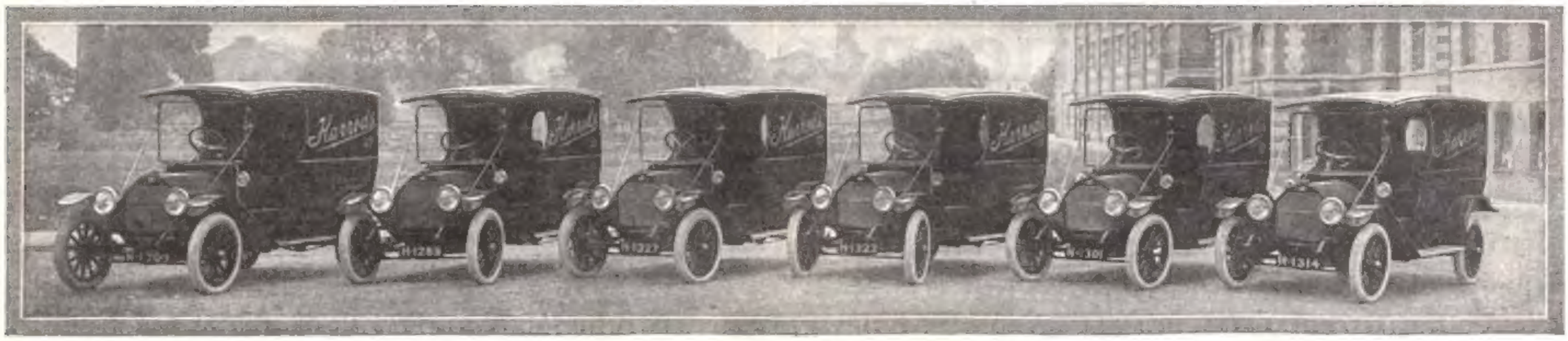
Send for booklet giving details of 100-mile low gear demonstration, and folder explaining the direct-air-cooling and the water-cooling systems.

(All prices f. o. b. Syracuse, New York.)

Franklin Automobile Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.



The Franklin Six-Thirty, Two Passenger Roadster, 2610 Pounds, $2150



England's Greatest Department Store Uses Overland Delivery Cars

HARRODS Ltd., London's famous and foremost department store, operates a large fleet of Overland Delivery Cars.

This great house, on account of its enterprise and use of 20th century efficiency methods, has rightly earned an enviable reputation.

Their policy demands the best and most modern of everything, and on that practical basis they selected Overland Delivery Cars.

Overland Delivery Cars are an important, effective and integral part of Harrods' highly efficient working organization.

The fact that this well-known European concern selected trucks "Made in America" is also significant. Harrods selected the Overland Delivery Cars after thoroughly investigating and testing all of the leading European and American makes.

Overland Delivery Cars will help every American merchant to further develop his business. One of these Cars will replace three or four teams, with drivers, and that's efficiency in the most practical sense of the word.

Overland Delivery Cars are strong, serviceable and durable. They are substantially built of the very best materials.

They are very economical to operate, costing but one cent a mile for gasoline and oil.

As the distribution of weight and mechanical balance is scientifically worked out and the tires are large, the upkeep expense is very slight.

These cars have a powerful motor.

Overland TRADE MARK REG.

DELIVERY CARS

$850 *With open body*

$895 *With closed body*

Prices include Electric Starter and Electric Lighting System

Prices f. o. b. Toledo.

A circulating pump keeps all moving parts of the motor thoroughly flooded with oil; wear is reduced to a minimum

Being light, these cars get around with surprising ease and the expense of both long and short haul work is cut to bed rock.

There is large loading space.

Our nearest dealer will give you complete details. It will pay you to see him. Or, if you prefer, communicate with the factory direct.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 172.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the Overland Pleasure Cars and Willys Utility Trucks.

Don't let your complexion "grow up." Keep it youthfully beautiful always.

(Send for Art Panel by F. Earle Christy)

Your youthful good looks can be prolonged! A clear, fresh, young-looking complexion is possible to almost any age. But—you must begin now to fight the dust, soot and indoor living which cause so many complexion ills.

Don't envy this happy pair in the picture. Let this happy result of their fresh, clean, youthful good looks suggest Pompeian's power to help *you* toward social, personal or business success.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Remember that Pompeian takes the sallow, cloudy, lifeless look from your skin—not by covering your defects, but by calling out the beauty that all skins have. Pompeian is not a rouge or "cover-up" process.

No! Pompeian gives you an *honest*, clear, youthful complexion. Pompeian really youth-i-fies. It does.

Trial Package & Art Panel

sent for 10c. Read description below picture of panel. To get a trial package of Pompeian and this beautiful 1915 F. Earle Christy Panel, clip this coupon now and enclose 10c.

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Sold by All Dealers 50c, 75c, $1

Get Trial Package & Art Panel

An art store would have to charge at least 50c for anything as well executed as F. Earle Christy's "Witching Hour." We let you have it for almost nothing, in order to make you feel friendly toward Pompeian Massage Cream. No advertising on front. Size, 7¼ by 28 inches. For trial package and Art Panel, clip coupon now. Enclose 10c.

10 Big Qualities That Build Success

"How Many Do You Possess?"

Note: The following is by a man known the world over as a captain of selling and organization. I asked him if I might quote him here. He requested that I omit his name. You would recognize it at once. Among other things, this great executive said:

> "Every man is trying to sell his personality to some other man. He wants people to think well of him; consequently he is a salesman, because he is trying to sell to other people what he considers his good qualities.
>
> "There are 10 qualities which a man must possess to be a successful salesman. They are: *health, honesty, ability, initiative, knowledge of the business, tact, sincerity, industry, open-mindedness and enthusiasm.*"

Health! Mr. _____ places it first. We feel that he meant more than the energy that comes from health. We feel sure that he had prominently in mind the clean-cut man, the man with clear, clean, healthy skin,

of whom I have heard big executives say: "I like to have that man around. He is so clean and wholesome looking."

Pompeian Massage Cream does cleanse, improve and invigorate the skin. "Every man is trying to sell his personality to some other man," says Mr. _____. Pompeian will make your personality more easily sold. Come, "cash in" on your personality more than you ever did before. Use Pompeian. Clip coupon now for trial package and F. Earle Christy's 1915 Art Panel.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Cut off, sign and send. Stamps accepted, but coin preferred

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a trial package of the famous Pompeian Massage Cream and F. Earle Christy's 1915 Art Panel, "The Witching Hour," 7¼ by 28 inches.

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